TRUE WEST

ALL TRUE — ALL FACT — STORIES OF THE REAL WEST

February, 1963

35¢

TWO TRAILS

The Indians' Side of the Story

TOM MIX: FRONTIER LAWMAN

BACK WHEN

by Milt Hinkle

SPOTTED HORSE OF THE WEST

KING FISHER'S ROAD

BURIED TREASURE OF THE CHIRICAHUAS

THE RETURN OF JIM McKINNEY

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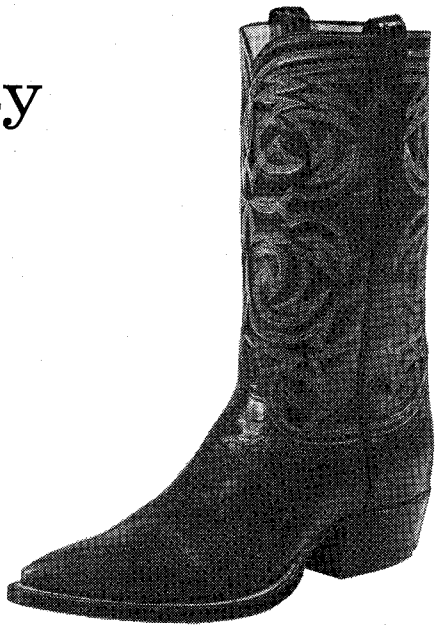

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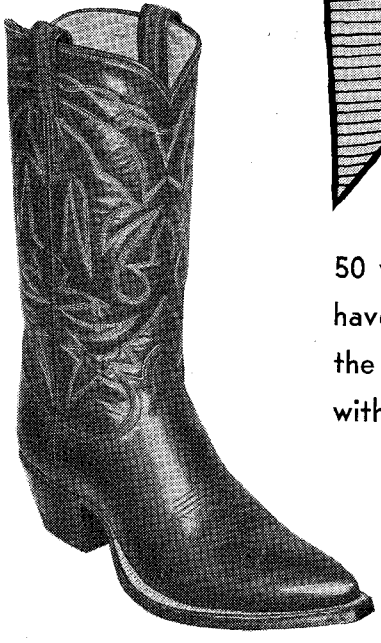

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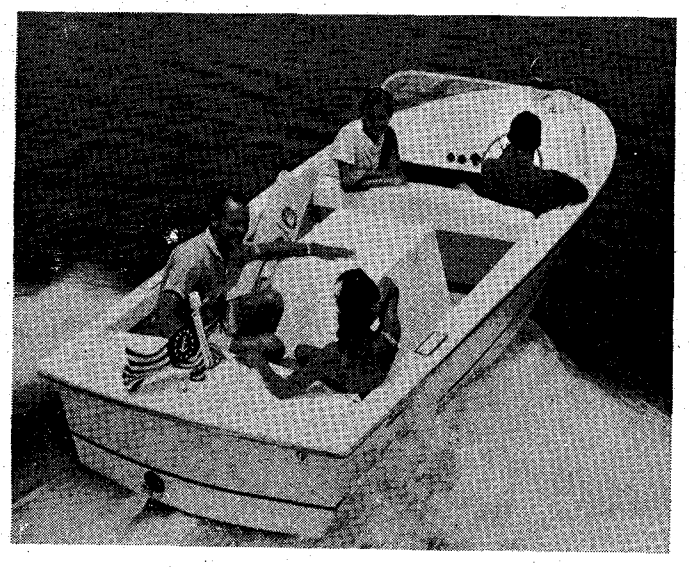

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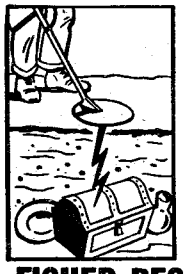

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January-February, 1963
Volume 10, No. 3
Whole No. 55

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

JOE AUSTELL SMALL
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Assistant Publisher

ROBERT STOUT
Assistant Editor

GAYLE TERBAY
Circulation Manager

DR. WALTER P. WEBB
Historical Consultant

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."— Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Flathead Indian

Courtesy of Western Ways Features

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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I DARE YOU!

That's what we used to say when I was a kid and somebody was trying to put over a point and wasn't making it completely clear to other parties involved. He would make them some sort of proposition that was designed to clarify the situation and he would dare the doubters to take him up or concede. Some of the great questions that arose ran from "I can whup you!" and "My pa can whup your pa!" right on down to "My dog can tree more 'possums in one night than your'n —and I'm ready to prove it!"

Most of the dares in those days involved the ability of one person or animal to outdo another. Ours is somewhat different—we are trying to prove to a million people that one of our magazines

"What do you mean, you think the magic has gone out of our marriage?"

isn't outdoing the other, because they are the same "turrible rags" merely under different titles. We had one heck of a time making any headway on this in the beginning. We even, very honestly, switched contents of TRUE WEST to FRONTIER TIMES (and vice versa) one time at the last moment and not a single soul ever noticed the difference.

I know we have kept harping at this for a long time but they say that is the only way you can really make a point and—since it is an attempt to do what you folks have been asking us to do (*effect* monthly publications) for all these years —then we feel you'll understand if we harp on it a little now and then. Stand it a little longer and I think we've got 'er made!

Gradually, most readers have accepted the fact that TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are actually the same magazine (perhaps I should say the same *type* magazine since one man wrote in and said, "Cancel my subscription to TRUE WEST if you reprint the very same stories in FRONTIER TIMES!") but a few of you chicken-raisers are still writing in "I like TRUE WEST the best!" and "I like FRONTIER TIMES the best!" and it is enough to drive naturally dopey people like us might-nigh sane! After doing our very durndest to make both magazines exactly the same quality and we get in several letters like that, it's enough to make a man want to pull his hair, climb a dead snag, and scream at the buzzards!

So this is my neighborly dare. Pick up a copy of January FRONTIER TIMES and this issue of TRUE WEST. Take off the covers and paste over those little identification lines at the bottom of the pages. Ask anyone to read both magazines (get a real expert if you can) and let's have his report! Of course, it would be better if someone would take issues of both magazines that you hadn't read and try this on *you*. Then if enough of you can honestly say that the January issue of FRONTIER TIMES is better than the February issue of TRUE WEST, or vice versa—or if you are even able to determine which magazines you are reading—well, we'll go back and climb that snag again! The only trouble with this experiment is that it is so much trouble most of you won't make it. We have thought of getting a group of people together and working this plan in public.

Oh, well—if all of you will read both magazines long enough no comparisons will be necessary!

By now the following is old news to you and I am restating it only for one reason—STAY WITH US IN BUYING AND SUBSCRIBING TO FRONTIER TIMES REGULARLY AND WE HAVE EFFECTED MONTHLY PUBLICATION! With the January issue, FRONTIER TIMES went bi-monthly instead of quarterly. It will appear every month that TRUE WEST doesn't appear, so that between the two, you will have a monthly magazine from now on. As I have explained we had to work it this way because of newsstand sales—each magazine can stay on the newsstand two months.

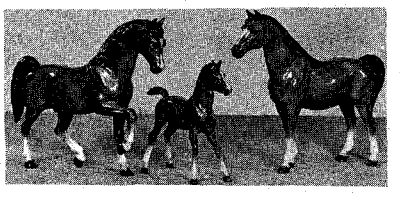
There should be either TRUE WEST or FRONTIER TIMES waiting on your newsstand the 20th of each month from now on.

That's all for now other than I ask you again to observe the wise advice of that great Old West historian, Oscar J. Bellerfeller, who wrote this last bit of advice to the American public: "Keep your hocks clean and, for gosh sakes—don't step on a whooping crane!"—Joe

About the Cover

The benign, smiling old gentleman gracing this issue's cover is the late John Delaware of the Flathead tribe from Missoula, Montana. His mother was a Flathead, his father a Nez Percé. John was noted as the tribe's most accomplished horsethief, and the porcupine hat he wears proclaims that distinction. John died at a very great age on April 6, 1951.

HORSELOVERS!!



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True Western

Lowers Your Prestige!

Dear Mr. Small:

Last December I wrote a letter to a competitor of TRUE WEST, complaining about some inaccuracies in several articles they had published. They neither acknowledged my letter nor made any attempt to correct the mistakes. The articles were all written by the same author or authors and all concerned Nevada history.

I don't know if there is anything you can do, but it is my belief that a magazine like this competitor cannot help but lower the prestige and sales of legitimate magazines. I have yet to find a serious inaccuracy in either of your magazines in any story concerning Nevada and its history.—Gerald B. Higgs, 2027 South Sixteenth East, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Editor's Note: You're right, Gerald. We don't mind good clean competition but many readers have written us with complaints such as yours. Some even accuse us of having published the competitors' magazine and tear us apart about mistakes. We don't mind getting strung up for the mistakes we make—we appreciate genuine corrections—but we hate like the dickens to get our bluebonnets burned for something we didn't do! All we know to do is insist on our titles—TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES—and hope you readers will help others to discriminate between our efforts and those of our imitators.

"A Sheep from a Go-et"

Dear Joe Small:

Maury Maverick Jr.'s article on John Nance Garner (October 1962 TRUE WEST) was both interesting and admirable, but he failed to mention his subject's sense of humor, which was quite keen.

During the debate on the tariff issue in 1913 or 1914, Congressman Garner—looking out for the interests of his constituents—held out for protection on wool and mohair. Democratic Congressman Hampton Moore from Connecticut wrote and read before the House a satirical and humorous poem poking fun at Garner for his stand. Moore ended each stanza with the line, "Garner's Goat of Texas."

Garner gained the floor and said that he had also written a poem which he wished to read. It said:

"Hampie Moore is a helluva poet;
He can't even tell a sheep from a go-et."

—Walter Gann, 31662 Scenic Drive, South Laguna, California.

Doomed Gold Town's Last Frolic

Dear Joe:

The old California gold town of Camanche—like Whiskeytown, which you featured in your October issue—is going to get drowned. A new $33,000,000 dam on the Mokelumne River will put it under thirty feet of water.

Recently the fifty remaining residents of Camanche and about ten times that many visitors had their last shebang. In spite of the gaiety, there was a sadness apparent, because one more old town is disappearing forever.

A century ago a visitor to Camanche would have seen hundreds of Chinese laborers walking up and down Main Street, making way only for an occasional horse race. The Wells Fargo stage might have been loading some of the $15,000 in gold dust that was shipped weekly to the San Joaquin Valley.

In the 1870s the community boasted four grocery stores, two clothing shops, two blacksmith shops, a meat market, two hotels, two drug stores and seventeen saloons. Fire and cloudbursts took a toll in 1873 when thirty buildings were destroyed.

"I'd rather see the place flooded out than go the way of Lancha Plana or Poverty Bar," a newspaper quoted Andrew Cavagnaro as saying. These two towns are nothing but dust and ruins today.

There's still gold in Camanche—some say a rich deposit lies under the church—but most of it is low-grade and not worth mining for the current $35.00 an ounce price.—Sam Light, 1440 Cooper, Turlock, California.

Lloyd Magruder

The Lloyd Magruder Murder

Hi, Bobby Stout:

I enjoyed Grace Roffey Pratt's "Hill Beachy's Prophetic Dream" in your December issue. My father, Seth Morgan, was a packer to most of the mining camps in the Northwest and knew Lloyd Magruder. He often spoke of this terrible crime.

As soon as the snow was gone the spring after the murder (and consequent trial of the four badmen, three of whom were hanged March 4, 1864), some men went out to the site of the killing and brought back what bones they could find. Lloyd's skull was found and his wife asked that she be allowed to keep it. Her granddaughter, Mrs. Fred Feiger, wrote me recently about it.

"My grandma had my grandfather's skull. She kept it in a wooden box in her bedroom and when she died at Hillsboro, Oregon, in early 1900 it was buried with her."

Mrs. Feiger also told me that her grandmother received very little of the stolen money which Beachy recovered. Mrs. Lydia Bresshears, another of Magruder's granddaughters, wrote me that "at one time a lawyer in Idaho wrote them that somewhere there was a fortune due the Magruders and that he would try to get it for us. But we never heard any more from it."

These women write me that it would take an act of Congress to get this money. In those days, legal thieves were as bad as the outlaws.

I also found a photo of Lloyd Magruder. It was taken when he was an officer during the Mexican War. That it is he has been verified by Fred Magruder, a grandson, who now lives in Yakima, Washington.

I learned that Lloyd's widow finally became so poor she had to put two of her boys out under the old "Bound Child" law. So it is without question that the family got little of the stolen money. I wonder who did?—Thomas Morgan, 1929 South "D" Street, Forest Grove, Oregon.

Editor's Note: Reader Morgan has raised an interesting question. We would be glad to hear from any readers who have more to add about this sequel to the Hill Beachy-Lloyd Magruder story.

A Look-See at a Real Ranch

Dear Joe,

Your magazines are as great as ever. The INDEX by Dick House is sure going to be a big help to those of us who have kept our back issues (I have my file intact except numbers 1-8) and want to look up something we've forgotten or want to re-read.

I am going to Arizona in the spring of '63. I am fed up with the "rat race" we are running here in the East. If I can find work, I am going to sell my house and head for Arizona. I've been there twice before and I know it is the place for me. I've got a favor to ask, though. I've never been on a real ranch in my life. I wonder if one of your readers in Arizona or New Mexico would show me around a ranch for two or three days when I arrive in the spring? I hope this doesn't sound like a lot of gall on my part, but I've wanted to visit a ranch ever since I was a kid. (I guess I'm still one at heart!)

Don't get me wrong! I'm not looking for a job on a ranch—I'll leave that for the professionals. But I sure would give one of my eye teeth for a look-see at a real ranch.—Thomas P. Sharkey, 40 Gavin Street, Yonkers, New York.

(Continued on page 50)

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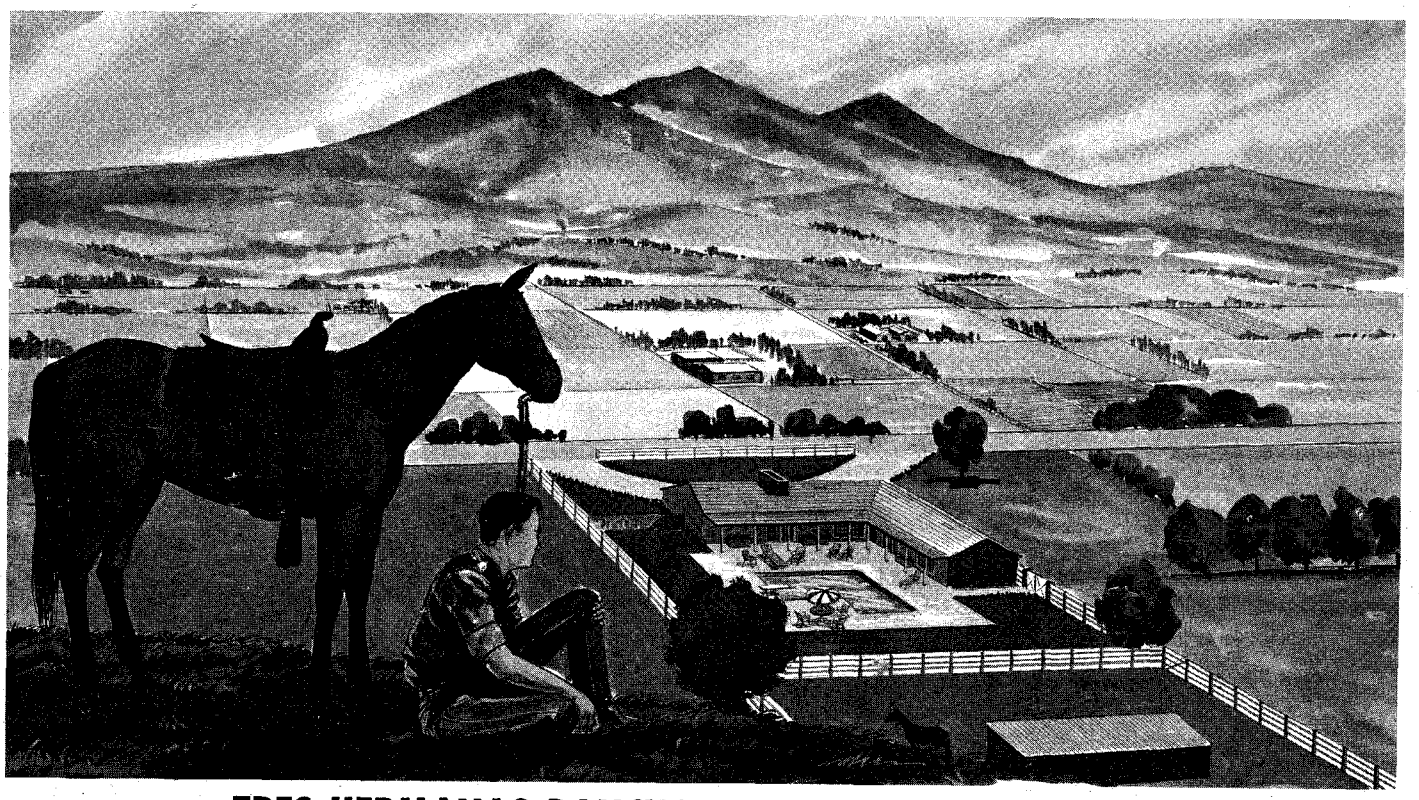

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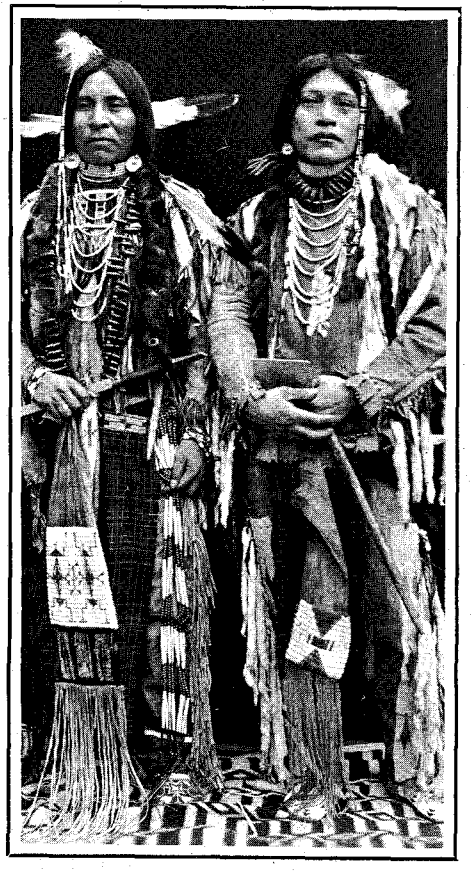
A Shoshone tells the story of his people during the desperate years of their last stand. You've never read a more down-to-earth portrayal of the way the American Indian felt when "the bow and arrow was taken from his hand and a shovel offered in its place."

Two Trails

By WILLIE GEORGE as told to JACK F. CONTOR

Above, a group of women with child in cradle, in typical Shoshone lodge. Below, two Bannock braves in native dress.

Photos Courtesy Smithsonian Institution



Author's Note: It is a great thrill to visit the sites of old Indian campgrounds and battlefields, to find an arrowhead or some other object fashioned ages ago. Such an experience immediately sets one to wondering, "Who were these people? What were they like as individuals? Who made this arrowhead? Was he an old man? A young man just setting out on his first war party? How long did he live? What was he like as a person? Was the woman who made this fragment of pottery or basketry happy? How many children did she have? Was she a warm mother?"

The questions are endless and usually they must remain unanswered because those who could have told the story have vanished from the earth.

The men and women who can remember what Shoshone life was like before it was heavily influenced by white culture are all gone, but the memories of some of their children are still fresh and available to anyone willing to listen and to appreciate these hardy people for what they were. Other writers have written of other tribes and some have even been fortunate enough to hear the stories from those who actually lived it.

The Shoshone and Bannock tribes of Idaho are not just "Indians" but a unique people who lived and worked in an environment much different from that of other tribes. For this reason, I feel that their story needs to be told as part of the history of the West.

The following story was related by Mr. Willie George. It is an account of the lives of his parents who lived during the most trying time for their people and their culture. They experienced the carefree life of their tribe when its members were free to roam and to live as they pleased, as well as the trying days on the early reservation when they were forceably transformed from wandering hunters and gatherers into sedentary dirt farmers.

MY FATHER'S name was *Topuda* (Breechcloth). He was born about 1858. His father's name was *Nikky-zacca* (Breaks-Belts). His real mother must have died when he was very young because he never mentioned her. He belonged to a band of Shoshones called, in our language, *Amazonige*, or Vest Wearers. The white men called them "Boise" Indians because they spent a lot of time in the Boise Valley. The other tribes knew that this part of the country belonged to the Boise band and stayed out of it.

My father's people were rich and happy. They had plenty of horses and could go anywhere they wanted. They traveled in search of buffalo and other game, for grass for their horses, for roots and berries. They sometimes went to war; when they did, it was usually against the Sioux, Cheyenne or Arapaho. They raided these tribes and these tribes raided them. Indians fought to get horses from each other and to earn war honors so that they would be respected men in their own camps. Fighting and hunting were the most important things in a man's life in those days.

The white men had big trappers' rendezvous at that time. The Indians attended them to trade furs and Indian things for buckets, knives, guns, axes, beads and other items made by the white men. Whiskey, too! My father saw his first white man at a trappers' camp and he always enjoyed telling us about it. My father was standing around camp looking at what was going on when a white man walked up to him and said, "Swap?" Now, in our language, *sa wope* means "your breath." Father thought that was what the man was saying.

Father just stood there trying to figure out what the fellow was driving at and the white man kept repeating, "Swap. Swap." Finally father laughed and went over to some of his friends and said, "Do you see that white man over there? He's crazy or something. He keeps saying 'Your breath. Your breath' to me!" When his friends told him what "Swap" meant, he laughed even harder because he thought it was a pretty funny joke on himself.

A young Indian boy had lots to do. Until he was about ten years old he didn't

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have to work, spending his time riding, swimming, hunting small animals and playing games which taught him skills in fighting and hunting. Some of his male relatives, usually his mother's brothers, would teach him the more difficult things about being a hunter or a warrior but any man about camp would do all he could to teach any youngster.

In the evenings the children would gather in the lodge of some old man or woman who knew the stories and history of the Shoshones. There they learned how they were expected to act. They learned how to get along with one another; what to do on the war trail; and how to take care of themselves, their families and their horses. The old people had no books or writing but they had a way of telling things which made you remember.

BETWEEN the ages of ten and twelve, an Indian boy had to begin thinking about becoming a man. He was given the job of looking after his father's horse herd, which were run in with the camp-owned horses. Young boys who were learning to be warriors kept the horses together and acted as lookouts in case of enemy raids.

About this time, too, a boy would start thinking about getting some kind of power. When he felt that he was ready, he would go to some man who already had some strong power and ask him for help. This man might pray for the boy and teach him certain songs or a way to paint his body; then he would take him to a place far up into the hills and tell him to spend one or more nights there, alone.

Such places were usually spots where many spirit beings were supposed to be. If the boy was pitied by the spirits, they would come to him in a dream and offer their help. They usually gave the boy some instructions to follow—he might learn a song or a special way to paint himself. If a man forgot or ignored his spirit instructions, he had bad luck.

Sometimes, the spirits wouldn't come to a boy right away. He would try sleeping in some other place, or go to another man for advice. After a while, he usually got some kind of power. When he did, he was ready to start going to war.

Most men started going to war when they were about twelve or thirteen years old. At first they went along as cooks or horse-tenders but, as they felt braver, they started doing the more dangerous things, such as untying a horse from an enemy tepee at night. The more brave things a man did, the more his people respected him.

Any man who had raided an enemy was entitled to wear two eagle tail feathers with all but the top two inches stripped from the spine. The tips were painted yellow. Only a person who had killed an enemy was permitted to wear blue. Men who did especially daring things were given the right to wear one eagle tail feather for each deed. A man got eagle feathers for such things as stealing a horse that was tied to an enemy's lodge, striking an armed enemy with a short stick, taking a weapon away from an enemy or leading a successful raid.

When a man had enough eagle feathers to make a war bonnet, he had the right to wear one if he wanted to. A war bonnet was a badge of honor which announced to friend and enemy alike that the wearer wasn't afraid of anything. But such men were expected to be kind and generous to the poor and underprivileged.

A Shoshone warrior was honored in other ways, too. At public ceremonies, only warriors could throw wood on the

Photo Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

Breechcloth and Weetowatsi about 1935, with grandchildren.

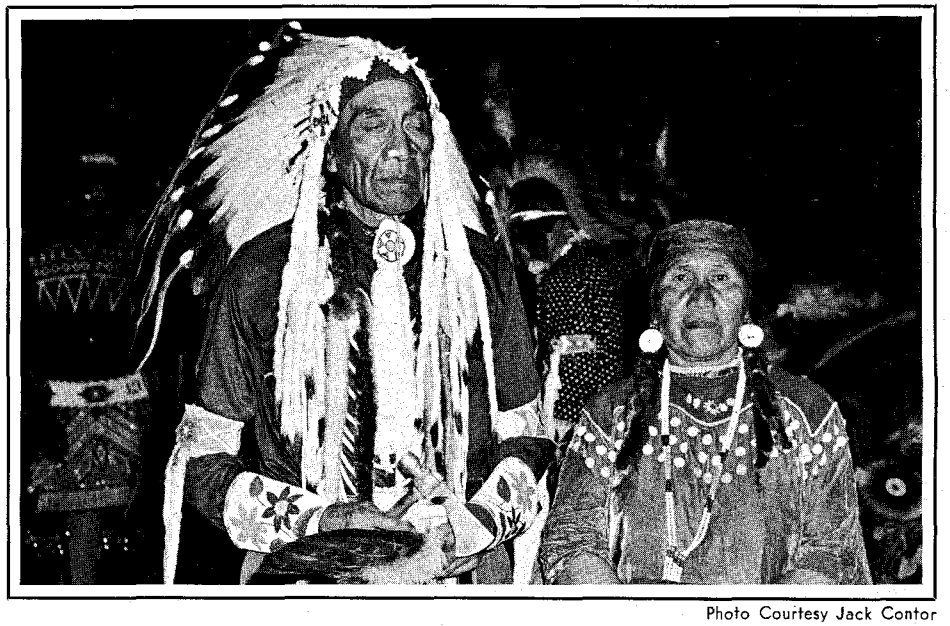

Photo Courtesy Jack Contor

Above, Willie and Cora George in Elko, Nevada, June, 1959. Below, left to right, Jim Ballard, born 1832, and Frank Randall, two of the Bannock's well-known chieftains.

Photo Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

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fire. The man who lit the fire had the right to tell about some brave thing he did. Other men who added wood to the fire could also tell of their bravery, so that everyone would know that they had the right to put wood on the fire. If a man or boy had just returned from a successful horse-stealing raid, he would be asked to make a fire. With his arms full of firewood, he would stand in the middle of the people and do the horse-taker's dance. When the song ended, he would tell all about what he did while he was gone. Then he built the fire.

If a dance was being held and one of the dancers happened to drop something, he wasn't supposed to pick it up. Whoever was in charge of the dance would tell some man who had been to war to pick it up. Before the man would return the object to the dancer, he would tell the story of something he did.

By the time my father was eighteen, he had been on several raids against other Indian tribes, had attacked wagon trains with white settlers in them and had chased lone white men who were in buggies or on horseback. He told me that he and his friends often chased white men to scare them, "just for fun."

A fancy way of travel in the 1860s.

ABOUT THE time that my father was eighteen years old, the father of a young girl named *Weetowatsi* (Water Container) approached my grandfather, Breaks-Belts, and suggested that since Breechcloth was getting to be an important young man, he would like to have him for a son-in-law. Grandfather asked my father how he felt about it. Father had noticed mother around camp and thought that she was all right so he agreed.

At first they lived with her family but after they got their own tepee, they camped by his folks. The son-in-law was supposed to help his wife's parents with the hunting and other work for a while but by the time mother had her first baby, they were back with Breaks-Belts. Maybe Father couldn't get along with his mother-in-law, I don't know.

They got married differently in the old days. Before my people learned the white man's ways, the girl's folks picked a husband for her (they might do this when the children were still very young). Sometimes the young folks were asked how they felt about their prospective mates, but if they weren't asked, they were supposed to do as their parents thought best out of respect.

When parents of newly-weds liked each other pretty well, they would exchange gifts. This might be where white people got the idea that the young man bought his wife. I guess you might say the husband paid for his wife by working for her folks but even then, it depended on how the people involved wanted to go about it.

In 1868, all of the bands of the Shoshone and Bannock tribes were called together by white government men to decide on a reservation. Each band wanted to pick its favorite place. Finally a man by the name of Grubs-It-Out suggested the Sagebrush Butte area, which is now the Fort Hall Reservation. It had been a favorite winter camping spot for the Bannocks for a long time. In picking the reservation, the old-timers thought about sheltered camping places, good water and good grass for their horses. I guess they thought they could go on living as they pleased.

Soon after the reservation was established, the U.S. Army set out to tell all the scattered bands that they were supposed to come in and settle on it. Many of the poorer bands, such as the Rock Chuck Eaters and the Seed Eaters, came in right away and began to live on government rations.

The Bannocks, the Boise band and Tendoy's band, among others, were not ready to give up their free and happy life. They had plenty of horses and meat so they decided to stay out for a while. Mother was pregnant with her first child and didn't feel like moving around a lot, so the folks and some of their relatives, grandfather Breaks-Belts included, decided to camp on the reservation.

They saw many surprising things there. Members of the bands that had formerly lived in dirty little huts and who had had to work hard gathering seeds and roots and small animals for a living were housed in new log homes and were driving around with government-issued teams and wagons. Some of them were even trying to farm. There was a lot of confusion among our people at that time. Relatives and families were split. Some wanted to make a new life on the reservation while others wanted to stay out on the deserts and prairies where they would have to work a little harder but would still be their own bosses.

Photos Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

Bannock women and children outside brush shelter.

It was getting harder all the time for the people to live in the old way. Some of their trails had been crossed by fences; ranches had been built near their waterholes and camping spots. White people weren't raising enough to eat for themselves so they hunted wild game too, making it harder for the Indians to find food. Our people were scared and couldn't make up their minds what to do from one day to the next.

ALONG IN the early fall of 1878 a lot of the bands were gathering *pa-sego* (camas) and yamp on the camas prairie. Most of the harvesting was finished and the people were staying around, resting and playing games before moving on. Chief Tendoy's band was camped on one side of a river and some Bannocks were camped on the other side.

The two camps had been playing the hand game all day and the betting had gotten so big that the players were betting their horses. I guess the Shoshones were pretty good players because it wasn't long before a bunch of Bannock boys had lost all their horses. The boys felt pretty bad and when they went back to their own camp, they really got a scolding.

I guess those Bannock boys started feeling sorry for themselves. If it had happened a few years earlier, they could have gone out and raided some other tribe and gotten plenty of horses. But now the other tribes were having their own troubles with the white men and most of them were getting poorer. Besides, it was getting harder for a war party to move with so many soldiers and settlers about.

Apparently they decided the next best thing would be to get some whiskey and get drunk. Off they went to a nearby trading post. I don't know what happened there; maybe the trader wouldn't give them anything to drink or he talked to them the wrong way when they were already mad. At any rate, they ended up

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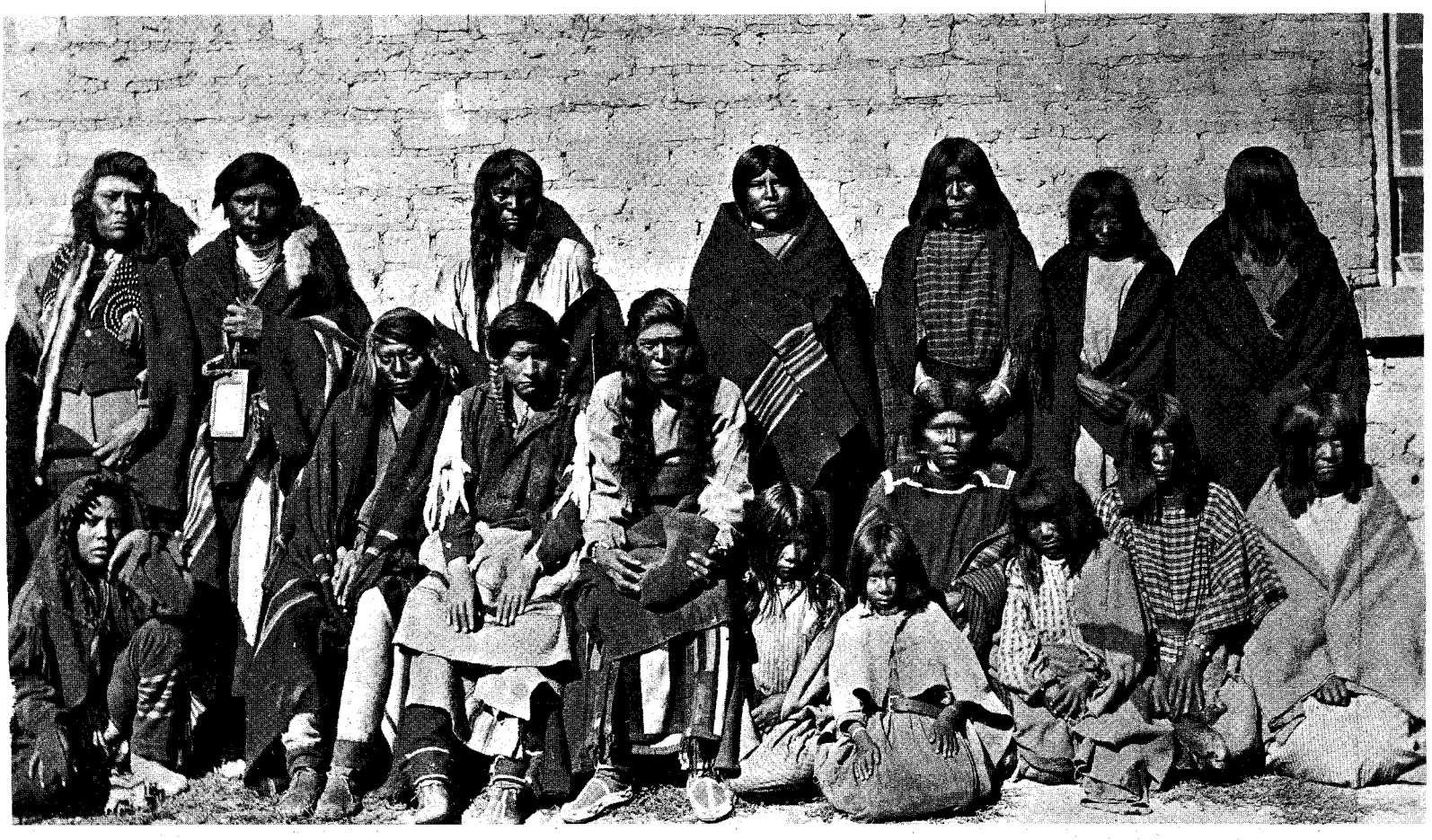

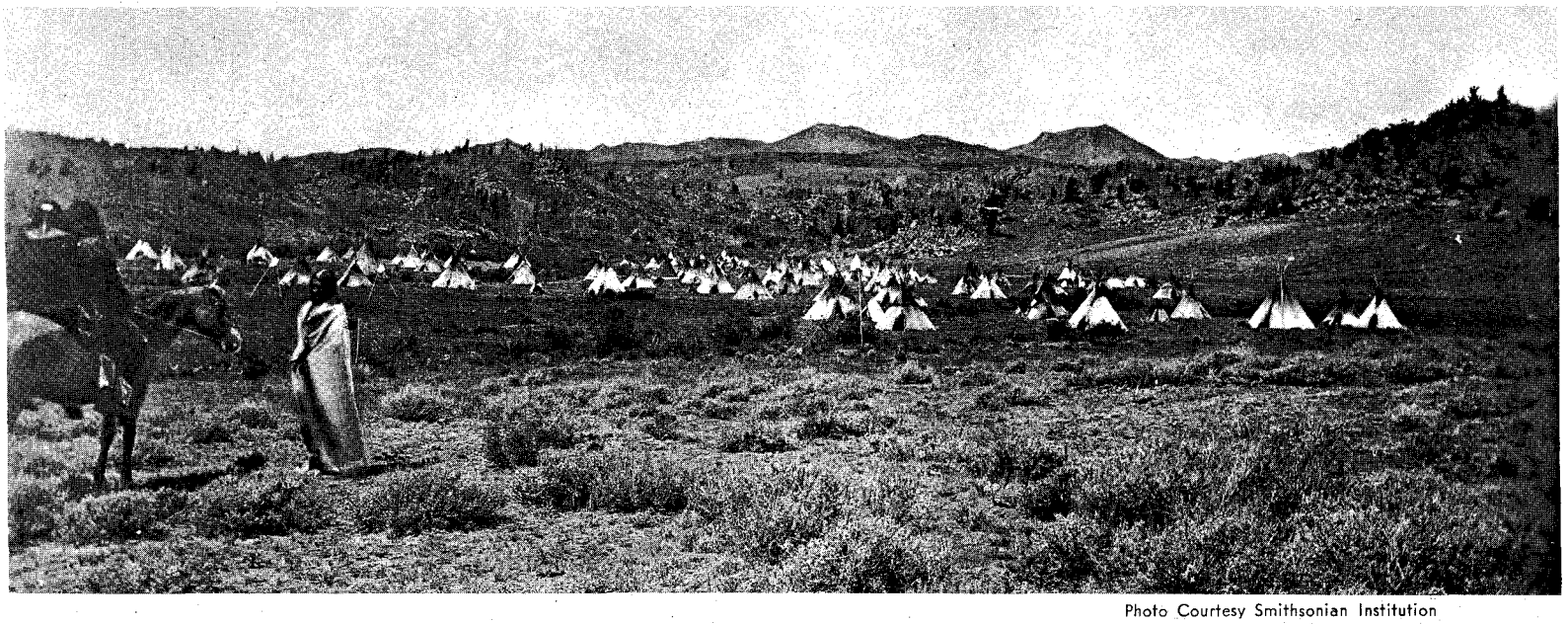

Photo Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

Above, a group of Bannocks at Ft. Hall. Below, a band of Shoshones in the southern foothills of the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming.

by killing the trader and helping themselves to whiskey. Then they rode around the country killing and burning out a few more settlers before they returned to camp.

When the young men returned and told what they had been doing, both camps went into an uproar. Tendoy's people didn't want trouble, so they packed up and moved away fast. The Bannocks, on the other hand, got wild and bloodthirsty. You know, that's what their name means. *Pa-naik-nia* is translated by us to mean "someone who doesn't care about anything"—they're just wild. Some of their wildness rubbed off on some of Tendoy's people because a few of them stayed to fight alongside the Bannocks.

The Bannocks stayed at Camas Prairie for a while, waging war on the white people in that area. Word began to reach Fort Hall that the Bannocks were on the warpath and that Buffalo Horn was leading them. I guess father forgot about the good things he learned at Fort Hall and began to think that he might get his chance to live like an old-time Shoshone after all. And apparently my grandfather decided he would rather die as a free Shoshone than as a reservation farmer, so they and their wives and children started for Captain Jim's camp of Boise Indians camped near the site of the city of Boise. Captain Jim was my grandfather's brother. By then, my oldest brother, Brave Bird, had been born, and he went along in a cradleboard on mother's back.

In the meantime, the Bannocks had decided to try to get as many of the other tribes as they could to join them. After roaming about for a while, they chose Captain Jim's camp as their most likely ally. They were moving toward this camp at the same time that my folks were coming from Fort Hall.

Somewhere southwest of Gooding, Idaho, Buffalo Horn and about fourteen other men spotted what seemed to be a wagontrain and they attacked it. Buffalo Horn usually put on a war bonnet and painted himself before he went into

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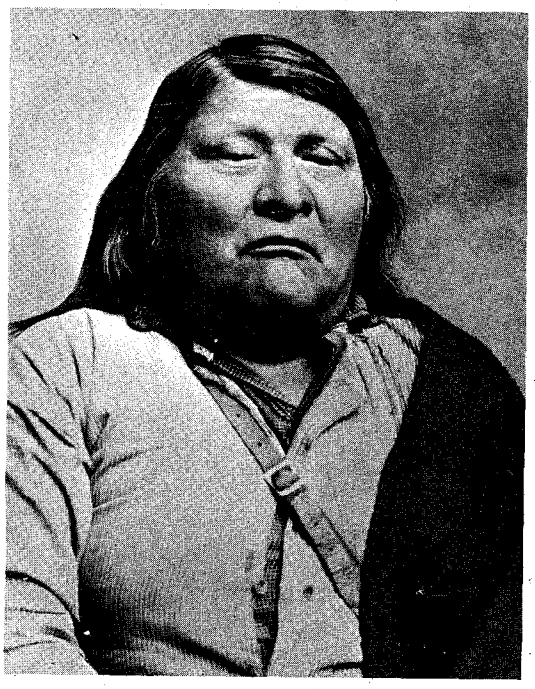
Above, threshing scene at Snake River Agency, Ft. Hall, Idaho. Below left, Sergeant Jim, Fremont's scout from 1846 to 1847. Below right, Uriewici, a Shoshone Chieftain.

Photos Courtesy Smithsonian Institution



battle. His medicine had taught him to do these things; when he wore them, nothing seemed to be able to hurt him. On this day something must have been wrong with him, because he just charged right in without stopping to change clothes.

They killed most of the people in the train and set about taking what they wanted from the wagons. Four white men had pretended they were dead; while the Indians were busy at the wagons, these white men jumped on some horses and started to ride away. Buffalo Horn was the first to see them. He leaped on his horse, calling at the same time for some men to come with him.

Buffalo Horn's horse must have been tired because the other Indians got ahead of him and chased the white men into some thick willows. The white men dismounted and began shooting. The Indians just stopped and waited for someone to tell them what to do. Buffalo Horn dashed up and kept on going, yelling as he went by, "Keep after them. Don't let them get away!"

Like a wild man, Buffalo Horn rode right into the willows. One white man seeing Buffalo Horn almost on top of him, pointed his gun up and shot the chief in the right knee. The bullet traveled up his leg and came out in the lower part of his back. The rest of the party picked their leader up and took him back to camp. Everyone felt very sad. He lived for only

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a short time, never regaining consciousness. If he had only stopped long enough to get himself ready, he wouldn't have been killed.

MY PARENTS and grandparents were already at Captain Jim's camp when the Bannocks, minus Buffalo Horn, got in. They sure felt bad when they heard what had happened to the one man they had thought could lead them. Father said, "We no longer felt brave." They all knew that the whites were calling in soldiers and getting up civilian posses. There was going to be trouble, no matter what they did now.

Some of the people wanted to keep on fighting and felt that they could wipe out the settlers despite the reinforcements. Captain Jim spoke against it and urged his followers not to join the Bannocks. A man named Bearskin stood up and said that he didn't want to keep on living if he had to be second best to a white man. He said that he would be happier to die with blood running out of many bullet holes in his body. (Later, he got his wish!)

Most of Captain Jim's people decided to keep out of it but, of course, some men and women wanted another taste of the old, warring life. Captain Jim tried to talk my folks out of it but they wanted to go so he said no more.

The addition of some of the Boise Indians and some people from Fort Hall gave the Bannocks courage so they decided to see how many they could get from the Paiutes. It was known that a band of Paiutes under Chief Paddy (*Paddicup*—Giant Eater) was unhappy with the whites. Paddy's band was camped near what is now Owyhee, Nevada. The Bannock war camp headed for Paiute country. They had no strong leader as they had had before but a group of older men had taken over the planning. I don't know what these new leaders' names were.

Father often spoke of one incident that happened on the way. They had attacked a ranch and killed or driven off the settlers. They rounded up the loose horses and put them all in a corral. Father saw a little iron-gray pony that he wanted so he threw his rope on him. Some old man sitting on the fence called out, "You boys wait. Let the chiefs pick your horses for you." Father called back, "They ain't the only brave men around here!" Father took the horse and nobody said anything about it, either.

My father never said anything about killing anybody. He joined the Presbyterian Church after the war and stopped talking about such things. However, I have heard from other men who were with him that he never stayed out of a fight, so I suppose he did his share.

Before they got to the Paiute camp they came upon a band of Gosiute Indians. We called them *Go-see-utah* which means "Dusty" or "Bushy" Indians because they seldom washed or combed their hair. These Bushy Indians were moving camp. Most of them were on foot, carrying their packs on their backs. The Bannocks surrounded them and told them what they were planning to do, then asked if any wanted to join them. Father always admired the Gosiute chief for the way he stood up to the tough Bannocks.

Mounted on a big, black horse, he rode between his people and the Bannocks, rifle held high, the muzzle pointed in the air. (This meant that he wasn't afraid of anybody or anything.) He told the Shoshones and Bannocks to go away and leave his poor band alone. Some of the Gosiutes had other ideas, though, and they tried to go over to the Bannocks. Fights broke out among them as some tried to leave and the others held them back. Finally their chief talked to them and calmed them down and none of the Gosiutes went along. When speaking about that chief, father said, "We met a brave man there!"

Paddy's Paiutes, however, were eager to join in the fighting—men and women both. Those who were sick or too old or young gave their guns, food, and extra clothes to those who could go to help

A Shoshone painted skin robe.

Photo Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

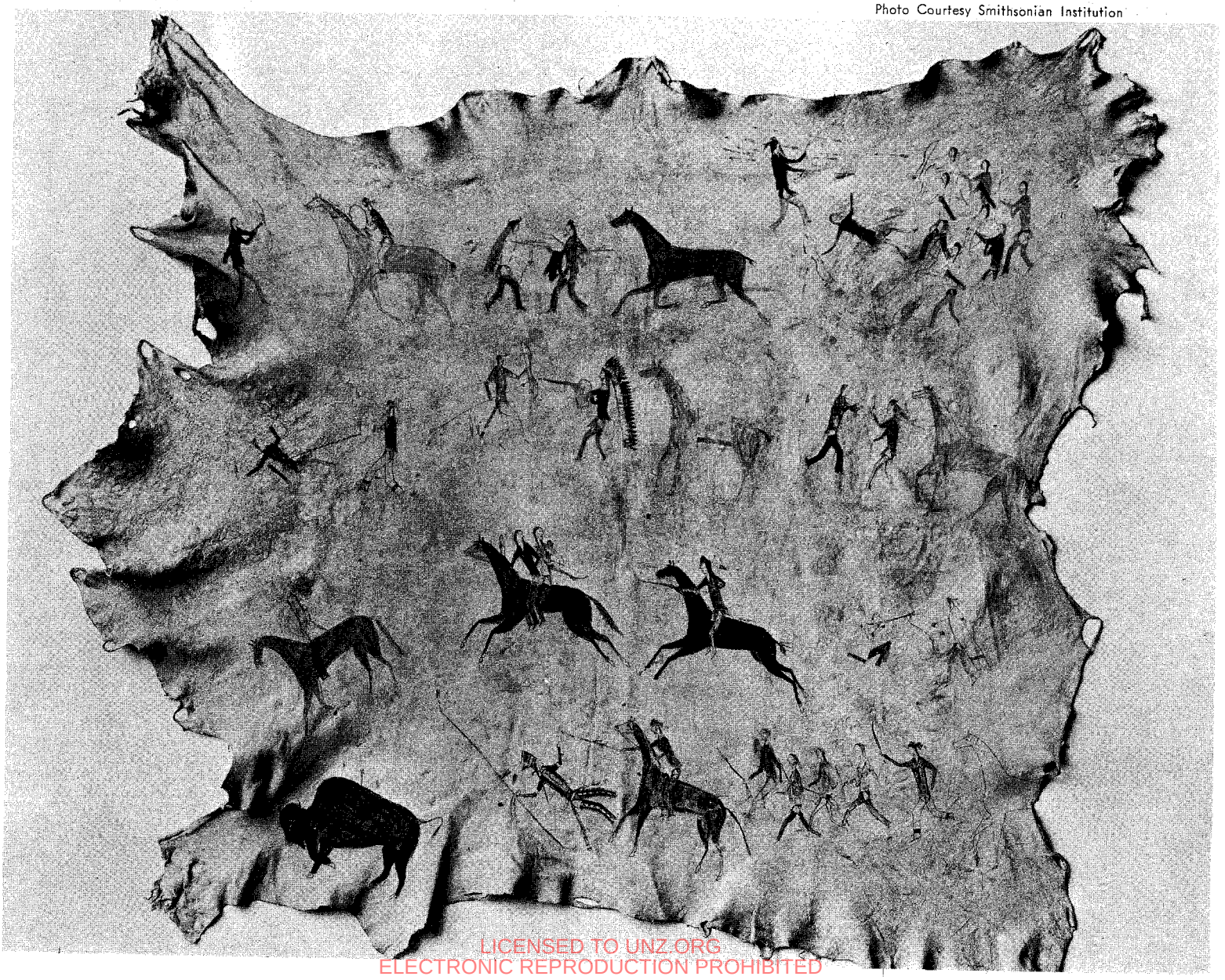

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Photo courtesy Smithsonian Institution

Delegation of Shoshone Indians, tentatively identified as, left to right, Tyhee, J. A. Wright, Charley Ramsey; seated, Jack Tendoy, Captain Jim, Tendoy, Grouse Jack, Gibson Jack, Tsidemipe.

them out as best they could.

The Paiutes had very few horses so the Bannocks and Shoshones gave one or two to each. The Paiutes were willing fighters but they didn't know how to ride horses and slowed the march by falling off or by demanding to rest often. A few of the more determined tried to follow on foot, but they eventually dropped behind and returned home. Those who didn't fared badly for they were the first to fall when the fighting started.

The Bannocks' leaders realized they were going to need more help and extra horses and supplies. The Umatilla Indians, camped just a few days to the west, had lots of good horses. The Bannocks and Shoshones decided they would move to Pa-sego (now Baker, Oregon), where they would be safe from the white men, before going on to the Umatilla camp.

On the way, Father and some other advance scouts came to some slanting rocks and were crawling up them to see if the trail ahead was clear. Father was carrying a .45 pistol in his hand. The trigger caught on a point of rock and the gun went off. The bullet ripped along his hand, tearing much of the skin and flesh off. He carried a bad scar there the rest of his life. A man ahead of him was struck and killed by the bullet. Since it was an accident, none of the dead man's relatives said anything.

AT PA-SEGO, the tribes rested and planned what they were going to do. They held war parades to show each other how brave and reckless they were. In these parades, the warriors would dress up in their battle costumes and ride around camp, singing war songs and shooting their guns. They were very fierce at those times and anyone or anything that got in their way would be trampled.

That was about the time that the Ghost Dance was going around among the various Indian tribes and the Bannocks held a Ghost Dance. This dance, if performed by all the Indian tribes, was supposed to make all the white men disappear from North America, bring back the buffalo and return to life all the Indians who had ever died. A Paiute by the name of Jack Wilson (*Woveka*), started it and it spread among most of the tribes in our area and on the Plains.

Some of the young men went into the hills to sleep in hope that a spirit would come to them and give them some extra war power. Men who already had what they thought was good power went alone into the hills to pray and meditate so that their power would be strong when they needed it.

On the way to the Umatilla camp, the warriors split into two groups. One group went straight down the valley, raiding and looting the farms and ranches along the way; the other group traveled through the foothills to hunt and preserve meat and be on the lookout for white men.

The Bannocks and their allies set up camp apart from the Umatilla camp and the chiefs went to the Umatillas and told them what they wanted to do. The Umatilla chiefs said that they would talk it over with the rest of their people and let the Bannocks know the next day.

Several of our people, my father included, could understand Umatilla because the two tribes had often camped together years before when they had come to Pa-sego to gather roots. Father and some of the others were asked to wrap up in blankets so they wouldn't be recognized and attend the Umatilla council. In the event that the answer was "No," the Bannocks had picked out a good-sized grove of pine trees about a half-mile away where the women could hide while the men raided the Umatillas' horse herds. The tepees and other equipment were already packed.

At their council the Umatillas decided they couldn't trust the Bannocks and didn't want to get mixed up with them. Learning this, Father and one of his friends went straight to a pole corral where, a few days before, they had seen some fine horses. Father's hand was still very sore so he was going to pick out the horses he wanted and his friend was going to rope them for him. Into the milling herd they went! By that time, other Bannocks had gotten into the horses and there was shouting, shooting and people running everywhere. What a nightmare! Just as father's friend roped a horse, the Umatilla who owned it came riding up

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The TORNADO

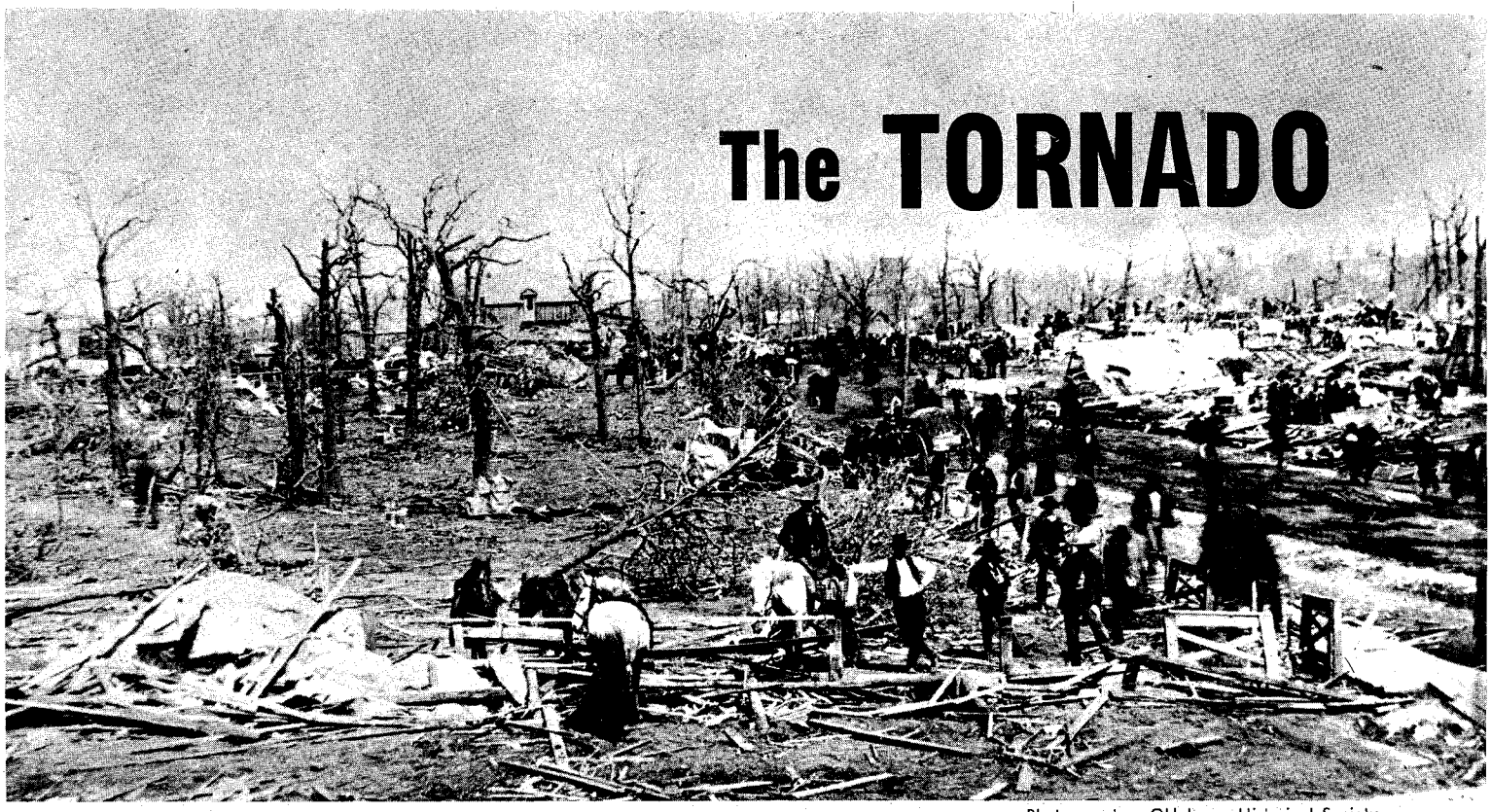

Photo courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

Cleaning up operations after a tornado's devastating swath through central Oklahoma March 30, 1897.

Most homesteaders had two houses—one above and one below the ground—because death lurked in the sky when spring days came to the prairies.

By GEORGE O. COOPER

IT WAS hot, terribly hot. There had been little rain all spring and the fields were cracked and dry to the subsoil. The air was oppressive even at dawn. Despite our protests that it was a waste of time, father sent my younger brother Joe and me to the field to plant corn, saying it was bound to rain sometime. The month of April was almost over and the corn should have been in the ground and coming up. As we drove to the field we watched the sun rise and Joe commented, "Red in the morning, sailor's warning."

As the morning advanced, the heat grew more oppressive; there was not the slightest breath of air stirring. White foam formed on the horses' heaving sides and they had to be continually urged to keep going. About ten o'clock father came to the field and told us it was too hot for man or beast, to unhook our team and come in.

As we neared the house we saw the cattle moving restlessly under the shade trees, sniffing the air. The chickens, too, had abandoned their usual haunts and were huddled in groups under the shady plum thicket; the dog trotted close to our heels. All this did not impress us until later. The family ate dinner and lounged in the shade of the elm trees most of the afternoon.

Father had homesteaded this quarter-section of land in central Oklahoma in 1889 and had reared a large family in the cramped quarters of a log cabin. It had been his dream, shared by the rest of us, to have a nice new home. And it was not until this spring, after the turn of the century, that the dream became a reality. Our new house was a story-and-a-half frame structure with three bedrooms, a living room, dining room and kitchen. To us it was a mansion, for we had all worked and saved to make our dream come true. We loved our new home so much that we moved in before it was completed. A distant neighbor was staying with us to help with painting. (He had spent many years as a seafaring man and had never outgrown his contempt for "landlubbers." We called him "Captain.")

MOST settlers considered a cyclone cellar a necessity; some had been constructed for dwellings and were lived in while cabins were being erected. They were sometimes referred to as "'fraid holes." Our cellar was a rectangular hole ten feet long, eight feet wide and six feet deep. The low-pitched roof was built of split oak rails covered by a layer of brush and earth. The heavy door was constructed so that it could be securely fastened from the inside. It was near our old house.

We had finished an early supper when the Captain, my father and I stepped outside. The Captain, from long habit, moodily scanned the sky for weather signs. One did not have to be an old salt to see that something unusual was happening—or was about to happen. The calm, sultry atmosphere gave one an eerie feeling. To the south and west, in contrast to the clear sky overhead, a jet black cloud was blotting out the sun.

As we watched, the cloud rolled and boiled; now and then a greenish streak would appear, only to be enveloped by a darker billowing mass. Thunder rumbled as lightning split the dark mass, blinding the watchers. The Captain said convincingly, "Thar's a tornado in that cloud!"

HE HAD hardly finished speaking when the cloud formed a mushroom, its long stem extending from the cloud to the earth. We called Mother and my brothers to come out and we all watched, fascinated by the extraordinary spectacle. Where it dipped toward the ground, the cloud was small, but it gradually increased in size until it flared out like a huge umbrella. The lower tip raised and lowered, then thrashed about as though alive, resembling some prehistoric animal ready to swallow everything in its path.

Up to this time we hadn't been frightened as the cloud seemed to be suspended high in space. We did not realize how close it was until we saw small trees and other objects, which had been sucked up into the vacuum, falling to the ground from the outer circle.

The storm headed directly toward us as a high rate of speed! It sounded like the passenger train that wakened us at daylight as it rushed down the tracks that crossed our farm. We heard the roar grow louder and louder, sounding more ominous as it approached. With one accord we all ran for the cellar entrance.

As we started down the steps, Father heard the horses rearing and snorting and he remembered we had left them tied in the barn. He ran to release them; and mother, thinking our house might burn, ran inside to turn off the incubator lamp. We shouted to them to come back but our voices could not be heard above the roar. I was so terrified my teeth chattered and my knees knocked together.

We did not go into the cellar but stood at the entrance, expecting every moment to see the house and barn blown away. In our anxiety for our parents we were ignoring our own safety. Even the Cap-

(Continued on Page 56)

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Sadistic and unpredictable, he eluded his pursuers and reached freedom in Mexico. But freedom didn't mean much with so many Californians "on his list" still above the sod. Word went out, and the people braced themselves for the - - -

Jim McKinney

By

RAYMOND W. THORP

and

WILLIAM B. SECREST

WHEN JIM McKINNEY crossed the Colorado River at Needles and entered California on April 4, 1903, he established a "first" and a "last" in the history of Western gunmen—he was the only killer ever chased from California who returned and he was the last of the outlaw horsemen who could cross the river from either direction. The West was entering a new era.

Back in 1867, Frank and Jesse James, searching for quiet and solitude, "retired" to their uncle's ranch near Paso Robles. They came with no intention of harming anyone in the San Joaquin Valley; nevertheless, on the third day after their arrival they were called upon by the sheriff of San Luis Obispo County, seven deputies, and fourteen six-shooters. They saddled up and were escorted out through Tehachapi Pass.

Four years later Cole and John Younger came into the same neighborhood and were treated in like fashion. The officers of the San Joaquin, who had decapitated the likes of Joaquin Murieta and hanged Tiburcio Vasquez, were unimpressed by outlaws with reputations gained elsewhere.

Those novel-reading jackanapes, the Daltons, cut their teeth in the San Joaquin with the same result. William, one of the brothers, had a ranch near Paso Robles and while Grattan and Bob were visiting him, a train was held up in nearby Alila. The "desperadoes" crawled under a bed and hid while Sheriff O'Neill searched the house.

As soon as the lawman left, Bob saddled a horse and burned up the country all the way to Oklahoma and Ma. After several escapades and a jail term at Visalia, Grattan escaped and left California behind him.

Jim McKinney was a prototype from another age, pushing his luck against new and strange frontiers. Shortly before he made his grand re-entry, Harry Tracy, wounded and surrounded by lawmen, had put a pistol against his head and blown out his brains. To McKinney this was the act of a yellow cur; he sneered when he heard the news and told a friend, whom he later was forced to kill, "That boy should have stayed at home, sucking a sugar-tit."

JIM'S troubles started back in 1879. A raw youth of eighteen in the tough town of Leadville, Colorado, he killed a man over the affections of a dancehall girl. The woman kneeled and wept over the victim, angering Jim. He took quick

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The Return of JIM McKINNEY

aim and mutilated her left breast. McKinney had a saddled horse waiting outside and while the girl screamed, he rode down the mountain and into the night. Shooting at human extremities was a quirk in Jim's nature; when his family moved from Illinois to California, he trailed along and found ample opportunity to exercise his trigger finger.

In a dancehall in the wild town of Visalia he sent a bullet into the whirling hips of a can-can girl just to see her reaction. She screamed so pitifully Jim went along with her to the doctor's office, watched the operation and paid the bill. When the lady (sailing under the euphonious title of Visalia Viola) recovered, she became McKinney's mistress.

Money was law and as soon as it was noised about that Jim's gun was for hire, his services were at a premium. When the water war started in Tulare County, he was hired to protect certain head gates for a large corporation. Men were not hired merely upon reputation but rather on proven ability. An elimination contest for sharpshooters was therefore in order.

Jim and a friend, Will Linn, the two best revolver shots in California, were matched against each other for the position as foreman of sharpshooters for the company. A pole with a two-foot crossbar was set up 150 feet from the marksmen and eight half-dollars lined up on it. "No use ruining good money by putting holes in them," said McKinney. He creased each coin on its edge, then picked up the silver and dumped it in his pocket. Linn refused to compete.

By 1885 Jim McKinney had the distinction of being the best gambler, the hardest drinker and the champion saloon brawler in San Joaquin Valley. He was also known as the most dangerous man to cross.

One time, Matt, the youngest of Jim's three brothers, incurred the wrath of a teacher and was vigorously spanked. Sniffling, the lad met Jim on the street while on the way home and told him his tale of woe. When the teacher left the schoolhouse, he met Jim at the door. Jim bent a .44 Smith & Wesson over the teacher's head and as he lay unconscious, took out a Bowie knife and notched his ear. A deputy marshal, attempting to arrest McKinney, was stabbed through the arm for his pains. At the hearing it was established that the teacher had overstepped his authority and the deputy had been unwise. Jim remained free.

A green kid named Bob McFarlane decided to devote himself to McKinney's

Bakersfield, California, in 1903.

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VOL. XV.

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But Not
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Jim McKinn
Bert Tibbet.
City Marsh
Will Tibbet
Hulse is in

Above left, Porterville, California, looking north on Main Street. The photo was taken in 1902. Above right, the Bakersfield DAILY CALIFORIAN report of Jim McKinney's death.

way of life. To test his composure, Jim took McFarlane to a barroom in the wild little town of Snelling, shot out the lights, and awaited Bob's reaction.

The barkeeper, who didn't know McKinney, charged from behind the bar waving a bung starter and received a bullet in the leg and one in the buttocks. McKinney went free and McFarlane was convicted of the shooting, receiving his diploma as a badman—two years in Folsom.

WHILE JIM never lived with his parents, he always tried to be near them. They were good, honest citizens; hoping to get away from being associated with Jim's activities, they had moved to Porterville.

In 1886, Porterville, with a saloon on every street corner and a house of prostitution between, was as wild as any Kansas cowtown had ever been. Jim thought his folks had made a good move and he and his Viola joined them as neighbors. It was a bad move for Jim. For the first time in his career, luck ran against him.

The week before Jim left Visalia, Deputy Marshal Ed Fudge had intervened in a saloon brawl. In the midst of it, Jim placed a revolver against the deputy's head and pulled the trigger three times. The gun misfired on all counts but the action angered the deputy and with the help of four officers and as many cocked guns, he arrested Jim. McKinney was tried and fined $200. It was this incident that prompted his parents to move.

Immediately after Jim's arrival at Porterville, however, Jim pulled the same stunt, the would-be victim in that case being bartender John Carter. Carter saw no humor in his close brush with death and swore out a warrant for Jim's arrest. As before, it took the combined efforts of several well-armed deputies to make the arrest.

One of the lawmen made a slighting remark about Visalia "guns" not being as deadly as those of Porterville. This infuriated Jim and he swore that in the future he would go armed with a shotgun. The remark, passed over at the time, was to be remembered years later. Jim was bound over to the Superior Court and placed in the county jail at Visalia.

By this time Bob McFarlane was out of Folsom. Using tricks he had learned there, he cracked the jail and freed McKinney who fled to Wyoming. Dan Overell, the sheriff, acting on tips gleaned from newspapers, followed him and after a wild chase in the Hole-in-the-Wall country, sneaked up on Jim while the fugitive was asleep and took him prisoner.

The judge, determined to make a name for himself as the man who stopped Jim McKinney, saw to it that all the old charges were rehashed. The slugged

Jim McKinney on a mortuary slab in Bakersfield.

Photo Courtesy Tulare County Historical Society

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The Daily Californian.

BAKERSFIELD, KERN COUNTY, MONDAY, EVENING, APRIL 20 1903 NO; 220

NNEY'S HEAD SHATTERED ITH A LOAD OF BUCKSHOT

BBET FIRES THE CHARGE T ENDS OUTLAW'S CAREER

ore City Marshal Packard and Deputy obets Had Been Done to Death by the Murderer.

the morgue with his head shattered by a charge of buckshot fired by

ard lies cold in death from wounds received from the outlaw.
from a rifle ball supposed to have been fired by Al Hulse.
nty jail.

HULSE SAYS HE IS NOT GUILTY OF SHOOTING

Al Hulse was seen in the county jail at 5 o'clock last evening. He professed entire ignorance as to the cause of his arrest and claimed that there was no reason for his being incarcerated. Confronted with the fact that most people held him to be an accessory to the shooting and that it was a bullet from his rifle that killed Tibbets, he violently disclaimed having had any connection with the matter.

"It is like this:" said he. "I did not know that McKinney had been killed nor that there had been any shooting until it was all over. I was in the Crawford watching a game of solo when I heard that McKinney was killed. I came out on the street and saw Etter briging Jeff Packard in his buggy and noticed that Packard was bleeding. But I can prove by good witnesses that I had no hand in the affair.

When reminded that the ammunition found in the room was the same

JEFF PACKARD HAS ANSWERED LAST CALL

The City Marshal Dies With the Rising of the Sun This Morning.

City Marshal Packard died from the shock of his wounds as the sun rose this morning. For some hours after he was removed from the operating table his condition was precarious, but later in the night he rallied and was apparently much stronger than he had been since being wounded.

At 5 o'clock he complained of being

of the best known peace officers in the State. He had an aptitude for detective work, and there was no mission too dangerous, no task too difficult for him to undertake. It was in fulfilment of his duties as an officer that he lost his life, for when men were wanted to search the house of mystery on L street it was the natural

schoolteacher, the knifed deputy, the two attempted murders and various other misdemeanors earned Jim a two-year sentence. The most serious charge, breaking jail, brought the whole up to seven years. Jim McKinney went to San Quentin.

It was a gala occasion when Jim returned. Visalia Viola who had moved to Bakersfield, held open house for her man and many of his homicidal friends, including Al Hulse and "Long Tom" Sears.

Long Tom was a big, hulking man with flaming red hair and a police record a mile long. He made his living with crooked cards and dice, and Jim had always considered him a friend. Hulse had little affection for him, and told the story that Sears had kept Viola in his room for two weeks, sans clothing and with the door locked.

It required years for Jim to act. While at San Quentin he had done a great deal of thinking and since he and Sears made a good team in the gambling business, he put his vengeful feelings aside, saved his money and bought a home in Porterville, which he rented out. When drinking, however, all the old doubts would rise up inside him.

On Friday, December 13, 1901, the two men repaired to an alley back of the saloon to settle the time-worn matter. Both men had revolvers in hand when suddenly Sears threw his gun to one side, fell to his knees and exclaimed, "All right, Jim, if we can't be friends, shoot me!" McKinney obliged by placing the muzzle of his pistol against Sears' chest and pulling the trigger. When the gun went off, Deputy Sheriff John Crawford, who was seated in an outhouse farther down the alley, leaped into the open. The situation was perfect for McKinney.

Jim snapped a line drive from his pistol. The bullet creased both cheeks and with a wild scream, the stricken man kicked his trousers loose and streaked down the alley, shirttail waving like a white flag. His screaming exit from the scene put Jim in a good humor and the killer readily relinquished his gun and submitted to arrest. His bond of $5,000 was subscribed within an hour, many prominent citizens believing that Sears' demise was a good thing for the community. McKinney's trial was short and resulted in acquittal, the deputy's wound being overlooked.

HAVING upset Bakersfield, Jim and Viola bore down on Porterville. But, without knowing it, Jim was a relic from another age. While he had been sitting out seven years in San Quentin, the old order had passed. Many of his old cronies were gone—some dead, some imprisoned, some "gone respectable." Soon after his return, Porterville was incorporated and the city marshal, backed by the newly created council, decided to make a cleanup.

Placards were placed in public places warning undesirable citizens to pack up and leave. Like most new institutions which set out to cure all ills with one stroke, the council made a colossal blunder by placing Jim McKinney's name on the list. Technically, he was as clean before the law as any member of the city council which denounced him.

The notice made Jim's blood boil. He was a property owner and a taxpayer and for once in his life, consulted a lawyer. The attorney told him that according to law, he could barricade himself on his real estate and enforce shotgun law on all and sundry who might attempt to oust him. Had he heeded the advice, all might have gone well, but McKinney was not one to sit by and wait for trouble, preferring instead to force the issue. Shortly after midnight on Sunday morning, July 27, 1902, the fun began.

Theodore Green, a rancher, and Jim were in Zalud's Saloon for a friendly drink on the eve of the shoot-out. Around midnight Green excused himself and went next door to Calderwood's barroom. The loud buzzing of an electric fan in Zalud's angered Jim so he drew his revolver and with one shot silenced it. When the bartender objected loudly, McKinney parted his hair with a bullet, just barely creasing the scalp. The frightened man quickly made himself scarce beneath the bar. Jim then shot out all but one light and began to amuse himself by playing cat and mouse with the barkeep.

The customers departed when the fan stopped working, many of them leaving their drinks untouched. Seated at a table, Jim remarked at various intervals that he would shoot next at the right corner, or the left corner, or the center of the bar. Whenever he heard a rustling sound, he knew he had guessed correctly and fired elsewhere. The bartender was his friend and he wouldn't have harmed him for the world.

He had just finished reloading and was

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seated with his back to the door when a voice accosted him from behind, "Put down that gun and stop that shooting, McKinney!" Marshal Howell and Deputy John Willis were on the scene and McKinney acted instinctively. A quick snap shot smashed the last light bulb; as he dropped to the floor six bullets from the marshal's revolver whistled harmlessly above him.

While with quivering hands Howell tried to reload, Willis, spying McKinney, stepped forward and cracked Jim over the head with a walking cane. Infuriated, McKinney shot him sidewise through the mouth.

The bullet did double duty. The partition between Zalud's and Calderwood's was thin, one-inch planking. Will Linn, Jim's erstwhile partner, was dealing a poker hand and joking concerning the byplay next door. The lead slug tore into his shoulder, simultaneously ending the game and his snide remarks. Willis stood for a moment holding a handful of blood and bone, then fled, opening the swinging doors with his head.

Jim whacked the marshal over the head with his pistol while the latter was still unsuccessfully trying to reload, knocking him to the floor. Taking the empty revolver from the marshal's outstretched hand, Jim threw it at the bar, destroying several quarts of whiskey in the process, then administred three tremendous kicks to Howell's body. "Stay there," said Jim, "and don't cross me again.'

AS McKINNEY stepped from the darkened barroom, he must have thought of the vow he had made when his revolver failed on two occasions in the past. He hurried home and picked up a double-barreled shotgun and canvas bag of ammunition. Viola was absent; he wondered where she could have gone. (At the beginning of the shooting a neighbor had warned the former can-can girl and Viola packed a suitcase and fled to Visalia.)

As a lone wolf against a whole town, Jim was uglier as time passed. Returning to the area around Zalud's, Jim saw a man start to cross the street ahead of him. Identifying the big white hat as Marshal Howell's, Jim raised the shotgun and let the scooting figure have both barrels of buckshot, cutting him in half. Walking up to the dead man, he discovered it was not Howell but his old friend, Will Linn.

The Palace Hotel, which usually did a rushing business at that hour, looked like a mausoleum as Jim came up the street. Stopping in front of the main entrance, he saw William West, a rancher, and George Barron, a printer, coming down the front stairs.

McKinney had once heard that West had made a slighting remark about Jim's honesty with cards. Barron was the printer who had made up the posters for the city council. Waiting until they stepped into the street, Jim shouted, "What do you bastards want on the street at this hour?"

West shouted back, "We wondered what all the shooting was about."

Barron, like a frightened rabbit, tried to get behind his companion but McKinney caught him with a barrel of birdshot in the right arm and side. West was struck in the back.

With no illusions concerning his future, Jim cut across three streets and came to Arlington Stables, the best livery in town. He routed out the sleepy hostler, Frank Butler, and compelled him to hitch up his best two-horse rig. Whipping up the team, Jim drove through the streets at breakneck speed, firing the shotgun. There was method in the procedure, as explosive action was necessary to keep the town at bay until he was ready to leave.

Butler, meanwhile, had notified the marshal that McKinney was on the loose with a shotgun, rifle and revolver. This was old news to Howell, who was bathing his aching head with cold water. To the demand of the exasperated hostler that he "get on out here and do something," Howell replied, "Go handle it yourself."

Jim's wild ride and shotgun blasting caused several teams to break away from hitchracks and wreck their rigs. Human targets were as scarce as hens' teeth, but McKinney found one in the person of William Tompkins, a night patrolman. When the latter was a little slow about removing himself from sight, Jim gave him two barrels of birdshot.

Daybreak was not far away when McKinney drove to the home of Dave Mosier, owner of the Mint Saloon, routed him out of bed and asked for a loan for "traveling expenses." Dave said that he was glad to help out and handed over $60. Both hammers of Jim's shotgun were pulled back and stayed that way until the saloon owner accepted an invitation for a fast ride in the rig. At the graveyard on the eastern edge of town, Jim stopped. Mosier expected the worst when McKinney told him to step down, but the latter merely said, "Tell those guys I'll be back some day!"

While he still had the rig, Jim stopped at his house and armed himself with another shotgun, a rifle and three revolvers. Thus equipped, he rode through Arizona toward Mexico, bearing east and south.

BEHIND HIM, camping in his tracks through the badlands and deserts, rode Sheriff Will Collins of Tulare County. The sheriff was an old hand at tracking and found evidences of Jim along the way. One was a severed forefinger lying among some boulders where Jim had camped in Gila County. Presumably, while Jim was trying to catch a nap, a giant beaded lizard had seized his finger. He had had to act quickly before the sieve-like teeth could draw the finger inward and had made a severance between the first and second joints. The sheriff also found the thirty-inch beast hanging head down from a giant cactus.

Collins talked to people along the way. The marshal at Tucson, noting Jim's armament, had told him to keep riding and McKinney, with his thumb on the hammers of his shotgun, had told him to go to hell. The citizens of Tombstone told Collins that Jim had bought some provisions there.

Somewhere in the wild country between Douglas and Nogales, Jim crossed into Sonora. By the time Collins had overcome legal technicalities and was ready to go after him, word had spread that McKinney was coming back of his own volition.

The Fresno *Republican*, which had followed the fortunes of Jim for years, warned in its April 7, 1903 issue: "McKINNEY HEADED THIS WAY. KILLS TWO MEN IN ARIZONA." The trepidation in the notice was coupled with a sort of pride. No other banished outlaw had ever come back.

Two towns vied for honors as his destination, Porterville and Bakersfield. The Mexican sections of both towns mentally drew straws, for these citizens likened McKinney to Murieta and Vasquez. Here was one to their liking, a *bandido solitario* wanted by a territory, a state and a city, riding overland to meet three sheriffs and a hundred deputies and marshals, neither asking nor offering any quarter.

The ferryman at Needles, Josh Larkin, was unimpressed when Lovin, sheriff of Mohave County, Arizona, brought his four deputies and an Indian tracker to Needles on McKinney's heels. The sheriff, a big man wearing a wide-brimmed Stetson and dust-covered leather jacket, chewed on his quirt handle.

"Jim said to tell you Arizona bastards he would be back when he finishes with his California business," Larkin told him. "Them's his words, not mine," the ferryman added hastily when Lovin straightened up and gave him a hard look.

"I don't think a whole lot of your California outlaw," the sheriff gritted, glaring. "He used a shotgun on two men back in the Black Rock country. Shot one from in front and the other from in back, and I aim to make him just as dead as he made Roy Winchester and Charley Blakely."

Josh was properly squelched and the sheriff proceeded to divide his posse. He and a deputy had to return to Kingman to arrange for disposition of the prospectors' remains, so he gave orders for the others to proceed on Jim's trail, which led northwest toward Ivanpah, a desert town. Deputy Jeff Templeton was placed in charge of two deputies named Wells and Bly and the tracker, Piema. The Indian's long black hair was plaited in braids and he had a tremendous horned beak for a nose.

The ferryman crossed them over and as they lined out for the desert with the Wallapai in the lead, he yelled to Templeton, "When you get up in the rough country you'd better have the Injun tie that nose down. I've heard that McKinney shoots at anything he thinks is sticking out too far."

The trail led past Ivanpah and bore westward a little south of Saratoga Springs, skirting Randsburg and continuing through Walker's Pass. At Kernville the Arizona men teamed up with the posses of Kelly and Collins and pressed on to the foot of the Greenhorn Mountains. Here they broke up, with individual parties of two and three men each traveling on its own:

Two of Kelly's men, McCracken and Rankin, sighted Jim on the rim of Linn's Valley. Taking quick aim, McCracken raked a .38 Winchester slug across Jim's chest and in return had his saddlehorn torn away by a bullet from McKinney's revolver.

Jim's horses were captured as he crawled into the manzanita brush and made his getaway. Several days later he was sighted near White River, midway between Porterville and Bakersfield, mounted again. The lawmen were in a quandary as to whether he would head north or south.

JAKE McKINNEY, who was mining near Randsburg, spread the word throughout the lower San Joaquin that his brother was innocent of the Arizona killings. Jake had been to Needles and talked to the ferryman, who told him of the threat made by Sheriff Lovin.

If he could hold off the Arizona sheriff until the California officers could get to Jim, Jake felt his brother would be taken alive. Words of Jake's efforts were relayed to Jim, in hiding at White River, and he left a note where Collins could find it. It read: "Jake, get back to your digging and leave bullet politics alone."

Some time shortly after dusk on Saturday, April 18, Jim McKinney shook off

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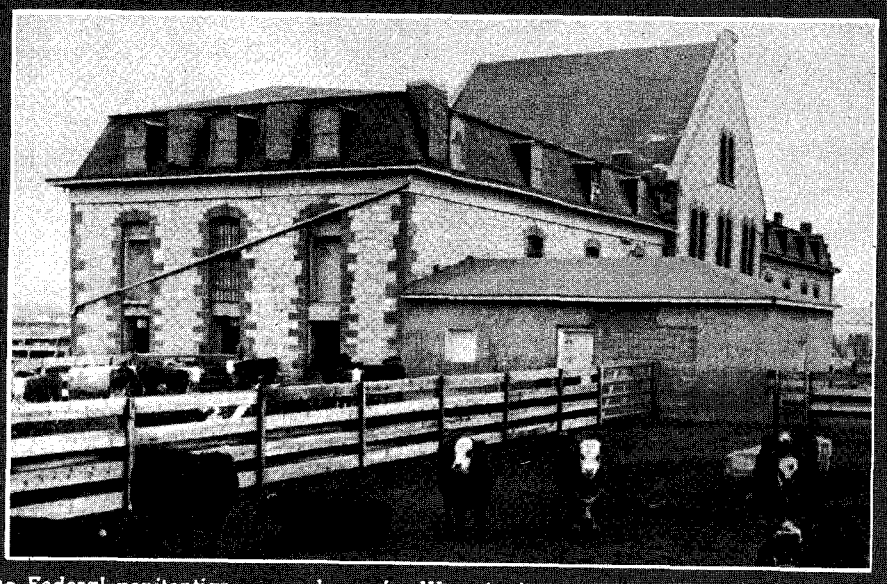

The Federal penitentiary, once home for Wyoming's wrong-doers, is now a part of the University of Wyoming stock farms. Bars are still on windows, but cells are gone.

IT HAD NEVER BEEN A PROBLEM FINDING A GOOD STURDY TREE AND A STOUT ROPE. BUT WHEN WYOMING WENT LEGAL AND STARTED HANDING OUT JAIL SENTENCES, YOU MIGHT SAY SHE HAD A LOT OF PEOPLE "ALL DRESSED UP AND NO PLACE TO GO."

The Penitentiary that Wasn't a Prison

By VERN SHELTON

THANKS to dime novels, hack writers and legions of shoot-'em-up westerns, it's a pretty common opinion that people on the frontier took the law into their own hands and lynched wrong-doers.

There's some truth in that belief; however, courts did exist and most criminals wound up in jail or prison instead of at the short end of a long rope.

Until 1872, when a federal penitentiary was built in Laramie, most of Wyoming's prisoners were sent to the Detroit, Michigan, House of Correction to see the error of their ways. From the very beginning—when a full-scale investigation was launched to probe charges of fraud and misrepresentation in awarding the contract for prison construction—the federal prison was a source of humor and controversy.

A January 1, 1877, Laramie newspaper points out, "Our penitentiary, which was only built to accommodate forty-five prisoners, now has fifty-three, and if that Cheyenne court doesn't stop pretty soon there will be a hundred. We'll have to get up a returning board and throw out a lot of them. Every term of the Cheyenne court sends from twenty-five to thirty more recruits for the house over the river and yet there is no perceptible decrease of rascals down there."

Overcrowding wasn't the only problem. A year later Gustave Schnitger, U.S. marshal, took over and things really got out of hand. When an examiner from the Department of Justice dropped by the pen unexpectedly in January, 1885, he found there were sixteen inmates—ten prisoners, three guards, the U.S. marshal and two members of his family—all living as one happy group. Schnitger said he and his family lived just like the convicts and ate just what they ate—except he got buckwheat cakes.

Some of the "guests" had escaped over the years but the acting warden hadn't reported them because, in his words, "I was afraid they would shut up this penitentiary if I recorded the escapes . . . and that I would then have to resign my office."

One of the escapees, sent out in the yard to feed a pet antelope, simply unlatched the wooden gate to a high board fence, stepped through, locked it from the outside so no one could follow, and walked off. Some prisoners borrowed civilian clothes to go into Laramie and "whoop it up with the boys" on Saturday nights and one young convict worked as the warden's ranch hand.

Again Schnitger explained, "John Moore, the prisoner, is a young man eighteen years of age. He is well-educated; his mother lives in New York City. He is unhealthy, rather consumptive, and always had trouble with his liver.

"He had behaved splendidly and he had a year to sit on his three and one-half years sentence. He begged me constantly to give him light work and air on account of health and finally my heart ran away with my otherwise good judgment.

"I brought him up to the ranch. I told him I would give him $14 a month if he did well so that he could have money to go back to New York."

Explaining the escapes, Schnitger stated, "Well, they will slip away from us, even with the utmost vigilance. You see, we only have a wooden fence around the jail. That man Biddle went out in the yard to feed an antelope and went outside the fence and fixed a staple so we could not get it open. Nobody escaped from here because he was allowed any privileges."

The examiner who listened to the explanations decided Schnitger was "an innocent sort but unfit for duty" and recommended his removal from office.

The marshal, a Republican, countered, "The loss of the office is not so much, but to be removed by a Republican President is a disgrace which I cannot overcome . . . if it is not too late you may induce the President not to remove me because Mr. Cleveland will do it soon enough." (President-elect Grover Cleveland, a Democrat, took office and did remove the Laramie warden from his post in 1886.)

IN 1888, when the Wyoming Territorial Legislature was getting set for statehood, Cheyenne and Laramie were the primary powers. Cheyenne had the most influence and, after a hassle on the floor, won the state capital. Laramie took second choice—the University of Wyoming—leaving the state prison for Rawlins and the insane asylum for Evanston.

No further attempts were made to expand the federal prison in Laramie and work was started on the state prison at Rawlins. On March 18, 1901, a fourteen-year-old boy arrested at Fort Steele for stealing a horse and saddle was found guilty in district court at Rawlins and was sentenced to three years in the state penitentiary. He was brought to Laramie to start his term—the youngest convict behind the walls.

In December of the same year the Laramie newspaper rejoiced, "After many promises, excuses, discussions and an abundance of newspaper talk, the prisoners have started on their way to Rawlins.

"Fifty of them were loaded into a car that was got ready for them months ago and the car was attached to train Number Three, which was about two hours late yesterday morning.

"Those taken in the first installment were the 'long timers.' They were brought to the depot in the hay wagon shackled together two by two. A wagon load of bedding and supplies was brought over

(Continued on page 70)

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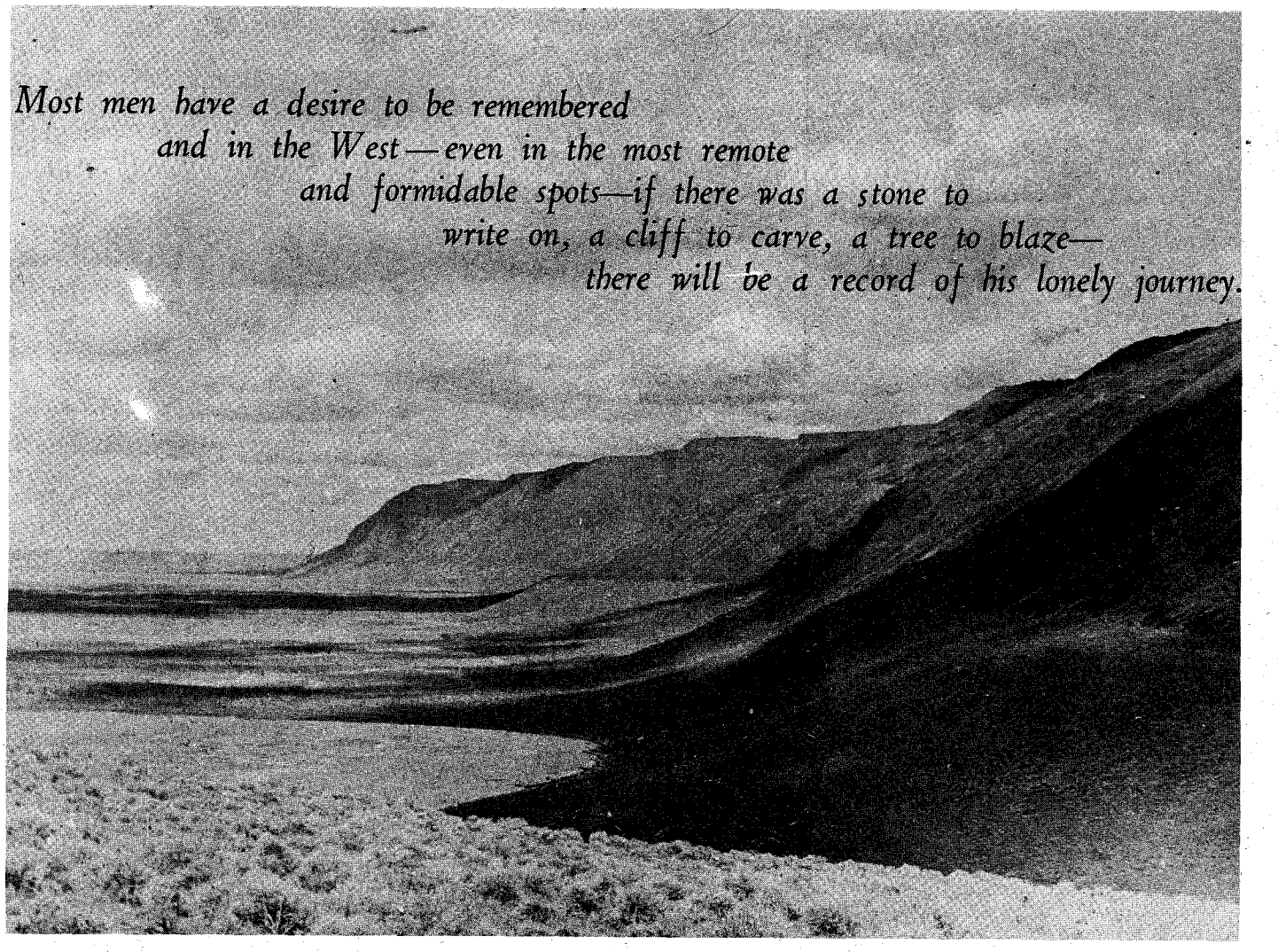
Most men have a desire to be remembered and in the West—even in the most remote and formidable spots—if there was a stone to write on, a cliff to carve, a tree to blaze—there will be a record of his lonely journey.



Above a glimpse of Hart Mountain. Below the epitaph tree hides the mystery of "The Missing Nigger."

Desert

By FRANK L. KENNEY

THERE'S a big, wild mountain in the desert country of southeastern Oregon with a story that's never been told except by the fading petroglyphs of a stone-age Indian, the name of a soldier chiseled under a lonely rimrock, and the plaintive poem of a sheepherder carved on an aspen tree.

Hart Mountain rises a sheer 3,000 feet above Warner Valley, forming an almost impenetrable wall which locks its past away from the 20th Century. These are the stories as I read them in the rocks, the aspens, the sand of a dry lake, the broken wheel of a settler's wagon, the rusting wreck of a car. Go there and you'll learn other stories, or maybe different versions of mine.

But watch the road, dusty or muddy, since most of the seventy-five mile trip north out of Lakeview winds between shallow lakes and through dunes along the base of the mountain until it reaches a hole-in-the-wall gorge through which the road rises, lacing back and forth on a ledge chiseled out of solid rock.

The grueling climb had been too much for one old car. It stood on the edge of the road, its hood up, steam spewing from the radiator. The owner gingerly removed the cap and was pouring water from a desert bag when the hand brake slipped. The car rolled back over the lip of the ledge and went crashing down the precipice, leaving the driver with a water bag in one hand and a radiator cap in the other. His car is still down there. So is an earlier Model "T" whose owner jumped, and parts of a very recent car whose occupants didn't. So is the spare tire of my jeep, which gayly bounded into the deep canyon.

I spent hours fruitlessly searching for it. Above me on either side the clinker rims rose awesomely, leaving only a bite of blue sky between. The dark rock trapped the heat and made the canyon seem like an oven. The wayward wheel would cost $30.00 to replace in Lakeview, seventy miles away, so I searched until late afternoon. Then was when I found the Indian cave under a lonely rimrock.

The ceiling was still blackened from ancient fires. Ages of sand had sifted in, layering the debris of earlier inhabitants until the entrance was so shallow I had to stoop to enter. I didn't get far. A slow, loose rattle told me the cave was still occupied and I saw the tiny, jewel-like head of the snake swinging above a stockade of coils. I didn't kill him; he'd played the game fair enough for me. After a while, he sedately glided farther back into the cave.

According to the evidence, the cave was

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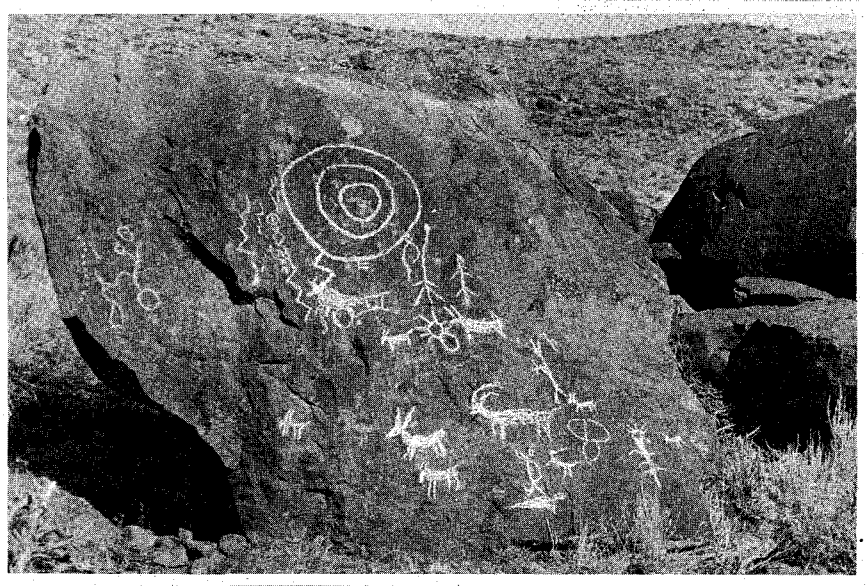
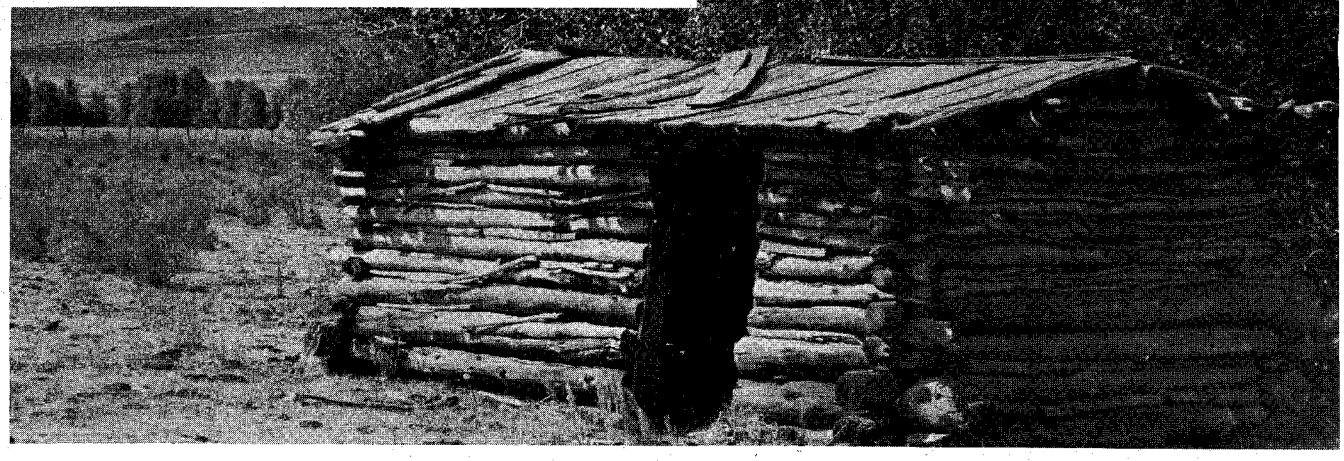
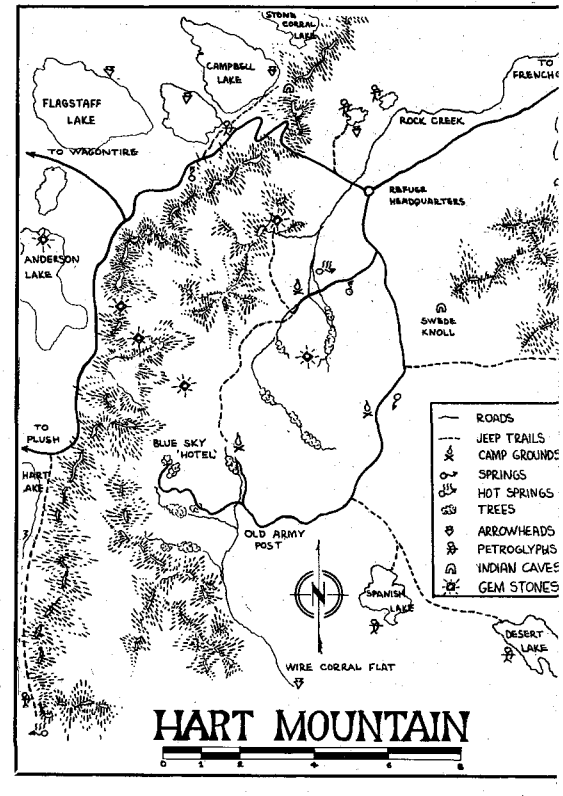




Mountain

Photos by author

Above left, a petroglyph. Above, old cabin near Post Meadows. Below, a detailed sketch of the area in the story.



also occupied by bobcats, packrats, owls and once had been lived in by humans. The beautiful arrowhead I found deep in the powdery sand was testimony to that. It wasn't much bigger than my thumbnail and was exquisitely chipped out of sparkling black obsidian.

I turned it over in my hands wondering who'd made it and how long ago. Far below was the only source of water—tawny, algae-laden lakes spreading between the wrinkled dunes. When I tried to imagine squaws carrying water up to the cave in animal skins I realized the distance was too great and the way too rocky and steep. Once there must have been some closer source of water.

I'd heard that Warner Valley had been the bottom of a great inland sea during the last Ice Age. Could the arrowhead have been made then? Suddenly, it was as plain as though the mountain had spoken to me. The shoreline could still be seen! Above it the dark lava rock is barren; below, thick brush grows in the sedimentary soil. This ancient shoreline passed just a few yards below the mouth of the Indian cave.

Skilled hands had shaped the arrowhead by pressing the end of a deer antler against the small piece of obsidian until a bit flaked away. This had been repeated over and over until the finished arrowhead met its manufacturer's approval.

Since then a dozen civilizations had bloomed and died; floods, plagues, famines and wars had come and gone. Men learned to use copper, bronze, iron and steel, and to split the atom. But here in this cave a pair of hands had dropped a bit of handiwork and another pair of hands had picked it up. I felt as though I had taken a few steps with the man who lived in this cave before the great lake went dry 10,000 years ago.

FARTHER DOWN the slope I found the campsites Indians of more recent vintage had left. The black points of hunters' arrows, shot at waterfowl, had been lost in the soft mud of the lake bottoms. As the water receded these artifacts were yielded up, one by one.

These Indians left art chipped on the great boulders at the foot of the mountain. Petroglyphs of devils, lizards and disembowled eagles had been carved—possibly to ward off evil spirits. But some of the pictures showed another side of these primitive people's life: a mother bighorn nursing her lamb, a covey of quail, a bristled porcupine and the chubby handprints of a small child.

A disease called scabies, brought in by settlers' domestic sheep, ravaged the big-

(Continued on page 68)

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Joe Welch

ME

By

JOE

WELCH

..THE TROUBLE WITH ELMER WAS, HE DIDN'T GIVE A DAMN. HE'D SPEND ALL NIGHT SIGHTSEEING AND STILL EXPECT TO RIDE THOSE MONEYMAKIN' BRONCS THE FOLLOWING DAY.

I WAS riding before I can remember and, by the time I was ten, was working as a wrangler for neighboring ranchers. That was just ordinary routine for a ranch boy in our country. Elmer Hepler (whose father owned a big ranch in the Guadalupes) and I worked together for Morg Livingston, my mother's brother.

Somebody told us about Bill Pickett, who introduced bulldogging at Juarez in the early 1900s. He tackled a fighting bull at Juarez by diving from his horse and grabbing its horns. He used the leg hold, still popular. When he got the bull almost to his knees, he caught the critter's nose in his teeth and brought him to the ground. It sounds easy—until you try it!

Elmer was always riding broncs and wild bulls and I practiced roping and bulldogging. I'd never seen it done but I experimented. First of all it required a good horse. There were many wild ones on the plains—so many they were a nuisance. Among them I spotted a bay that looked like he'd make a real cow pony.

I named him Plaino, and planned various means for trapping him. We put salt into an old corral and waited patiently for the bay's wild bunch to go to it. Eventually they did, with Plaino bringing up the rear, nipping the heels of the stragglers. Just as I thought, he had never been branded. Well, I did that just as soon as I got a rope on him.

Then I set about training him. Many people think that some horses are mean, like some people. Well, human beings may be born that way, but a horse isn't until he's been abused. I never abused Plaino. He got to know more about roping than I did and couldn't be topped when it came to bulldogging.

The ranchers in our country were prosperous before the drought struck in 1923. The price of cattle went down and down. Those who took their losses that year were lucky, for most of them managed to salvage their land and some of their cattle.

Others borrowed in the hope that rain would come, but the situation got steadily worse. Uncle Morg, who owned the bank in Carlsbad, continued to give credit for he knew his neighbors.

Many of the best cow outfits went broke but my father tided through by getting only one loan and by sacrificing most of his land and all but a few of his cattle. By the most rigid economy, he managed to hang onto thirty sections of land and 100 cows. Everybody was poor so nobody minded it so long as they could eat. But even that became a problem. Many would have gone hungry without beef. Everybody planted some frijoles and onions. Many went for weeks without coffee or sugar.

There was no grass for the cattle and no possibility of borrowing money for feed. A hundred dollars and a ton of cake would have looked like a fortune. People quit buying clothing. They went without kerosene. The only time they really needed it was when they got up at four in the morning; by nightfall they were ready to go to bed.

My older brothers got out and rustled whatever job they could get while father and mother stuck to the ranch. Me and Elmer had competed in local contests, largely for the fun of it. The need for cash was so pressing that we began making the rodeos. They paid little, but sometimes very little was the difference between losing property or keeping it.

For bronc riding and bull riding, Elmer

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AND ELMER

Hepler did not need a mount but I had to take one. I rode Plaino and we took a pack horse. Elmer, of course, rode too, but one pack horse was sufficient for our bedrolls and camp outfit. To save expenses, we did our own cooking.

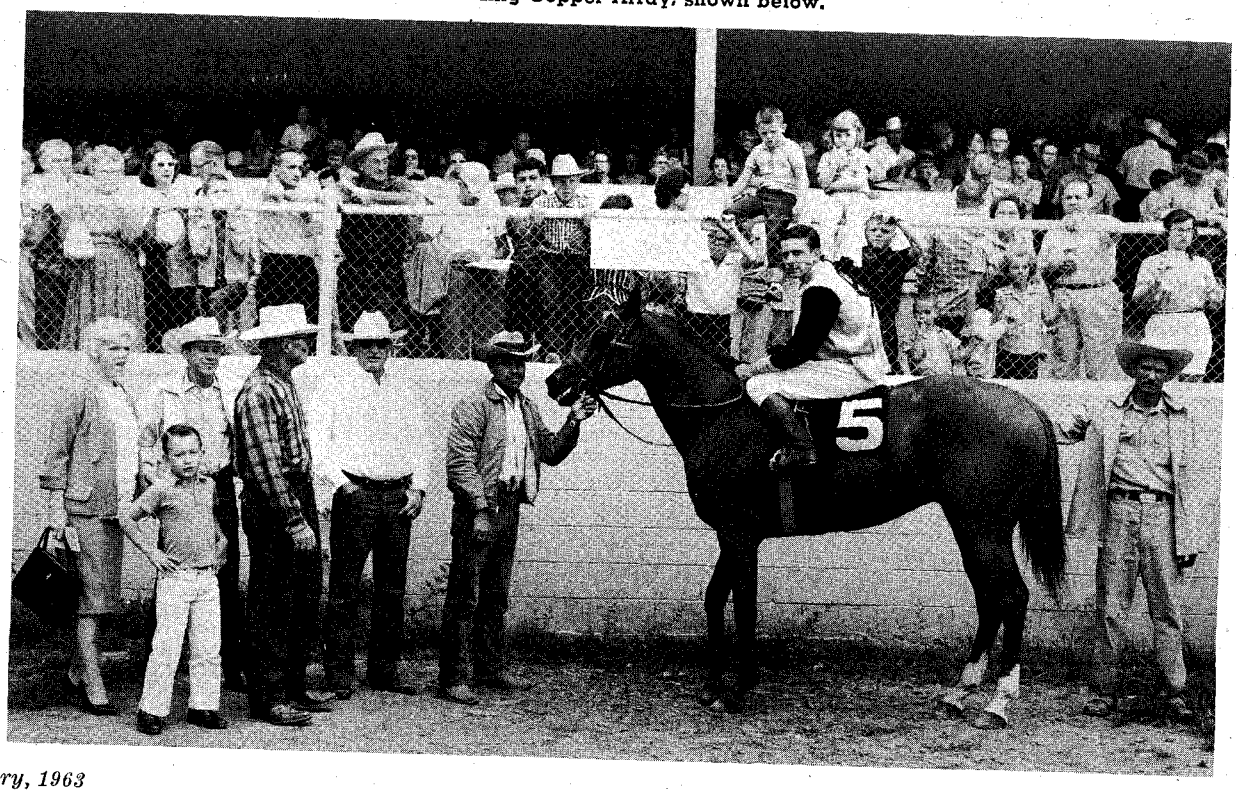
We sent part of our winnings—usually only $5.00 to $15.00—home. It meant a great deal to our parents for both families were determined not to ask for credit. Above all, my father would not ask Uncle Morg for credit for he knew what difficulties the bank was having. Finally his bank closed anyway as did most in our section of the state.

THEN WE got a lucky break! We were hired by Cherokee Hammond's Wild West Show for $25.00 a week, each. Twenty-five dollars! We got our meals and a place to sleep so we planned to send home most of our wages. It was enough to pay taxes and interest, and that meant hanging on to the ranches.

The show made one-night stands all over east and south Texas. It was hard work for the moves were often made at night after the evening performance and the men got little sleep. As it turned out, we got paid infrequently and Elmer went

(Continued on page 48)

Joe Welch has trained many winners, including Copper Array, shown below.



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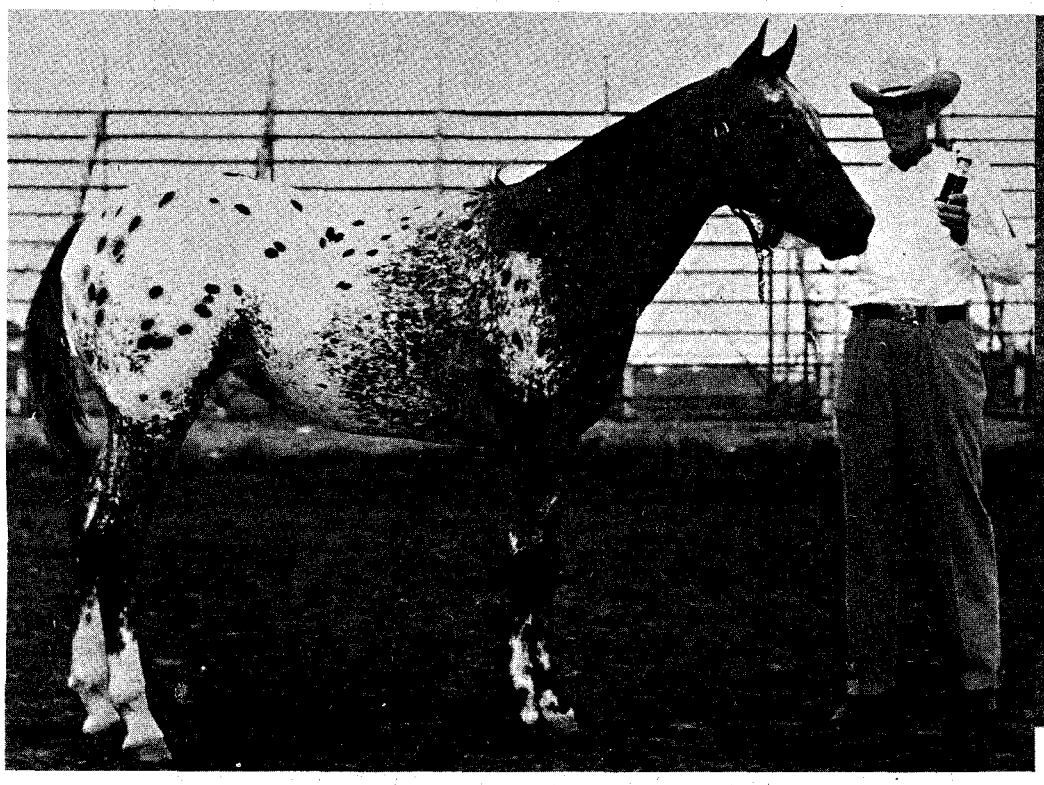
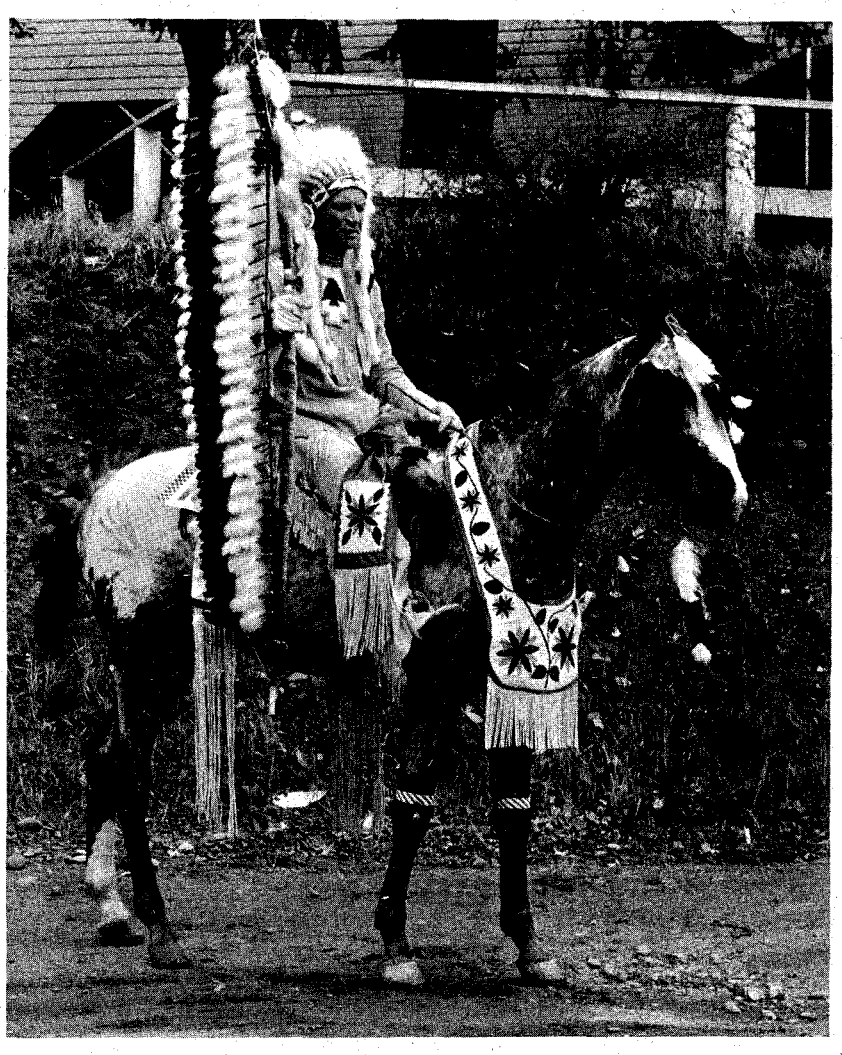


A man with heart and a horse with heart make a well-nigh unbeatable combination. So it was with the Nez Perce and the Appaloosa—the great

By LEE

Photos Courtesy

Above, Equavo B., a fine example of an Appaloosa stallion. Below, Cal Briley and his Appaloosa, High Eagle. Briley, a devoted Appaloosa breeder, also designs Indian costumes.



IT WAS September, the month of the hunting moon, when Lewis and Clark's Expedition rode onto Weippe Prairie. The friendliness of Chief Twisted Hair and his Nez Percé band made a lasting impression on the trail-weary explorers.

In welcome, the squaws prepared a delicious feast of service-berry cakes, buffalo steaks, baked blueback salmon and roast fawn cooked with wild onions and carrots. As the meal drew to a close, the Nez Percé braves entertained their guests by performing tribal dances and for a final treat, gave a dazzling display of horsemanship on their superb Appaloosas. The performance of these beautiful horses filled the explorers with amazement. The journals of Lewis and Clark later averred, "These Nez Percé horses are far superior to the best horses in Virginia."

How had uncivilized redmen developed such magnificent animals? Lewis and Clark's men probably didn't get a satisfactory answer to their question in 1806. But a look into the history of the Appaloosa can fill in the details today.

The horse was not known by the name "Appaloosa" until eighty years ago. They were called "Palouse" by early settlers. Charlie Russell, the famous artist, first spelled the word "Appaloosies" and later it evolved into the present spelling.

The spotted horse was first recorded 2,400 years ago by pictures in French caves. In Persia the breed was reserved for royal use. King Xerxes, in 480 B.C., made it unlawful for a commoner to own or even use an Appaloosa.

In 101 B.C. Emperor Wu Ti of the Han Dynasty of China fought a long and bloody battle with the Wasuns of Ferghana over the right to own and raise Appaloosas. (Wu Ti was so impressed with the intelligence and beauty of the spotted horses he wrote a poem about them. And to make sure everyone in China learned of his new possessions, the Emperor ordered his artists to draw and sculpture the "Heavenly Horses from the Extreme West.")

Drawings and ornate tapestries show the horses in Russia, Austria, Germany, England and The Netherlands. Later they

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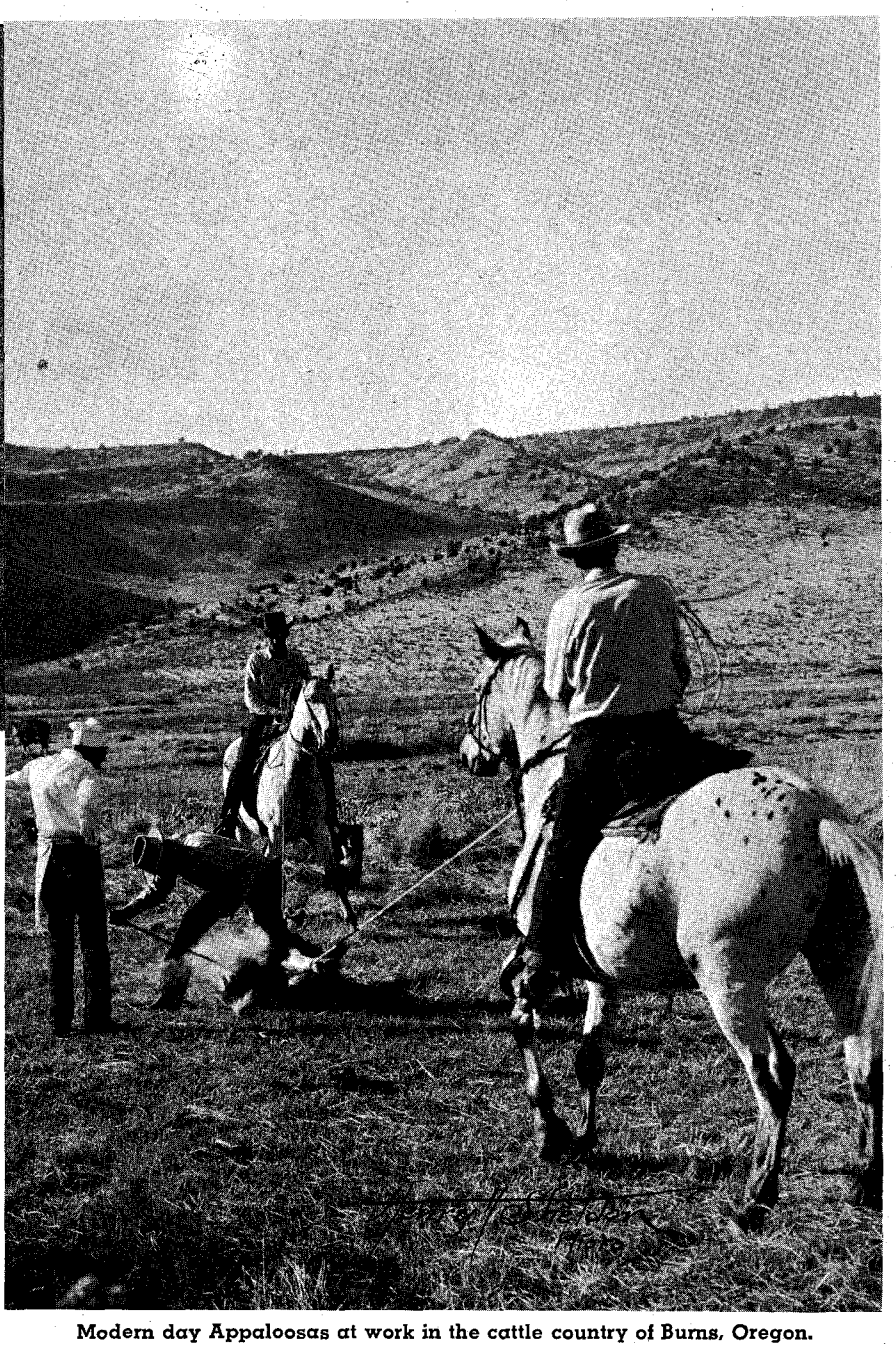
Spotted Horse of the West

RYLAND

Appaloosa Horse Club



Modern day Appaloosas at work in the cattle country of Burns, Oregon.

were exported from Trieste to the little village of Chihuahua in Mexico.

Through migration, theft and trade, the Appaloosa found its way into Nez Percé country (Washington, Oregon and Idaho) in 1730, and the honor of developing the Appaloosa into the greatest horse in the West (as the animal was known in early settler days) goes to that tribe.

Christian-like in their ethics and above average in intelligence, they handled their spotted mounts accordingly. No other Indian had as intense affection for his horses as did the Nez Percé. A warrior was never known to willfully beat, starve or mistreat his Appaloosa. The spotted horse returned this kindness with steadfast loyalty.

THE THEORY, "Breed the best to the best and hope for the best," was quickly learned. Stallions which did not meet strict standards were gelded and unsuitable mares were kept barren. Gradually, the Nez Percé developed a horse of fine conformation and bright color pattern, but it didn't stop there. Before they acquired their spotted horses, they had done their hunting on foot. Fish had been their staple food although an occasional deer or elk fell to their arrows. After they became "horse" Indians, there was a yearly trek into Montana to hunt and their Appaloosas became top "buffalo" horses.

Speed, endurance and courage were required for a buffalo hunt. To test a horse for the chase, the Nez Percé rode out to a herd grazing on the prairie. With a wild whoop, he startled the buffaloes into running. Waiting until the animals were about a quarter of a mile ahead, he spurred his horse to a full gallop and the chase was on.

The object of the chase was to catch the buffalo in less than two miles. It takes real speed to make up a quarter-mile handicap but the Nez Percé succeeded in developing a horse which could do just that!

The next trial was for "depth of heart." A horse needed an inborn sense of courage to tackle anything as frightening as a herd of angry, bellowing buffaloes. An Appaloosa was expected to press close enough for his rider to touch the animal with a moccasined toe, and seldom did the Appaloosa disappoint him.

Often when the Nez Percé weren't hunting, they spent their leisure time racing; the popular distance was fifteen miles with no rules. The rough prairie on which the contests were held helped promote the sure-footedness of the Appaloosa. A "tangle-foot" had no place in the Nez Percé remuda.

A great deal has been written about the Nez Percé and their battles with the United States Army. They rode and fought circles around the pride of the cavalry, holding many white soldiers at bay with merely a handful of warriors. In reporting these facts, historians have given credit to the Nez Percé for their wily military tactics and courageous behavior. This is as it should be. The historians were writing specifically of Indians, not of their horses.

It was not until a professor of history at Oregon College of Education; Dr. Francis Haines, made an exhaustive and complete research that the spotted horse's part in the destiny of the remarkable Nez Percé came to light.

THE TRIBE was actually pushed into revolt as treaty after treaty was broken over their right to roam as a free people. Many white men who came in contact with the Nez Percé envied the Indians' outstanding horses. To missionaries like Henry Spalding, the horses were a tempting product of the devil; to Indian agents like John Monteith, the horses were simply too good for heathen redmen to own. He felt the Appaloosas made the Nez Percé hard to handle and less subservient than they should be.

The Appaloosas carried the Nez Perce over treacherous ground around which cavalry mounts had to detour. Skimpy rations and scarcity of water made little

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It's downright invigorating to hear old Milt get strung out on the past. When he gets through telling about it, you wouldn't give two cents on the dollar for this day and time.

Back When

Photo courtesy J. A. Gardner

Above, one of the dangers of a rodeo cowboy's life was encountering a horse like Jet Pilot, which fell on his rider, Bob Sorrells, a second after this picture was taken. Below, a bunch of old-time cowboys in the '80s.

BACK AROUND the turn of the century, men like myself—cowboys—scrambled and rooted for jobs, here and there, wherever we could find them. Sometimes we rode for wild west shows or circuses, sometimes for the big cattle ranches in Texas and New Mexico. Some of us got jobs as dock riders in shipping centers; others hit the rodeo trail. Work for the cowboy was becoming more scarce as civilization moved across the West, cleaning up the rowdy towns and spiking a lot of the cowboys' chances for both pay and play.

Out on the range life was just the same, however. The cattle hadn't become "modernized" yet. Now they get their feed from trucks, their care from a college veterinarian and a ride to market in rubber-tired trucks.

A cow in those days still hid its calf in the buffalo grass by pushing it with her head until it lay down. The calf would lie very still while the mother hurried away to the nearest water. If a cowboy happened to ride up on this wild baby he would nearly trample it before it would jump up and run, bawling its head off as a distress signal. If mama was within hearing distance she would come charging, unafraid of any living thing.

One of the prettiest scenes I ever viewed came one morning when I was out on the open range. A bunch of wild cattle, led by two or three old mossbacks, saw me coming on my fast-stepping horse and made a dash for the brakes. Like any *real* cowhorse would do when it saw the sun flashing on the horns of cattle like these, my mount straightened out its neck, grabbed the bit in its teeth and lit out after them. It was really wonderful to be tearing across the range that way. I felt like I was really alive!

Another joy of cowboy life was the chuckwagon that followed along on trail drives. The chuckwagon was pulled by four to six head of mules and driven by the cook. The wagon was crammed with frying pans, stew kettles and Dutch ovens, all made of iron. (Only the big coffeepot was made of lighter metal.) Cheap knives, forks and spoons, tin plates and tin cups were stocked, as well as plenty of flour, rice, dried fruit (including raisins for puddings and pies), potatoes, boxes of canned goods, corn, tomatoes, red peppers, condensed milk and plenty of molasses, not to mention "necessities" like Horseshoe chewing tobacco and Duke's Mixture, coils of good rope and a limitless number of shells for our guns.

I always enjoyed watching the cowhands file up to the chuckwagon for eating utensils, then go to the fire and help themselves to meat from the great iron skillet, bread from the Dutch oven, coffee from the big steaming pot. They sat around on boot heels by the wagon or scissored their legs and sat on the ground. It took a bit of practice to balance bread, meat and coffee in one's hands and, crossing the legs while still standing, sink to the ground without spilling a drop.

Photo courtesy Ed Bartholomew

WHEN WE worked in the mountains, there were many springs, creeks, rivers and lakes to bathe in and for washing our clothes. We usually did our laundry by tying our clothing in a bundle to one end of a rope and fastening the other to a tree. Then we simply threw our washing in the stream. Next day we fished it out and hung it on bushes to dry. On the plains, though, we had to wash at windmills. There we never did get the clean sweet-smelling finish that the running streams gave our clothes.

At night we unrolled our blankets around a cow-chip fire and talked. Many tall tales were told, and many funny stories about girls we had fallen for (but more often, girls who had fallen for *us*).

When I first started riding the range it was the style for most cowboys to grow their hair long. However, just before I went to Australia with Fred Askins' Wild West Show, I visited a barbershop in San Francisco since I'd noticed that even the Chinamen were getting their queues shortened.

I felt as regretful as a girl when I saw

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By MILT HINKLE

• • •

all that curly hair cascade onto the floor to be swept away. But I never let it grow out long again, for I found that short hair was much less bother. Long hair had to be tended and brushed a lot to keep it looking good. I always kept my hair carefully tended no matter how busy or dirty I got. Many a beautiful girl ran her pretty fingers through my long locks, twisting the curls and telling me how handsome they considered me. This I rather enjoyed.

The Australia trip was a flop. Buffalo Vernon and I ended up working our way back to the U.S.A. shoveling coal into a boiler, which was no work for a cowboy! So I hooked on with Cole Railston of the V.+T. Ranch in New Mexico.

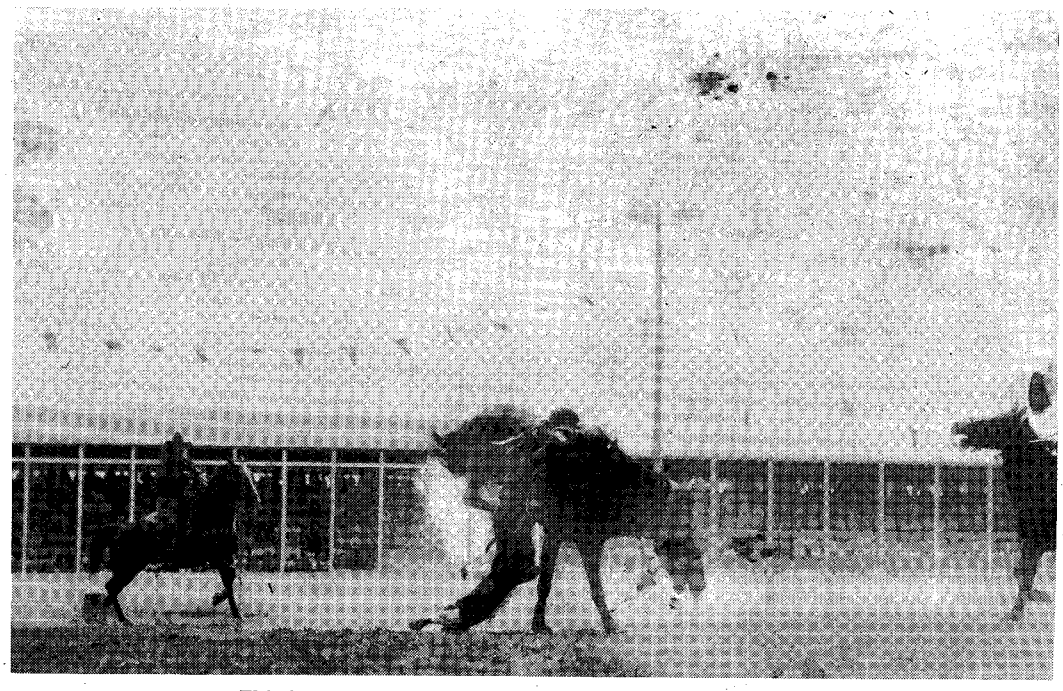
Part of the cowboys' job there was bringing mossbacks in out of the mountains. I used to walk up the high mountains leading my horse in order to let him rest. I needed to have him at full strength when running out a mossback on a high mesa.

I would rope the wild critters and tie them to lead steers, ten of which we drove with us while mossbacking. These "tame" cattle were shod and could be taken up into the mountains. When they were turned loose with a wild critter tied to them, they would always make it back to their home feeding place, compelling the wild animal to go along with them. It saved a lot of work for the cowboys.

After we had gathered a corral of these wild ones, we hobbled each mossback by tying a front foot and horn together. He could graze and drink that way, but couldn't run. Then we would turn them loose on the open range until round-up time.

WE WERE riding herd July 4, 1910, the night of the Jefferies-Jack Johnson prizefight. Tod Adams, the pack boss, said he bet $500 Jefferies would win. Cole took him on.

Of course we didn't have any radio or telephone to bring us the results so I agreed to ride to Magdalena, the nearest telegraph station, to get the report. I saddled up "Long Legs," a big nine-year-old bay, at dawn the morning of the fourth and set out on the 110-mile trip. I planned to change horses at Deffery Wells but didn't find a horse in the pasture there so, after feeding Long Legs from a sack of corn I found in the cabin, I took out again. Just as the sun was setting I pulled up in front of Paul Mersenfellow's livery stable in Magdalena. Long Legs had made the whole trip of 110 miles between sunrise and sunset! The poor horse was so stiff and sore he couldn't get out of his stall at the livery stable the next morning.



This is one scene that hasn't changed much in years of rodeos.

Jack Johnson won the fight and Cole Railston, the $500. I boarded the stagecoach the next day, leaving old Long Legs with Paul Mersenfellow until we could come back with the herd. When I broke the news to the boys, Cole was naturally pleased, but he and all of us felt sorry for Long Legs. We all liked and admired that horse.

That fall, after we loaded the V.+T. cattle onto freight cars and sent them off, I got the job of town marshal in Magdalena. That all came about because I got into a set-to with the blacksmith, a big bully named Hans Brewer. He had insulted me in a bar, calling me a sissy because I preferred to drink soda water instead of anything stronger, but when I challenged him to go outside he refused, saying he was a boxer and not a bare-knuckled brawler.

Well, the saloon-owner finally made us a proposition. "You two wait thirty days and I will supply both of you with room and board and order a pair of gloves from Denver. I'll build a real good platform and boxing ring and put up $1,000, winner-take-all. I'll charge gate receipts and we will all have a time and make money."

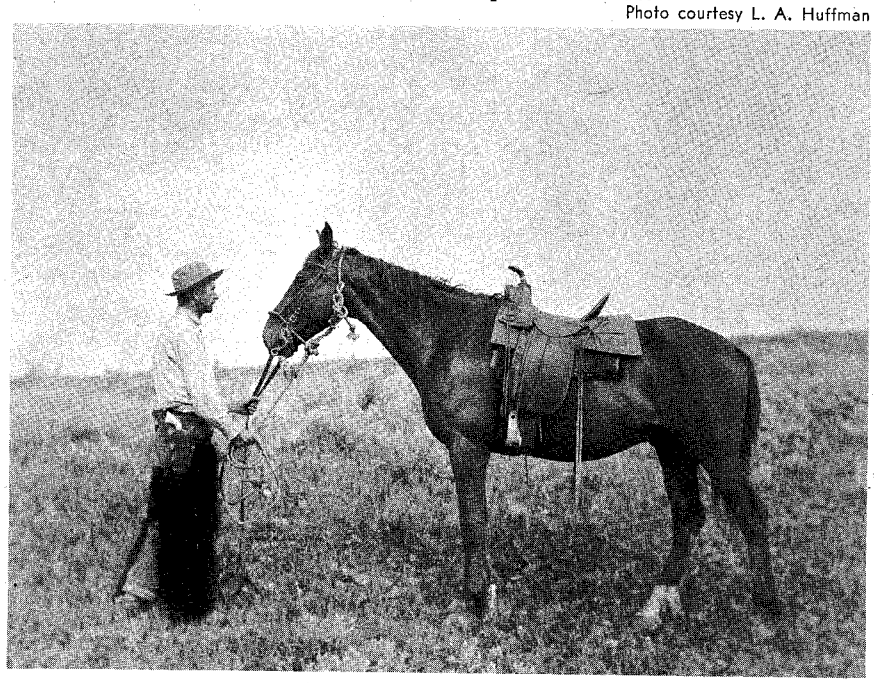
I snapped up this offer and Brewer also agreed. I started to do some road work so I could last at least a few rounds with my opponent. He weighed over 200 pounds and looked like a grizzly bear. But I thought maybe I could handle him.

One night the boys from the Coffeepot Ranch stormed into town. The previous marshal had quit because of Brewer

(Continued on page 56)

A good view of a cowboy and his horse.

Photo courtesy L. A. Huffman



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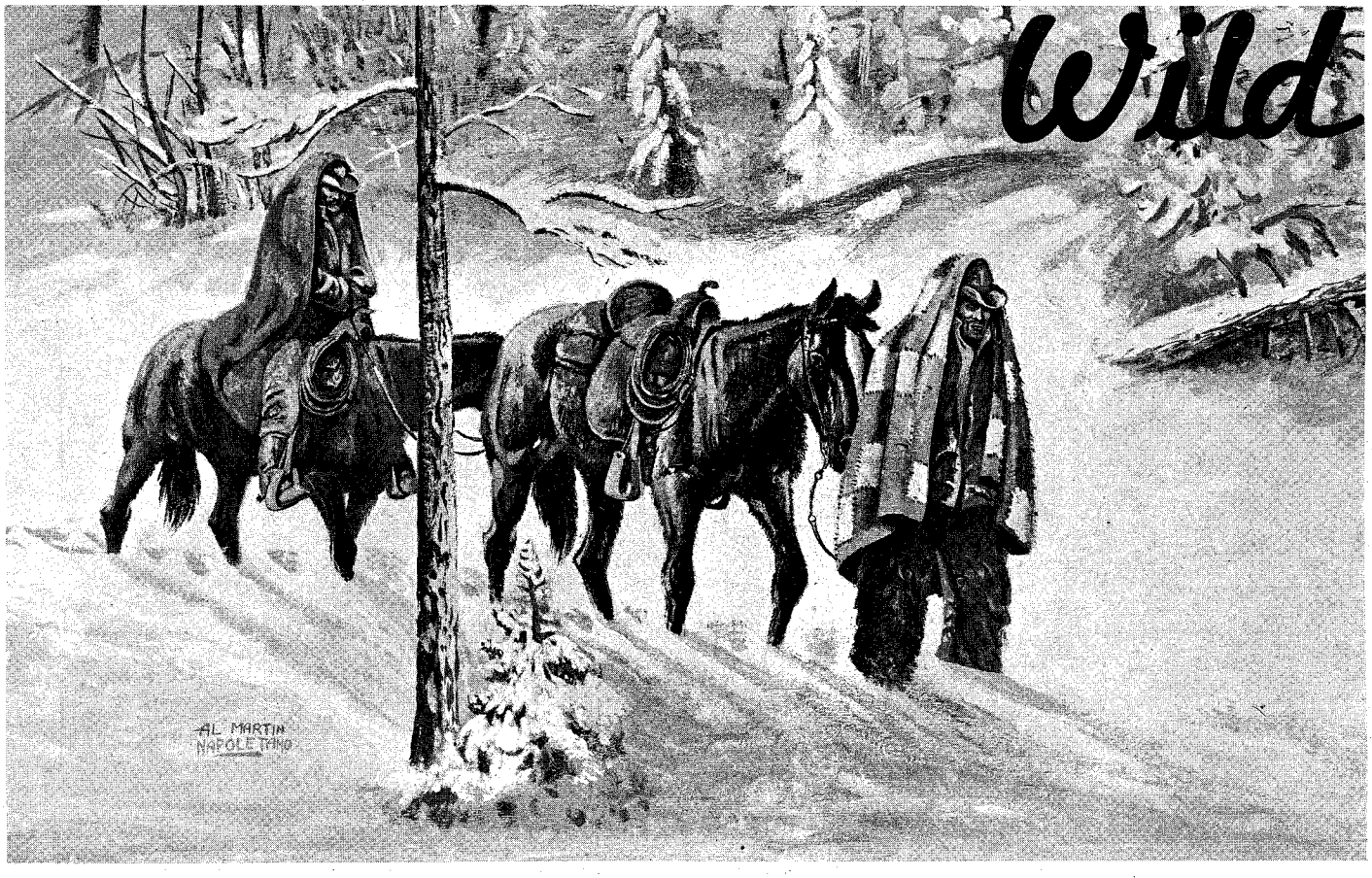

SEARCH FOR THE HORSES

By ED WRIGHT as told to BOB HILTUNEN

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

I USED to break horses for a fellow named Barney Long. His ranch was located on Crazy Woman Creek in the foothills of the Big Horn Mountains in Wyoming. One day a cowboy from the Buckle Bar told me he had seen a bunch of horses on a ridge just beyond the old Madox cabin. They were snowed in and, from his description, I knew the horses belonged to us. I told Barney about it and we prepared to move out the following morning.

We caught up our horses, threw a bed roll on a pack horse, stowed a couple of cans of tomatoes, some sowbelly and sourdough biscuits in the saddlebags and headed for the hills. We arrived at the Madox cabin before dusk. While Barney started a fire I rode out to locate the horses. They were on a ridge across a small canyon and I figured we could get to them without too much difficulty.

The following morning we got up before daylight and started out. The wind had blown loose snow over my tracks of the previous evening. Dismounting, we started to feel out a trail.

Darkness caught us before we could reach the stranded stock and we reluctantly headed back to camp. Barney started a fire and we ate what we had left and fed the horses the hay from one of the bed ticks in the cabin. I was so tired I just fell in my bunk and dropped off to sleep immediately.

It was still snowing the next morning but the wind had died down. As we approached the stranded horses, they began milling and floundering about in the snow. We kept working in drifts up to our necks until nightfall when we returned to the cabin for the third night. We had been using the pack horse all day to break trail and he was so tired, Barney turned him loose to go back to the ranch. We fed our saddle ponies another tick of hay.

It began to snow again, the wind blowing harder than ever. Barney didn't say anything but we both knew it was one of those three-day Wyoming blizzards. Tearing up the floor to use as firewood, we found some prunes that pack rats had cached away.

A mildewed hambone with very little meat on it turned up and found its way into the stew pot. Barney found some flour on a shelf and sifted enough to make some gravy. By that time I was ravenous; I ate half of the prunes and started in on the ham and gravy. Old Barney said, "Just see what a good cook can do with a few proper ingredients!"

The wind howled and shook the cabin. We went out and brought the horses inside (we didn't want them wandering away in the storm). My stomach began rolling violently and finally I had to make a run for the door but Barney suffered no ill effects from the food. We turned in and passed a sleepless night, twisting and turning in our bunks.

IT TOOK us an hour to get the door open the next morning. Finally we were able to saddle up our horses and start out, but we didn't get far. The wind and snow had covered up the trail and the storm was getting worse, so we fought our way back to the cabin. We put the door up as best we could, started a fire and then tried to sleep. I began to wonder if we would make it back.

That afternoon Barney started talking to himself. I think he was praying but I didn't ask him. I hadn't said prayers since I was a kid. The only one I remembered was one my grandmother had made me say before I went to bed and it didn't quite seem to fit the occasion. Finally I made up one of my own and said it under my breath so Barney couldn't hear me. If we made it back, I didn't want him to tell the boys at the ranch how scared I had been.

At last I fell asleep and began to dream; I can still remember very clearly that I was flying, carrying Barney with me. I could see the ranch a long way off but was having one devil of a time getting down to earth. I was still trying to land when Barney woke me up and hollered, "Let's go!"

We forced our way out of the cabin but the blizzard was still raging. No one could have survived out in such a storm. Once each hour we checked the weather but the storm continued unabated. At dusk we resigned ourselves to another night in the cabin. The horses were as hungry as we were, so I fed them the remainder of the hay. It looked so good I felt like trying some of it myself.

Around midnight I felt Barney shaking me awake. The wind had stopped blowing and the weather had cleared but the temperature was about thirty-five below zero. It took us an hour to dig out of the cabin again. We wrapped quilts around our heads and shoulders and start-

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Old Days!

ed out, Barney leading the way. I insisted that we were going in the wrong direction but he kept going straight ahead. He said, "Let your horse have its head. He knows the way home."

At frequent intervals we would dismount and break trail for our tired mounts. As we plodded doggedly forward, I thought the day would never end. Finally, when I didn't think I could take another step, we began dropping and I recognized the familiar landmarks of Crazy Woman Canyon. With renewed courage we hurried forward and soon emerged into the lowlands where we made out the outlines of the ranch buildings in the distance. We rode into the yard just in time for supper. The smell of fresh coffee filled my nostrils; I thought I had never smelled anything so good in my life.

The next morning we discovered that a band of horses, about fifty or sixty in number and led by a white stallion, had come down the canyon the day before. These were the horses we had been after. I looked at Barney and he looked at me—we were both too disgusted to say anything.

A few years ago I took a trip to Wyoming and stopped off at Barney's home town of Buffalo. I had not seen him in many years and he greeted me warmly. He was over ninety-five years old at the time but his mind was still active and sharp. We sat around until late in the night and spun yarns about the old days.

Shortly after I returned home I received a letter from Buffalo with a newspaper clipping. Barney Long had died just before his ninety-sixth birthday. He had been one of the oldest residents of Johnson County, Wyoming. Somehow I like to think that Barney is sitting around a campfire somewhere, spinning the yarn about our search for the lost horses.

EGGS WITHOUT CHICKENS

By ALFRED POWERS

IN THE early gold-hunting days of California history the miners, though far away from the nearest chickens, could still have their fried eggs, boiled eggs or omelets. The Farallon Islands, twenty-three and one-half miles from the Golden Gate, produced more than 250,000 dozen murre eggs for California consumption between 1850 and 1856.

The murre, a rather dumpy-looking shore bird related to the auk, had been inhabiting the Farallons for decades. In 1853, one crew returned to San Francisco after a three-day cruise with an estimated 1,000 dozen eggs and sold the entire cargo at the going rate of $1.00 a dozen. Another boat brought in some 30,000 dozen during the '53 season and sold them for almost as good a price.

These big profits aroused fierce competion and an egg war ensued. Threats were made; guns were pointed. Finally the United States Government had to step in. The price stabilized as one competitor bought out all rivals. Peace reigned thereafter.

For a considerable time after the gold-rush days murre eggs were gathered and sold in San Francisco markets. In 1886 two men gathered and sold about 9,000 dozen—as many as a huge poultry farm could produce. But the murre-eggers had no feeding or tending expenses. They just made a trip to the Farallons and picked up the eggs.

These six windy, desolate nesting places are without soil, grass or weeds. South Farallon, about a mile across, was the chief resort of the eggers.

An observer described the egg-gatherers in 1874:

"At one o'clock every day during the egg season, Sundays and Thursdays excepted to give the birds some little respite, the eggs hunters meet on the south side of the island. The roll is called to see that all are present, and that everyone may have an equal chance in gathering the spoils. The signal is given, every man starting off at full run for the most productive egging grounds."

The men had competition from the voracious gulls which rushed ahead of them and pecked holes in as many eggs as they could before being scared away. Then, after the men had left and before the murres had returned, the gulls again swooped down for the leavings, including the eggs in the inaccessible nests.

Shags and a kind of penguin known as seaparrots, the eggs of which were too unpalatable for even egg-hungry miners, also inhabited the Farallons. The nests of these fowls were broken up, however, to make room for the productive murres.

ONE EGG company, reporting eighteen years of operations on the Farallons from 1856 to 1874, noticed no particular decrease in the supply during that long period. This concern in 1872 gathered 17,952 dozen eggs and the next year 15,203 dozen. At that time the San Francisco price was twenty-six cents a dozen, so this one company, without heavy expense, had nature furnish them $4,667 and $3,952 for a short season's (middle of May through the last of July) work. This meant that in a little less than a score of years the murres had laid about 300,000 dozen eggs for this one company.

From fifteen to twenty men were hired by the company for a season of about two and a half months. Rude shanties were provided as living quarters. Ordinarily an egger carried a basket but sometimes the ground was so rough that he had to store the eggs temporarily in his shirt bosom, returning ever so often to a basket. The men became so experienced and skillful that they seldom broke an egg.

The company had due regard for furnishing fresh eggs, not stale ones, to the San Francisco market. The gathering took place daily and the whole ground was cleared from end to end so that the next day's supply was fresh without question. The murres accommodatingly returned and laid fresh eggs, just as domestic hens might do.

A realistic conservation policy was practiced. Near the end of the season, a part of South Farallon was left undisturbed. Then, about a month before the birds ordinarily left the island, all operations ceased so that every pair of birds could hatch out a brood.

While the murre itself is only half as big as a chicken, its disproportionately-sized egg is about as big as that of a goose—about three and a half inches long. It is brown or greenish, and speckled. When fresh it has no fishy taste but this develops noticeably in two or three days. In the '70s bakeries and restaurants used these big eggs for omelets, cakes and custards, but they were not served with ham for breakfast.

OLD IKE'S LOST FIND

By W. L. MARION

OLD IKE, a camp-mover and herder for A. M. Bunce's sheep outfit near Lander, Wyoming, in 1897, got tired of sowbelly and beans for nourishment and decided to do something about it. His old Winchester in hand, he took out from camp and soon jumped a fat buck. He took hasty aim and hit the buck but didn't knock it down. Off it went at a

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Somewhere in these Wyoming mountains is old Ike's lost find.

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TWO MEN FOR TWENTY HORSES

"When in Rome, do as the Romans do."

Surrounded by the savage Sioux, Adams and his mountain men had no choice but to respond to brutality with brutality, force with equal force!

By EARL SPENDLOVE

IN THE dimly lit counting room of Rene Paul's tavern the bald Army captain puffed on his pipe and watched David Adams affix his signature to the paper that lay on the table between them. Adams, a slender, sensitive man, seemed out of place, but his eyes shone with excitement as he handed the document back to the captain. Little did he realize that before the terms of the contract were fulfilled he would undergo a series of harrowing experiences that would leave a scar on his soul forever.

It was in St. Louis, on February 22, 1832, that Captain Benjamin L. E. Bonneville hired David Adams to accompany him on a trapping expedition to the wild and unexplored Rocky Mountains, 1,000 miles to the northwest. Under the terms of the contract Adams agreed to serve faithfully for a year and a half—for the huge sum of $300. Had he been a common, run-of-the-mill trapper, unable to read, write or lead men, he would not have been paid so highly.

In the small print of the contract David agreed to keep the secrets of his employer, and restrain from stealing furs, goods or equipment. Should he quit before the eighteen months were up, he would be fined $90 and forfeit all wages due him. To collect any pay he had to survive eighteen months in the mountains and make it back to Paul's tavern.

Bonneville spent the winter of 1831-32 preparing for his trip west. To get the men he wanted he visited the taverns and saloons in the towns and hamlets along the frontier. It was here that the men from the mountains and western plains came to sell their plunder, quench their thirst, fight and frolic until, broke and dissipated, they were ready to head back to the high country.

By the middle of April the captain, then on an extended leave from the Army, had hired over 100 men. Some were riff-raff and ne'er-do-wells who hung around the taprooms and signed on because it looked like an easy way to make a few dollars. But most were real frontiersmen and the roster included such well-known mountain men as Joseph Reddeford Walker and M. C. Ceré who, like Adams, had been selected to lead parties of trappers, once they had reached the mountains.

On May 1, 1832, twenty big wagons left Ft. Osage on the south bank of the Mississippi River and headed west. In the wagons or riding alongside were 110 white trappers and several Delaware Indians. The mounted men drove a herd of cows, horses, mules and oxen ahead of them.

They reached Green River the last of July and, near the junction of the river and Horse Creek, built a crude fortification of cottonwood logs which they called Fort Bonneville. Once this was completed, preparations were made for the trapping season. Wagons were dismantled and secretly buried, along with the supplies and equipment not needed for the coming year.

BY THE middle of August all was in readiness and Bonneville dispatched parties of trappers in several directions. Adams and twenty-one men were sent to trap along the outskirts of Crow country, east and north of the Wind River Mountains. With him he carried a crude map drawn by Robert Meldrum, a man who had spent many years with the Crows. David also carried a letter written by Bonneville which instructed him to travel northwest and trap along the Big Horn, Shoshone, Yellowstone and Madison Rivers.

As winter came on and the "big freeze" set in, he was to cross the mountains to the Salmon River and winter with the main party near the junction of that stream and Lemhi River. "You should," the letter stated, "consider trapping your business, but take advantage of any chance to trade for horses or beaver . . . let nothing induce you to deviate for pre-

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Captain Benjamin L. E. Bonneville

carious trade. . . ."

The captain's instructions were clear and Adams had every intention of following them but his men knew nothing about trapping and cared less. They complained constantly and bickered and fought among themselves. Walker and Ceré had somehow managed to foist most of the rabble from the frontier saloons onto Adams. The greenhorns were indolent and insubordinate but Adams drove them hard, and by the middle of October they were camped on a stream north of the Wind River Mountains.

Early one morning, as he prodded his men into action, Adams looked up to see fifteen or twenty mounted warriors watching silently from the top of a nearby hill. He turned and detected a similar number of painted savages on a hill on the camp's opposite side.

"Hold your fire," he shouted, realizing the folly of starting a fight. Then, making signs of peace, he and two others walked out to meet the Indians.

After the usual greetings and several long speeches, the Indians—a Crow hunting party—invited the trappers to their village. Fearing treachery, Adams declined their offer but when they became sullen and almost belligerent, he reluctantly agreed to go with them.

A few miles to the east they came upon about fifty lodges situated in a grassy valley. At the edge of the village they were greeted by a pack of yelping dogs and a dozen half-naked children who followed them all the way to the lodge of the chief. Here they dismounted and the grey-haired old Indian invited Adams inside.

"Will you stay with us for awhile?" the chief asked.

"No," David replied. "I must go to meet my chief who is camped on the river beyond the mountains."

"You will stay with us!" The old man said angrily, and Adams knowing he was far outnumbered, gave in.

Their stay in the village was a strange one. The Indians offered furs for guns, traps and horses but their offers were ridiculously low. When the trappers refused to trade, they sullenly stalked away, only to return a day or two later to make the same offer—or one even less advantageous. The Indians evidently felt that they would get what they wanted at their own price if they detained the trappers long enough.

Adams, anxious to get on with his trapping, waited nervously for an opportunity to make a graceful departure. His men did not mind the enforced hospitality; they loafed, gorged themselves on food, traded their belongings for favors from Indian women and generally enjoyed themselves. When a hunting party rode out for buffalo, most of the trappers—in spite of Adam's orders—went with them.

A WEEK or two later some of the Indians returned to the village but Adams' men were not with them. When he demanded to know where they were, the chief told him that they had elected to stay with the Indians.

"These men are our friends," he said. "You and the others may go, but they will stay with us."

Adams had little choice. Late in November, he and a half-dozen men left the Indian camp, discouraged and disheartened. The deserters had taken most of Bonneville's horses and supplies; a party as small as his became easy prey for savage bands. There was already snow in the mountains, making it impossible to cross and join the main party on the Salmon. David led his men downstream to winter at Tullock's Fort (later Ft. Cass) near the junction of the Big Horn and the Yellowstone Rivers.

Here he ran into more trouble. His men traded the few furs they had for watered

(Continued on page 66)

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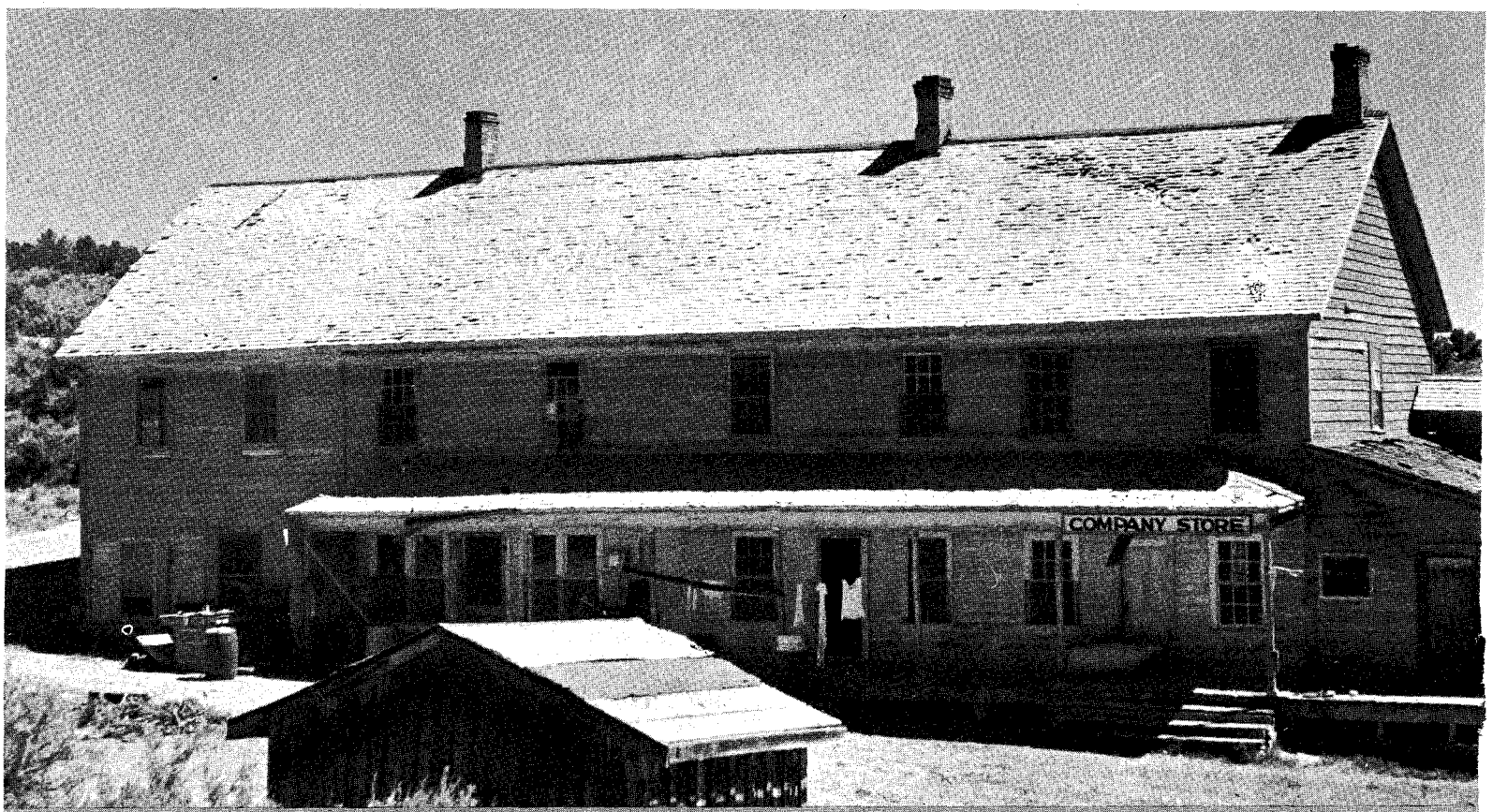
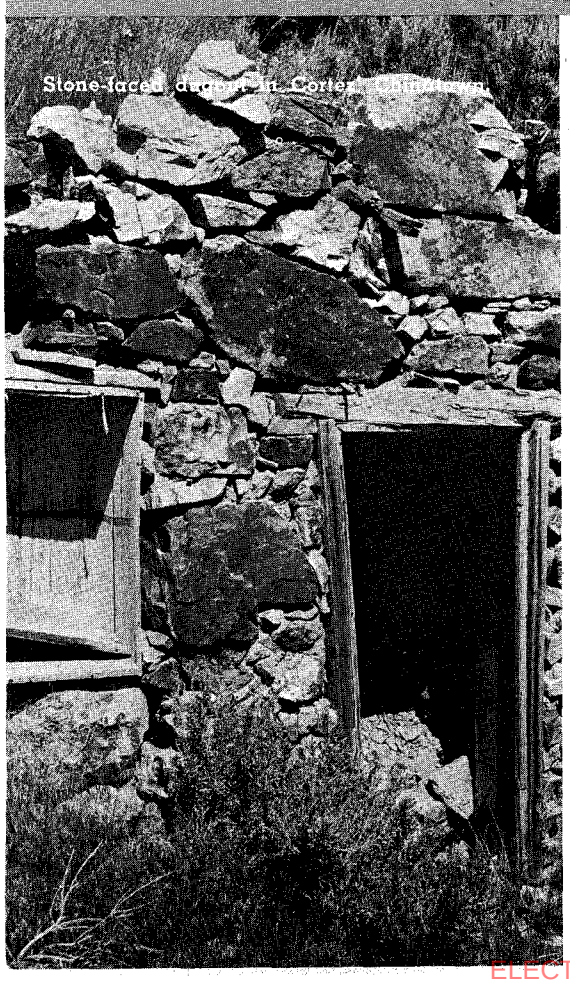


One man remains in Cortez, Nevada. He's not there because he struck it rich or because he's a die-hard for another boom. He's just not ready to give it back to the sand and the scrub. He's . . .


Stone-faced dugout in Cortez, Chinatown.

THE LAST REMAINING

THIS WINTER the little ghost town of Cortez will round out its first one hundred years.

After a career begun in Nevada's territorial days and pursued through scores of good years and the production of many millions of dollars worth of silver bullion, the old camp began failing around the turn of the century. In the 1930s, when the price of silver fell to 33c an ounce, mines and mills closed and the last of the workmen moved elsewhere.

Cortez' post office was a casualty of 1943; the census of 1950 tallied seven residents. By 1958 only one citizen remained loyal the year-around to the old town on the Lander-Eureka county line.

Being the last inhabitant of a ghost town would seem to be a lonely sort of life, but Lloyd High doesn't appear to find it so. About sixty-five years old, a veteran of World War I and former Montana rancher, he moved to Nevada in 1922. He lives in a neat little cabin in the midst of nut pines and junipers and bordered by old-fashioned yellow roses and crimson poppies.

For recreation Lloyd High reads books and magazines and writes poems which he sets to music. Sometimes, in the long still evenings, he sits alone in his cabin, strumming his guitar and singing the songs he has written; other nights he winds the motor of his old cabinet-style Victrola and plays recordings popular in the days before radio. Of course, he has occasional visitors—mostly prospectors seeking some overlooked bonanza, or history fans such as myself.

Not even the current interest in ghost towns, however, has brought many people to Lloyd's door. The fact that Cortez is situated more than forty miles from the nearest through highway precludes casual sightseers. The old town's ruins, moreover, are not irresistibly picturesque, and its past isn't quite lurid enough to captivate the writers of Western thrillers.

THE HISTORY of Cortez, in a manner of speaking, began during the winter of 1862-63 when ten residents of Virginia City, Nevada, developed an understandable urge to share in the newly-discovered

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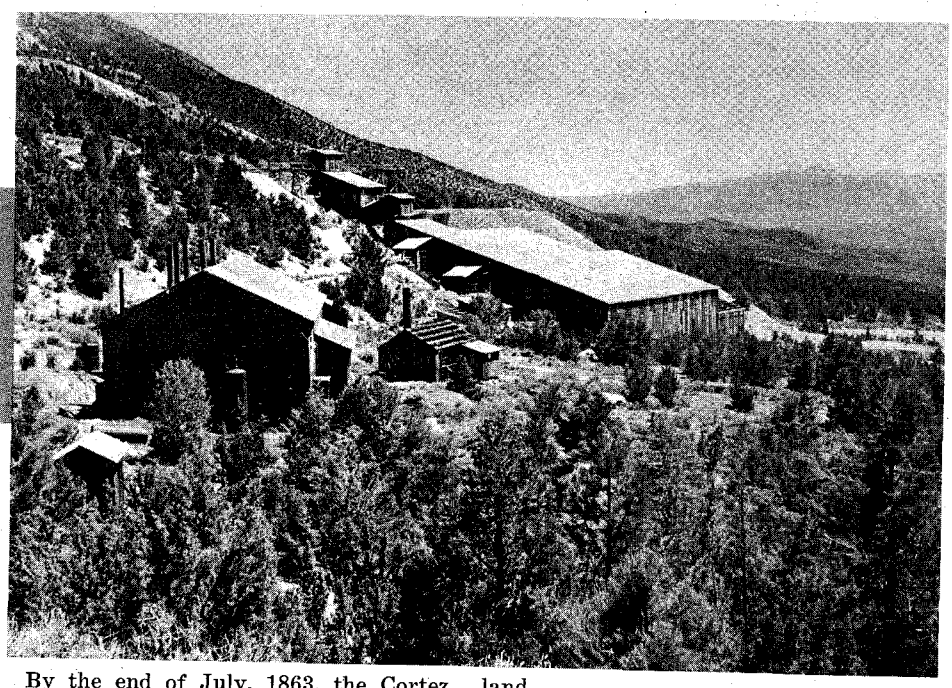
Left, former company store boarding house, in Cortez, Nevada. Right, old lime barrels, used in Cortez mills, lie in bottom of gulch below primitive kiln. They still contain lime burned more than a half a century ago. Lower right, former mine and mill operated by Cortez Metals Corporation, which is now inactive.

By

NELL

MURBARGER

Photos by author



LIGHT

wealth of Washoe. Pooling their resources of $4,000, they formed an exploration fund and placed it in the hands of Andrew A. Veatch, a young man described by newspapers of that day as "the most expert prospector in the world."

Accompanied by not more than eight companions, Veatch was to go in search of a rich and hitherto undiscovered mining district, it being agreed that each member of the field party should own equal interest with each of the Virginia City backers in any ground that might be located.

Together with the prescribed aides, the young prospector left for the Reese River country in March, 1863. Failing to find there anything to his liking, he led his group north past the new camp of Austin into the virtually untouched lands beyond. Exploring every ridge and ravine, observing every formation, sampling every ledge and outcrop, the party moved carefully through the country and in May, at a point sixty-eight miles northeast of Austin, discovered veins rich in silver.

By the end of July, 1863, the Cortez Company had graded a road from the camp to their mountainside mine, erected a blacksmith shop and laid foundations for the necessary buildings. Numerous outsiders arrived to take up ground and the isolated settlement welcomed its first women residents, Mrs. D. C. Clinton, and Mrs. H. H. Herrick and daughter, of Illinois.

"They are a great curiosity to the Indians who flock around in large numbers to see the white man's 'mahala' with her balloon rig of crinoline," observed the Cortez correspondent to the *Reese River Reveille* of Austin, on August 5.

As soon as initial exploration proved the worth of the new district, its Virginia City backers subscribed another $6,000 for development and erecting a mill, machinery for which was to be freighted over the Sierra Nevada from Sacramento by ox-team. Due to a latitude farther north than Denver and 1,000 feet higher in elevation, relatively little could be accomplished at the new camp before winter fastened its fierce grip on the land.

Beginning in November and continuing well into the next spring, all supplies and equipment destined for Cortez or its mines were carried in by pack mules loaded in Virginia City and routed by way of Austin, a hazardous, back-breaking journey of some 250 miles.

With the following spring, affairs at Cortez began to move briskly. George Hearst liked the prospects at Cortez well enough to back them with hard cash. Eulogizing the district in August, the *Reveille* described ore from the St. Louis, Garrison and Idaho ledges as "a marvel of richness, pieces of several pounds weight being almost pure black sulphurets. Specimens from the St. Louis lode . . . have assayed as high as $11,000 per ton. . . ."

That same month the Cortez Company commenced long-awaited operations in Mill Canyon, a few miles to the north. The first run, unfortunately, showed that values locked in Cortez ore could not be recovered without the aid of roasting furnaces. Mine owners had no alternative but to begin freighting ore on muleback

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Here, Lloyd High examines a homemade and hand-riveted stove lost in the sagebrush at the townsite of Cortez, Nevada.

to the mills at Austin.

Lashed by the fierce blizzards of winter, floundering through spring's bottomless mud and smothered by summer's choking heat and dust, the long pack-mule trains of J. A. Alvarez began moving the silver treasure of Cortez across sixty-odd miles of wilderness trail.

Although adopted as an emergency measure only, the mule train became established as a way of life and for the next three years the entire economy of of Cortez was geared to packsaddles, both for freighting ore to outside mills and for bringing in supplies and equipment needed by the mines and the growing town. Consequently, it was a great event when George Russell—in June, 1867—instituted the first stageline service to operate between any outside point and Cortez. Stages serving the new line left Austin on Monday of each week, and Cortez on Saturday.

DESPITE this favorable portent, and the *Reveille's* declaration that prospects "were never so bright as at present," George Hearst elected to end his local connections by selling his Cortez mining interests to Simeon Wenban, his erstwhile partner, for an asserted $14,000.

In July, 1867, the Wenban mill went into operation, and subsequent issues of the newspaper carried frequent notices of bullion in 5,000- and 6,000-ounce lots. being shipped by Russell's stage to Austin. With completion of the Pacific Railroad through Beowawe, thirty-five miles to the north, the output of Cortez' mines was routed in that direction rather than through the older town to the south.

The *Reveille,* however, still kept a fatherly eye on the camp and on September 14, 1869, reported that Wenban and Company would ship from their mill in Cortez "one ton of silver bullion."

Simeon Wenban built a great house for himself and his family. Situated near the head of Cortez Canyon, it was a "mansion" by mining camp standards, boasting such luxuries as twenty-two-foot ceilings, spring water piped to kitchen and bath and the *ne plus ultra* of Nevada mining camps—a green lawn!

About this same time Cortez underwent a unique upheaval, in the course of which most of her mine and mill employees were discharged and replaced by Chinese coolie labor. This odious development, needless to say, left Wenban's camp as unpopular as a leper colony, not only among Occidental workmen but with the Nevada press of that day, which was solidly aligned against employment of Oriental labor in the state's mines and mills.

Although coolies could be hired for $40 a month and "board themselves," and Chinese foremen for around $1.60 a day —about half the wages then being paid to Mexicans in comparable jobs—this saving alone would not seem sufficient inducement to risk the obloquy and censorship of the entire state. It would appear, therefore, that Wenban must have been under pressure; a persistent story is that it came as a result of temporary, but acute, financial embarrassment during which he appealed to a wealthy San Francisco Chinese who agreed to provide the sum required if Wenban would employ principally Chinese labor.

Be that story true or false, Wenban continued to employ Chinese and to ship silver bullion in prodigious quantities. Between 1889 and 1891, the Wenban properties on Mt. Tenabo were operated by the British-owned Bewick-Moreing Syndicate but in 1892 were turned back to Wenban, who continued to operate them until shortly before his death, March 4, 1901.

While busily overseeing work at his Cortez properties, the old mining tycoon suffered a heart attack complicated by asthma. Rushed to a San Francisco hospital for treatment, he died a few days later at the age of seventy-six. His estate, amounting to $567,000, according to the *San Francisco Call* of March 13, 1901, included 252,470 shares of Tenabo Mill and Mining company, valued at $260,000.

After Simeon Wenban's death, various lessors worked the ground until 1919, when the Consolidated Cortez Silver Mines Company bought the property for a reported $100,000, sold 2,000,000 shares of stock at $1.00 a share, and erected a 100-ton concentration and cyanide mill. This mill functioned with mediocre success until the early 1930s but the once-great mines of Cortez were no longer rich enough to weather the depression years.

THE SIMEON WENBAN mansion had been torn down before I first saw Cortez. The big company office and boarding house and one of the former saloons were still standing, however, also the tall chimney of the big brick-and-stone mill and the silent hulks of two wooden frame mills farther up the canyon. Several dwelling houses were in usable condition and about a dozen persons were living in the town.

Each time business took me to Cortez in the years that followed I found it quieter and more dilapidated, but it never looked too much different until the summer of 1958 when I was grieved to see that the fine old mill chimney had been torn down for the bricks it contained and the huge company boarding house had been razed for building materials. Only a few floor joists, an old poker table lying on its top, a big office desk lacking most of its drawers, and rubble without end were scattered over the ground. Between the joists were great numbers of square-cut iron nails.

From the site of the old boarding house I followed a pair of dusty wheel tracks through the nut pines and junipers to the cabin home of Lloyd High, by that time the last surviving resident of the old camp.

In the course of our visit I mentioned that I was writing a story about Cortez. Lloyd asked if I'd been up to No. 1 tunnel and if I had seen the old kiln where lime rock was burned for use in fluxing the silver ore. I admitted that I had seen neither of these points of interest.

"No?" exclaimed Lloyd, "then, come on!"

In his 1932 Model-A pickup, we drove past the site of the boarding house and up a short rise to the old mill ruins. Here we left the truck and continued afoot over

(Continued on page 46)

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King Fisher's Road

By CURTIS BISHOP

Illustrated by Ben Carlton Mead

CAPTAIN L. H. McNELLY flouted a Texas Ranger tradition that summer —the one about "One riot, one Ranger."

He mustered a full company for his advance on the headquarters of John King Fisher, the outlaw chieftain who ruled three lawless counties with an iron hand and the backing of a hundred hired guns. McNelly found it easy to locate Fisher's "hideout." The road forked just beyond the border town of Eagle Pass. A bold sign informed the Rangers which route to choose:

"This is King Fisher's road—take the other one."

McNelly didn't. The time for settlement of Fisher's crimes was long overdue. The King's owlhoot brigade had raided Mexican ranches as well as Texas frontier counties. His headquarters on Pendencia Creek, near present-day Carrizo Springs, was a well-known haven for fugitives who could ride hard, shoot straight and take orders. Fisher's rustlers collected cattle and horses, fattened them on a range seized without regard for land titles, and openly delivered sizable herds to border buyers.

The Ranger company moved slowly and cautiously along the "King's Road." But the blithe, rather handsome ruler of this lawless domain set no ambush for his visitors. Instead John King Fisher received McNelly courteously. He and eight companions submitted to arrest. McNelly had "the goods" on Fisher, or so he thought. The Rangers had seized several hundred cattle moving across the border. Fisher offered no denial. He was selling the beef to Porfirio Diaz, the Mexican revolutionary leader.

Fisher was escorted to Eagle Pass and formally charged with cattle theft. McNelly suggested a cash bond of $5,000. The King was insulted. "Make it $20,000," he suggested. Any smaller bond was a reflection on his stature.

Captain McNelly stayed in Eagle Pass to make sure Fisher appeared for formal hearing. The slim polite outlaw arrived at the courthouse promptly. He wore his

Life was dangerous and tough and only the courageous had a chance when McNelly and Fisher clashed in Texas.

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"Sunday best" for the occasion—a Mexican sombrero heavily ornamented with gold and silver, a short buckskin jacket embroidered with gold, hand-made high-heeled boots of alligator hide—and *chaparijos* of real tiger skin! (The King had boldly robbed a traveling circus to secure this prize.)

McNelly presented his evidence but the Maverick County authorities declined to return an indictment. John Fisher and his eight henchmen strode out of the courtroom free men.

The dogged Ranger captain tried to force trial on other indictments, including some for murder, but he couldn't keep his whole Ranger company cooling their heels in Eagle Pass while the gentleman-outlaw laughed at him. He wired the Texas Adjutant General, "You can scarcely realize the true condition of this section. The country is under a perfect reign of terror. . . . The country is rich in stock, but very sparsely settled, and inducements to steal are very great.

"About one-half of the white citizens of Eagle Pass are friends of King Fisher's camp. The remainder of the citizens are too much afraid of the desperadoes to give any assistance in even keeping them secure after they have been placed in jail, and they would never think of helping to arrest any of them. . . .

"No witnesses can be found who will dare testify against the desperadoes, and I am told by the circuit judge that he is convinced no jury in the three counties—Dimmitt, Maverick and Live Oak—can be found to convict them. . . ."

McNelly rode disgustedly back along King Fisher's road and took the other one!

JOHN KING FISHER was to that generation of Texans which knew such characters as Ben Thompson, John Wesley Hardin, Bill Longley, Clay Allison and Sam Bass well, the most colorful and efficient outlaw organizer of his time.

He spent his "vacations" basking in the luxury of San Antonio with its plush Menger Hotel and its offerings of comparatively good drama and vaudeville acts. (The Vaudeville Saloon there contributed that word to show business and our formal language.) He was no "fiddle foot" or "saddle bum"; he had a business to manage. His crews raided ranches as far north as San Angelo and the Palo Pinto country.

He had to maintain diplomatic relations with Porfiro Diaz and the up-and-coming Mexican revolution. The King did considerable business with the leading *bandidos*. He could swap them cattle stolen in the United States for herds driven away from big Mexican estates. Then he could sell the "imported" cattle as "stockers" to the very same Texan ranchman whose herds he had depleted.

Fisher sported two silver-plated, ivory-handled six-shooters, especially manufactured for him. He could use them, too. The late Judge W. A. Bonnett of Eagle Pass once asked King how many gunfights he had won.

"Seven," said the outlaw.

The Judge protested. Surely Fisher had killed more men than that.

"Sure," was King's careless reply. "You just asked about gunfights."

John Fisher's early years followed the same general pattern of other Western badmen. He came of "good Texas stock." The older son of Jobe Fisher and Lucinda Warren, he was born in Collin County in 1854. King's mother died in her second childbirth and his father remarried almost immediately.

King's uncles disapproved of this second wife and wanted to adopt both boys. Jobe refused. He moved his family several times before settling in Goliad. Failing as a farmer, the older Fisher turned to freighting.

The Goliad and Gulf Coast area was the "Badlands of Texas" then. Cattle ranged wild although most herds were branded. New outlets for hides, tallow and beef drew adventurous, homeless spirits to the new seaports of Rockport, Port Lavaca and Indianola. Some beef was exported to Cuba and some canned. But more often than not, cattle were slaughtered for their hides and tallow and then pitched into the bays for tides to carry off. Steamships had to approach the harbors carefully because of the bloated, rotting carcasses.

The raids of Mexican *bandidos* and the high-handed tactics of the Texas State Police, a gang directed by the state's carpetbag governor, further complicated this unsavory traffic.

Young Fisher became attracted to some unpleasant characters. His worried father sent the boy to an uncle living in Florence, Williamson County. John traveled the 150 miles alone and resumed his interrupted schooling. In his spare time he broke wild horses for neighbors. Apparently he could ride anything with hair. The youth could also charm the neighborhood girls and whip most of the boys his age in fist fights.

HIS bronc-busting led to an innocent brush with the law. One afternoon, he stretched out for a nap, hobbling his gray dun pony, but the animal broke loose. John, awaking to find himself afoot, "helped himself" to a stallion belonging to the father of Bill and John Turnbow, who filed a complaint against King for using a horse without its owner's permission. The youth had returned the stallion after recapturing his dun pony; he saw no reason why he should be punished for such an act.

John was indicted by a Goliad grand jury on October 5, 1870 for simple theft. He pleaded not guilty but was sentenced to two years in the state penitentiary, nevertheless. He was admitted October 30.

Prison records show that Fisher, at sixteen, stood five-feet nine-inches, weighed 135 pounds, had a fair complexion, light hair and brown eyes. He proved to be a model prisoner and after four months gained an unconditional pardon on February 23, 1871.

He quickly renewed his association with an old companion, who by then was wanted for using a brand not on record, violating the estray law, seduction and rape. The two drifted to the southwest, where young King Fisher soon proved himself one of the fastest guns on the border.

A Mexican known as Pancho and Fisher operated together out of a cave on the Nueces River. Pancho shortly persuaded three other vaqueros to accept the young outlaw's leadership, but the newcomers objected to his method of "divvying" and decided to kill him. King moved first. One assailant was felled with a branding iron and the remaining two were shot.

He killed another Mexican trio who tried to raid his rope corral and then shot four followers of Alijo Gonzales, who came with a sizable coterie to recover stolen cattle. Such shooting quickly established a man's reputation. Soon the King's gang controlled the country between the Nueces and Chicon Rivers from Eagle Pass to Carrizo Springs.

The outlaw leader had his lighter moments. He frequently led his crew in raids through Eagle Pass, shooting out streetlights for sheer devilment. Fisher took the lead in all such forays, riding a prized mustang called "Yellow Lightning." Nevertheless, he moved in the best social circles on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande and also in the communities of Eagle Pass and Uvalde. It was 1875 before a Maverick County grand jury hauled the King into court. The year before, he and four friends even served on the jury themselves!

In May of that year, a visiting judge, Edward Dougherty, presided at Eagle Pass in an exchange with Judge James A. Ware. The Maverick County district attorney was also absent and the grand jury panel included some new faces. One indictment charged King and James Vivion jointly with assault with intent to murder. The King imported a lawyer, Major T. T. Teel of San Antonio and the trial was indefinitely postponed.

FISHER went merrily on his way. On April 6, 1876, he married Sarah E. Vivion. Richard Vivion had gone bail for King in Goliad County. His friendship with the clan blossomed into a formal wedding. Regardless of what the Rangers thought of King Fisher, he married a fine young lady and treated her as such.

When the Rangers returned a year later, they were under Lee Hall, a captain as fearless and persistent as McNelly, who had broken up the Taylor-Sutton feud in which Longley and Wes Hardin won their spurs as badmen.

The congenial King offered no resistance. He and thirty associates accepted arrest. The Rangers herded their prisoners to San Antonio and Austin, not to Eagle Pass. The King himself was denied bail and put behind bars in San Antonio.

But he had friends there, too. San Antonio relished its existence as a playground of badmen. Any outlaw worth his stripe (and who could afford a few weeks of luxury) spent money lavishly while hotel managers and saloon owners vied for his attention. San Antonio gave each "tourist" the prestige that he deserved. John King Fisher rated higher than most. Even his incarceration didn't affect his popularity. Beautiful girls brought him cakes and desserts and the town's sporting gentry supplied the prisoner with choice wines and cigars. The jailer allowed him special privileges.

Attorney Teel brought out his lawbooks. How could a man be prosecuted for murder when there was no *corpus delecti*, he demanded. Where had the alleged crime been committed? Where were the witnesses? None were coming forward voluntarily.

The King was released after nine months, but as soon as he beat one rap, two more appeared in its place. He was indicted for murder. This time the judge wanted a speedy trial but couldn't muster a jury. Two horse thefts were filed, then five more murder indictments. The State of Texas managed to get the cases moved to Uvalde on changes of venue.

The King fought off the law but couldn't hold his gang together. They were hauled off to answer for crimes elsewhere and missed their friendly juries. Fisher was actually no longer an owlhoot boss when he won two acquittals on murder trials at Uvalde. His reformation was well underway by then. He sold his saloon, announcing that a man "with two daughters shouldn't operate such a business." In December, 1878, he bought

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King Fisher raids a traveling circus.

out James Vivion's ranch and cattle string, comprising fifty-one different brands.

By then, in his late twenties, King Fisher was a prosperous cattleman beating one old charge after another. The defense presented the same air-tight case in every instance and managed a favorable jury in every trial. On May 23, 1881, the last indictment against John King Fisher was dismissed on motion of the district attorney.

Sheriff Ben Boatwright of Uvalde County, long the King's friend and admirer, proposed that Fisher put his famous guns to use on the side of law and order. King thought it over and accepted —with the warning that he would run for sheriff himself in the next election.

He kept his word. In just over two years King established a state-wide reputation as a law enforcement officer. He tackled any sort of violation head-on, including those for "devil wire." When the Texas Legislature passed new regulations about barbed wire in a special session, Lawman Fisher even traveled to Austin to confer with the Rangers about proper enforcement of the statute.

The King encountered an old acquaintance in the capital, Ben Thompson. Ben hadn't fared very well in recent years. He had resigned as city marshal of Austin and was no longer an admired figure. He was drinking too much and his six-gun caprices no longer amused his fellow citizens. An era was passing and Ben Thompson resented the changing times. He ached for the prestige he had once enjoyed in the capital and San Antonio.

Fisher urged Ben to reform and offered to arrange a reconciliation between Thompson and his San Antonio enemies. Thompson agreed to try, although he doubted that his ex-friends would ever forgive his killing of Jack Harris of the Vaudeville Theater, the previous year in San Antonio.

Fisher was convinced he could straighten things out. The old times were gone; the leopards had changed coats; let the old bunch all be law-abiding friends together. The King wanted to go directly to the Vaudeville but Ada Gray was playing in "Lady Andley's Secret" at the Turner Opera House; Thompson insisted that they see it.

The two strolled into the Vaudeville after the performance. Extra policemen were on hand at the request of the owners, Joe Foster and Billy Simms, who had learned of Thompson's arrival in town. The two friends stopped at the downstairs bar, then went upstairs to a table to watch the variety acts. Thompson ordered another drink, Fisher a cigar.

Just about every periodical published since 1890 has given varying versions of what happened then. Foster, Simms and a special officer named Coy claimed that Thompson jerked out his gun when the former refused to shake hands. They swore that Ben fired four or five shots after clouting Foster in the teeth with his heavy weapon. And Foster was wounded in the leg; he died a few days after its amputation.

The coroner's inquest showed that Ben was shot four times—just over the left eye, in the left temple, in the chest and in the abdomen.

Fisher was hit in the left eye, just below the heart and in the right leg. Both men had powder burns about the face.

An autopsy performed on Thompson's body in Austin produced a different version. The reputable firm of Worthington and Wooten examined the dead man's wounds in the presence of Austin newspapermen. Their findings showed that Ben had been shot eight times from the left side at a downward angle, with five

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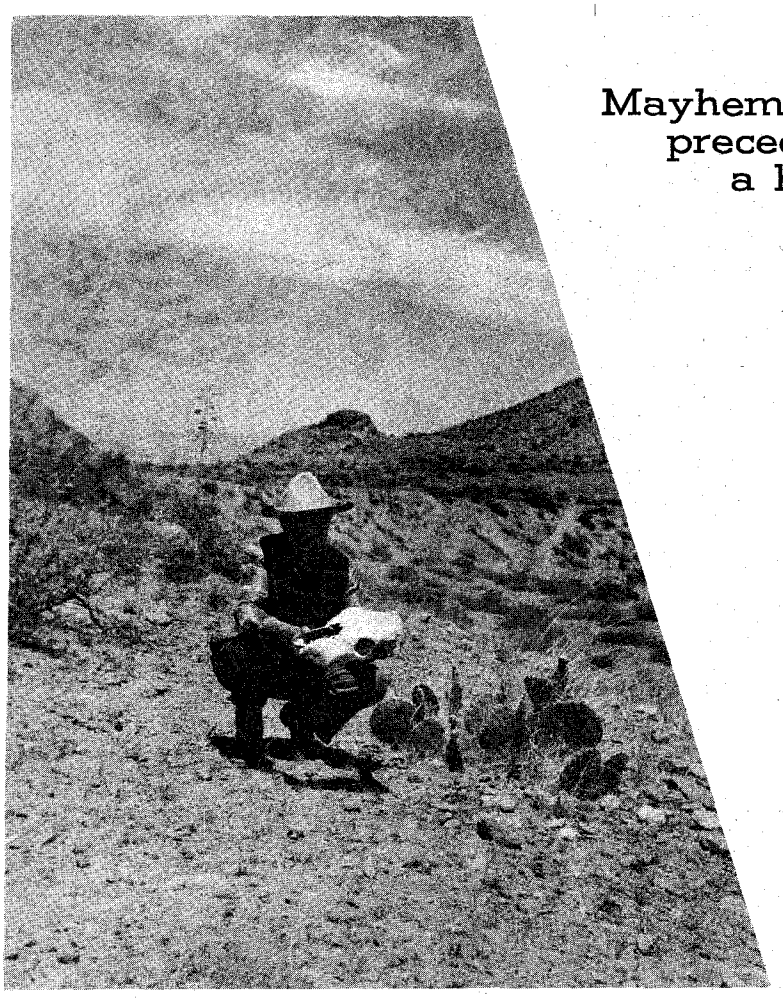
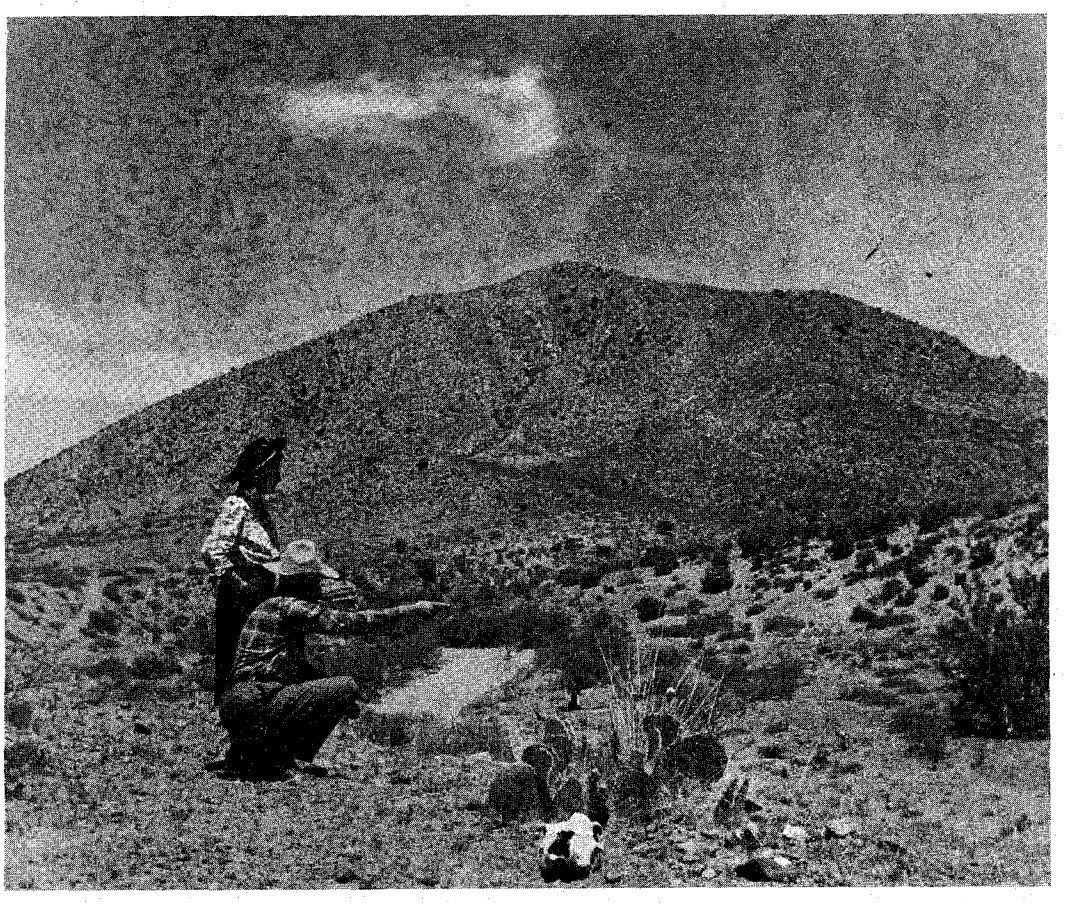


Mayhem and murder preceded the burying of a huge amount of loot. As far as can be determined, the fortune has never been unearthed. There must be a key to the . . . . .

Buried of the

Above, the author does an "Alas, Poor Yorick" with a steer's skull, hoping it might be a clue. Below, Heald shows his wife a peak in the eastern foothills of Arizona's Chiricahuas during a trip to locate Davis Mountain.



THE buried treasure of the Chiricahuas isn't merely an old-timer's tall tale. Many points in the story are known facts and there is evidence that the treasure exists. A dying bandit even left a partial inventory of the loot.

There was, he said, a cigar box full of diamonds worth $1,000,000 stolen from a bank vault in Monterrey, Mexico. There were thirty-nine bars of gold bullion valued at $600,000, scores of silver ingots cast in Mexico, 90,000 Mexican gold dollars and countless sacks of gold and silver coins. Most interesting, but hardest to believe, the bandit listed two life-sized statues of pure gold—one of the Savior and the other of the Virgin Mary—which once occupied sanctuary niches in a great Mexican cathedral.

The story started in 1881 at Galeyville on East Turkey Creek in the heart of the Chiricahua Mountains of Arizona. White-faced Herefords now graze in the lush summer grass on the site of this town that once was the unsavory hang-out of hold-up men, gun-fighters, rustlers, crooked gamblers and cutthroats. Rulers of this robbers' roost were Curley Bill Brocius and his lieutenant, John Ringo.

Although primarily a cattle rustler, Curley Bill, followed by his private army of 40 to 100 bully-boys, had numerous ways of augmenting his income without working for it. One of his favorite methods was to waylay Mexican smugglers en route to Tucson. Curley Bill's richest haul of smugglers' pelf was made in July, 1881, at Devil's Kitchen in Skeleton Canyon, near the New Mexico line.

The bandits split $75,000 in silver over the dead bodies of slaughtered mules and hapless Mexicans. It is told that they spent every cent of it in four weeks at the bars and gambling tables of Galeyville.

Soon afterward Curley Bill's grapevine informed him that Mexican smugglers planned to bring in a cargo which far surpassed anything they had handled before. Curley Bill immediately dispatched henchman Jim Hughes to Sonora to scout out the land and get the details. Hughes, a swarthy half-Mexican who spoke Spanish like a native, quickly made friends in Mexico by damning everything gringo from the Constitution to Curley Bill himself. Here, thought the Mexicans, was *un hombre muy simpatico.*

A good many tequilas later Hughes

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By WELDON F. HEALD

Treasure Chiricahuas

learned that the smugglers planned to pass through Skeleton Canyon and the San Simon Valley in August, following practically the same route as the last pack train. Bursting with the big news, he hurried back to Galeyville to report to his chief, but Curley Bill wasn't there and nobody knew when he would return.

THERE was no time to lose so Jim Hughes decided to pull a magnificent doublecross and do the job himself. Zwing Hunt, a mule-skinner who aspired to higher things, and a nineteen-year-old embryo desperado named Billy Grounds joined Hughes. He persuaded five other prominent citizens of Galeyville to take part. One starry August night the eight of them stealthily rode out of the Chiricahuas and headed southeast across San Simon Valley to Skeleton Canyon.

Next morning the Mexican packtrain with fifteen men and twice as many mules came winding up the trail over the Peloncillo Mountains. The smugglers were cautious. Under peaked sombreros their eyes constantly scanned the cliffs as they passed through Devil's Kitchen, guns cocked and ready.

Near the canyon's entrance the fifteen men stopped for tortillas, frijoles and a short siesta before tackling the long trek through San Simon Valley. They posted guards up and down the canyon, then stretched out comfortably on the grass under a big oak. Suddenly a fusillade of rifle fire burst from the rocky walls above, and the quiet canyon exploded in a roar of crashing echoes. Three Mexicans lay dead; panic seized the others.

The camp became a wildly confused scramble of shouting, running men, rearing horses and stampeding mules. The smugglers jumped on their ponies and galloped down the canyon, bullets whistling after them. Three more Mexicans fell as they fled. The heavily-laden mules, plunging and kicking in fright, scattered in all directions.

During the fray Zwing Hunt was winged by a smuggler's bullet and Billy Grounds bound the wound with his undershirt. When they rejoined the others they found the problem of what to do with the loot almost insurmountable. Dead mules lay scattered far out into the valley.

With no wagons or pack animals the

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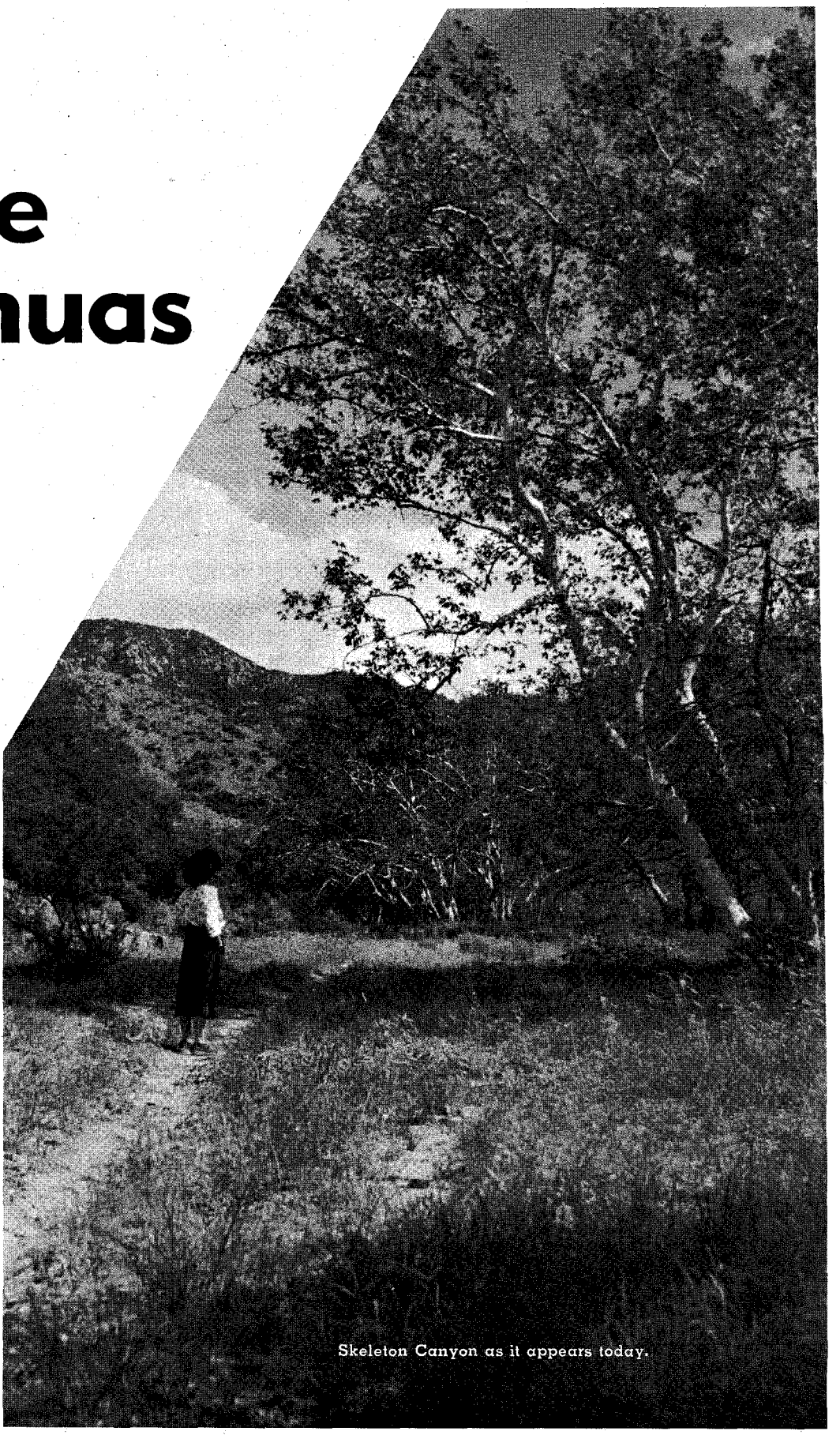

Skeleton Canyon as it appears today.

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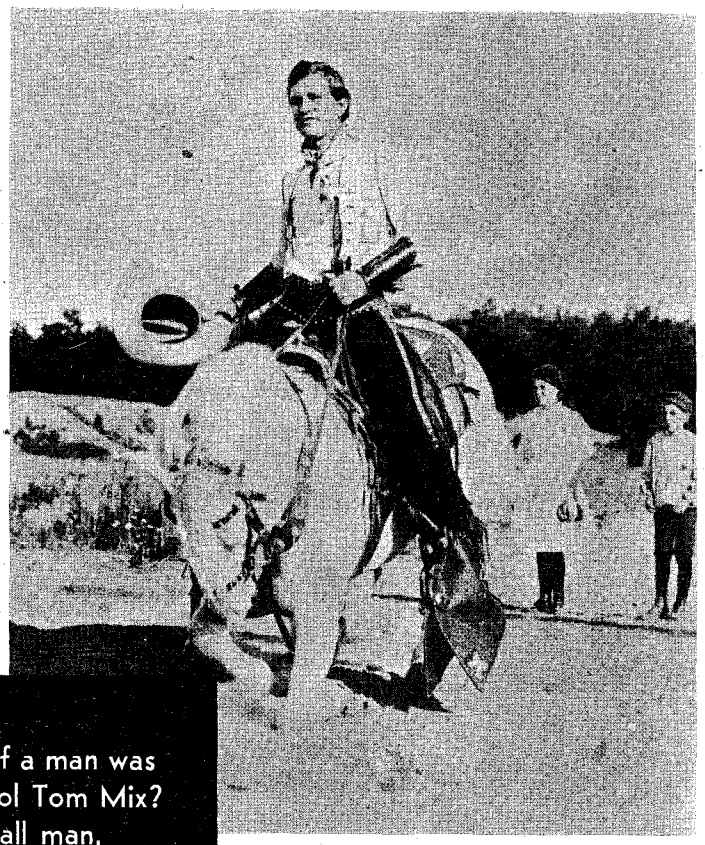
Tom Mix, famed movie star.



Tom Mix on Ben Hur.

How much of a man was the movie idol Tom Mix? He was all man, the author claims, despite attempts to discredit him.

Tom Mix: Frontier Lawman

By SAM HENDERSON

Editor's Note: A few years back, in "Truly Western," a running feud developed between fans of Tom Mix and those who wished to debunk his accomplishments as a cowboy and a lawman. For months a real Hatfield-McCoy type sniping affair went on, with both sides presenting a lot of information—and a lot of opinion based on rumor and hearsay. In order to obtain as much new and previously unpublished material on this famous actor-cowboy, as possible, TRUE WEST now presents this account, the bulk of which has been gleaned from firsthand sources.

Says author Henderson, "Ellis Soper of Franklin, North Carolina, gave me the details on Mix's introduction to the enforcement of law and order. Soper gave Tom his first job in the field and also vividly described the conditions in the construction camps before Mix came.

"George H. Wark, prominent attorney of Caney, Kansas, detailed the raid on the Montgomery County whiskey dispensary.

"Buck McKee and Fred Tejan, both old-time 101 Ranch riders, told me about Buck Miller's capture. H. R. Farrar of Bartlesville, Oklahoma, interviewed W. H. Morgan for me and obtained a corroborating account of this episode.

"All my material on the occurrences in Tennessee were verified by Soper. Mrs. Earl Woodard of Dewey, Oklahoma, whose husband knew Tom, verified the descriptions of the events there."

"SOMETHING has to be done about it, and fast," bellowed Lee Hunt, president of the Hunt Construction Company, "before the company loses its pants on this contract!"

The official was referring to the lawless condition of construction camps in the Independence, Kansas, area. The company had contracted to complete a cement plant there in less than a year and had encountered a mounting toll of obstacles. The several hundred laborers required were a hardy lot—drifters, thugs, and ruffians of all sorts made up the motley throng. A dark cloud of violence shadowed the camp every payday. Fistfights and knife battles were frequent and valuable equipment was often demolished.

Ellis Soper, Hunt's ace engineer, came up with a suggestion. "I've heard about a man on the 101 Ranch who might handle this situation. His name's Tom Mix."

Soper had heard plenty about Tom Mix and knew nobody would run him out of camp. Tom was a twenty-six-year-old Pennsylvanian who had drifted west after being discharged from the Army.

"Know how to contact him?" Hunt asked.

"The 101 Ranch outfit is putting on an amateur Wild West show at Kansas City. Tom's a part-time Wild West performer and he'll be there," Soper answered.

"Go up and try to get him on the payroll," Hunt advised. "We haven't anything to lose and this could be the answer."

Soper took a liking to Tom Mix at first glance. Here was a man—tall, rugged, with something of a reckless nature—who ought to fit Hunt's needs. But the engineer put it to Tom straight, "We've got a cement plant to build in a year's time and a raw crew to control while we do the job. We'll pay you $100 a month if you can handle it."

Soper wasn't exaggerating and Tom knew it. Those laborers warked hard, and hard drinking, hard fighting and hard living filled their spare hours.

HUNT'S labor camp often suffered from a shortage of employees, the construction workers of those days being mostly itinerants. Periodically, Hunt sent a caravan of wagons into Indian Territory and scores of potential laborers were lugged back to camp. Sometimes, after helping themselves to an abundant meal at the cook shack, these "workers" lost their energy and took to the hills.

Tom and Soper arrived just at meal time. A hardcase crew had just arrived from Indian Territory and, having eaten,

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started to leave camp.

"That's your cue, Tom! Do you know what to do?" Soper asked.

Tom swung aboard Soper's horse and tore out in pursuit. The fugitives scattered like buckshot but Tom, riding hard, caught up with one of them. His first blow caught the man flush on the chin and knocked him to the ground.

Two other deserters, witnessing this highly unexpected action, rushed to the aid of their comrade. Tom jerked his six-gun and pistolwhipped the first man to reach him. The next mildly heeled to the threat of six-gun discipline. Tom marched the trio back to camp.

No more "free-riders" came to disturb the cook shack. But there were other problems. Montgomery County, Kansas, had long been the refuge of the likes of Cherokee Bill, the Cook boys, Zip Wyatt, Bill Doolin, the Bender family and other border ruffians. The notorious Dalton gang had been rubbed out when they attempted to rob two banks at nearby Coffeyville. Then Hunt's Construction Company brought on a labor boom. Bootleggers, gamblers and prostitutes were attracted to the labor camp bonanza. Bunco artists had a place just outside the camp limits. Dice rolled, red-eye flowed, and the con men filled their pockets.

This entertainment emporium wasn't helping construction progress. The hell-snorting laborers, hampered by hangovers, buckled under the vigorous toil. Tom was ordered to close down on bootleg operations in Montgomery County.

He decided to raid at daybreak. Armed with a shotgun, he holed up in a mesquite corral several yards from the honkytonk. At sunup a bootlegger stepped outside with a pail. He yawned, gazed about, then started for the water pump.

Tom covered the hombre and warned him to keep quiet. To make sure he followed instructions, Tom hogtied and gagged him. Another bootlegger emerged to get firewood and received a similar reception.

With two opponents out of the way, Tom figured the odds were closer to even. He rushed the porch and kicked open the door. Brandishing the scattergun, he shouted, "Nobody moves! This is a raid!"

The entire crew surrendered meekly.

Tom Mix on the grounds of the Sells-Floto Circus.

Tom marched the crew outside, loaded them into a hack, and escorted them all the way into Independence. Early risers about town gaped at the spectacle in amazement, awed as they watched the gambling crew herded into town under one man's vigilance. That labor camp lawman meant business!

TOM DEALT firmly with one and all. Sometimes he stepped on the toes of influential crewmen but had told Soper that he would neither give nor take any quarter while dealing with the men.

On one occasion, he arrested a popular steel worker for public drunkeness. The lawbreaker was released after sleeping it off but the incident set tempers ablaze. The hardbitten workmen already considered six-gun discipline from an eastern dude a great humiliation. They demanded Tom's dismissal.

Soper asked Tom about the arrest. "He broke the law and I arrested him," Tom explained, "and I would do it again. Either I run this camp or I don't. That's the way it has to be."

"I'll back you," Soper replied.

A strike was threatened! "It's either Mix or us," warned the men. "Somebody has to go!"

The staff prepared for an emergency. Winchesters were secreted in various strategic points throughout the plant. Tom took every precaution against ambush. He kept a .44 revolver tucked in his belt at all times.

The company cadre met, hoping to find some means of appeasement. "Maybe we could remedy this mess with a peaceful challenge," Tom suggested. "The office staff could challenge these hardheads to a baseball game. Then maybe they will play out their arrogance."

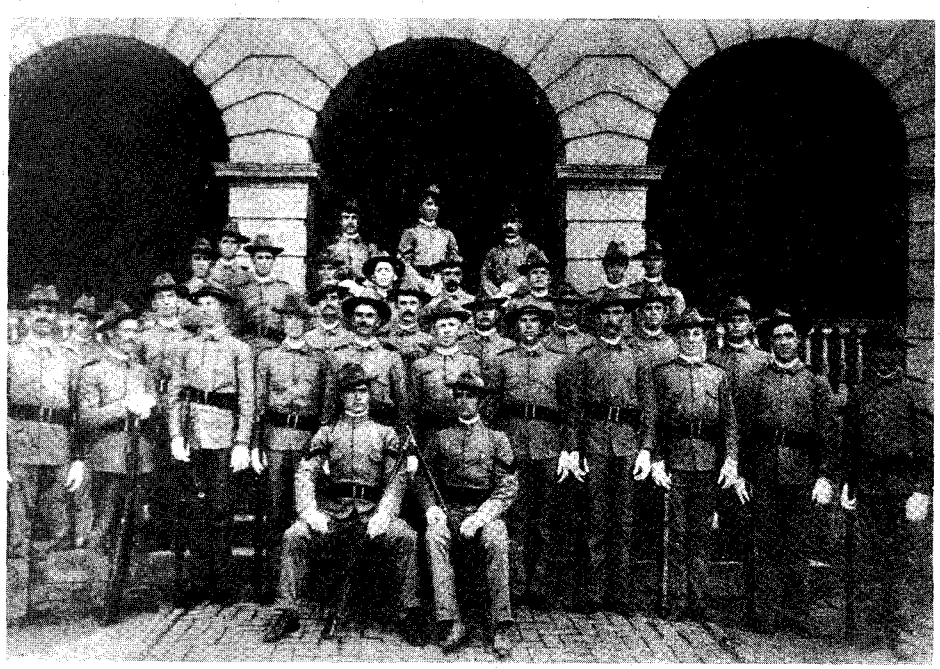
Soper went along with the idea. The crew had been working Saturdays and holidays so they deserved some recreation. Every precaution was taken to avoid trouble. A calm had settled but riot was still possible. As Tom was feared by the various players, he seemed the logical choice for umpire. The workers disapproved but Soper knew Tom could handle the tough crowd if things got out of hand.

Play went smoothly until the main agitator came up to bat. He was a big burly fellow, an inch or so taller than Tom and a good twenty pounds heavier. When Tom called a strike, the batter wheeled on Tom with a baseball bat and his teammates swarmed onto the field armed with bats, clubs, bottles and other objects.

"I dashed onto the field, hoping to quell the argument before somebody was killed," Soper recalls. "The office staff didn't want trouble but we weren't running. Suddenly Tom jerked his six-gun and bashed its long barrel over the trouble-maker's head. The agitator collapsed, unconscious. This incident completely remedied the situation and the men behaved quietly thereafter."

THROUGH Tom's prestige as a gunfighter, the plant was completed in nine months—far ahead of schedule. Ellis Soper, who is still building cement plants throughout the world, believes this is an

Tom Mix, seated on left, with U.S. Army unit before leaving for Boxer Rebellion.



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Tom Mix in China during Boxer Rebellion.

all-time record for such a project.

Unemployed and restless, Tom threw in with Nip Van, a cowhand, and they hit the rodeo circuit, sometimes working out with various Wild West shows. Tom was in Indian Territory when he heard that Colorado authorities had a reward out for an outlaw named Henry ("Buck") Miller.

Tom decided to try his hand at bounty hunting. He went to Talala, Indian Territory, and approached a local scout. "Colorado's offering a reward for this hombre," Tom explained, exhibiting the flyers. "I'm pretty sure he's holed up in this area. You know this country and could help take him. We'll make a fifty-fifty split on the reward."

"Sure, I know Miller and I'll be glad to help you," answered the bounty hunter. "He's been keeping company with a squaw."

Tom and the bounty man thundered down on the squaw's shack. Miller, knowing that he would not stand a Chinaman's chance against two ace gunmen, surrendered without a fight. Tom tied the outlaw in his saddle and they started to pull out. Suddenly, the squaw rushed out with a shotgun and cut loose with both barrels. Tom had just started to mount; the shot shattered his leg and side, knocking him to the ground.

Miller's horse whirled and galloped away with the terrified badman tied in the saddle, But Tom's companion overtook the runaway horse in short order.

Even after overcoming such obstacles, the two men were unable to collect. The reward had been offered for conviction and Miller was acquitted. So Tom didn't get a cent.

A Tennessee job was next on the Hunt-Soper combine's agenda. And, although this job was hundreds of miles from the lawless Southwest, there were still serious difficulties to meet. The Civil War had not been forgotten in that area and to a few Southern diehards, the lost cause was still a burning issue. They carried a grudge against Yankees; Hunt and Soper, as natives of northern states, were not exceptions. These mountaineers refused to let the plant be built.

His associates chided Soper for even thinking about building a plant in that remote area, but Ellis Soper was a stubborn individualist. He'd give 'em a fight. And he knew whom he wanted beside him to ride herd on these latter-day Confederates. They called in Tom Mix.

THE COMPANY had constructed a ramshackle village, called Richard City, just outside the camp limits. Tom was appointed city marshal. His first

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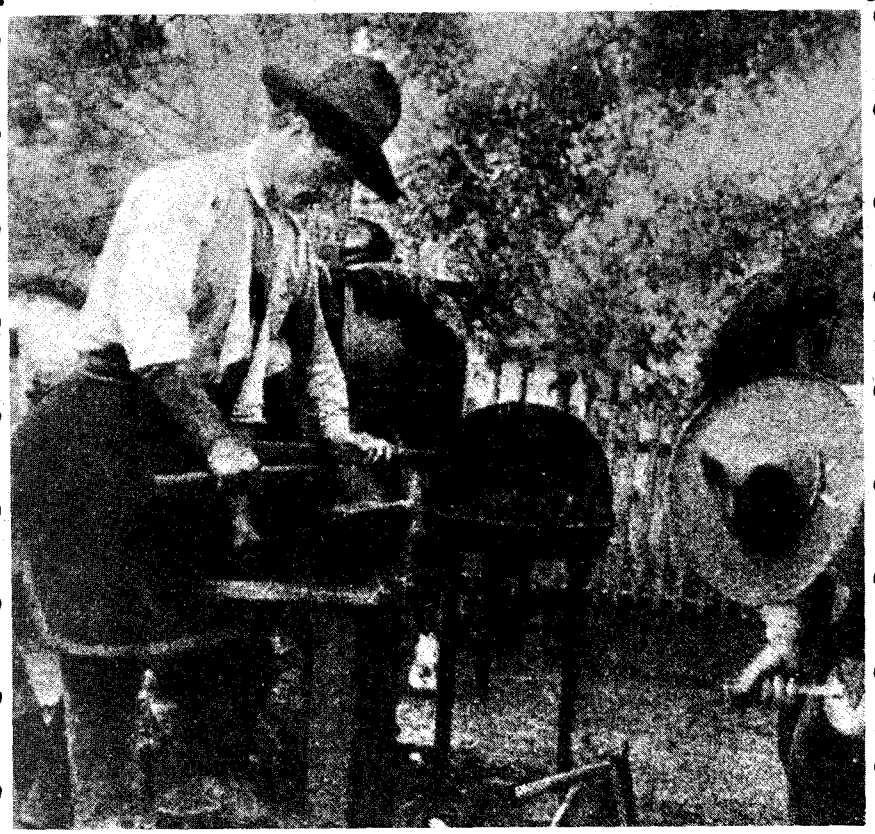

Tom Mix (right), shoeing horse at 101 Ranch.

job was to patch up relations with Copenhagen, a tiny but resentful town a short distance away.

"Grocery prices at the Copenhagen store jumped to outrageous heights after we settled here," Soper explained, "so I built a grocery in camp which operated at cost. Old Man Kirkpatrick, the Copenhagen groceryman, didn't go for the move. He was the agitator who stirred up bad feeling against us."

With the exception of one brief run-in with Kirkpatrick's son Walter, however, Tom and Soper—although working under tension in a fortified camp—managed to amicably settle the feud. Tom and Sam Brewer, Kirkpatrick's top gun, met and joined forces and eventually, after the grocer's brother from Birmingham had joined the construction men in pleading for peace, Walter Kirkpatrick himself came over to Soper's side and eventually joined the engineering staff of Hunt's firm.

The respite from tension, however, was brief. Jess Eldridge was Tom's next problem. Richard City was located at the foot of a string of low mountains. A reckless band of moonshiners, led by Eldridge, began running contraband booze into the camp every Saturday night. The white lightning seemed to give the workers an insatiable appetite for violence. Shootings, stabbings, thievery and brawls were commonplace and a brutal small-scale war developed between the white and Negro camps.

"We've got to clamp down," Soper told Tom. "I'm putting a ban on liquor inside the camp limits."

Tom enforced the liquor barrier with zeal and ardor, patrolling the camp area on horseback, getting a clear view of the labor camps and the jump on unruly laborers afoot. On payday, he sometimes calaboosed as many as fifteen men in the log jail which had been built in camp. Against a steel rod driven into the ground just outside the camp office, Tom smashed all whiskey bottles found in the camp.

Tom knew that such vigilance was not a permanent remedy. "Rattlesnake Cove," the shiners' haven and base of bootleg operations, had to be cleaned out. They finally got proof that Jess had trespassed local law and arrested him.

"You got the wrong man," Jess asserted. "And somebody's gonna suffer."

Eldridge was given a two-year sentence but was pardoned in a few months. Immediately upon release, he began supervising a program of sabotage.

"Eldridge has come back to demolish this plant," warned Cap Ferris, a local man. "Better not underestimate him."

Jess' cohorts warned Soper to get rid of Tom or "he will go out feet first."

"What do you want me to do about it, Tom?" the engineer asked.

"Nothing," the deputy replied, "Eldridge doesn't scare me. I'm staying on the job."

A keen judge of human nature, Tom decided to gamble on catering to Eldridge's pride in order to work out a compromise. Alone, he rode directly into the bootlegger camp.

Jess took a strange pride in Tom's calling and he agreed to talk turkey. They were finally able to come to terms and Jess accepted a job with the company. Thereafter, bootleggers avoided the construction ground.

"You won't be needing me anymore," Tom told Soper, "and I'm getting lonesome for the West."

"I'd like to be going with you," Soper replied.

TOM barnstormed with various Wild West shows for a time but his desire for thrills and excitement never waned. Soon he had hitched his wagon to danger again.

A construction company was building a gigantic dam in Colorado. Extensive dynamiting was required within the two parallel ridges and the company had a nationwide cry out for experienced blasters. Tom had acquired a know-how with explosives from Ellis Soper and he was craving excitement. So he packed his saddlebags.

Shortly after his arrival, he was approached by a construction official who had heard about Tom's prowess as an officer in the Kansas and Tennessee camps. Tom accepted his offer and pinned on another badge. Again he did a good job, preserving the peace until the job was finished.

Trail hands and railroaders were acting up in nearby Lamar. George Yowell's barroom was ripped apart periodically by hardened cowhands. Yowell needed a special policeman to protect his premises. He sent for Tom Mix.

Tom was hired to work the bar and protect the premises. He was commissioned through the Prowers County Sheriff's office. Some say the commission merely gave him power of arrest on the Yowell premises. At any rate, Prowers County did not pay a cent of his salary.

But one can go too far—even with law enforcement on the wild frontier. Early in 1910, Tom attempted to arrest an unruly cowboy in Yowell's saloon. The cowboy resisted and a rough and tumble brawl resulted. The cowboy was seriously injured and charges were placed against Tom.

He sent pleas to Colorado's state capital. He advised the Governor to check with Ellis Soper. After Soper had verified Tom's past record as an officer, charges were dropped.

ABOUT this time, the Selig Polyscope Company was sending movie outfits into the Southwest to film western pictures against natural backgrounds. Tom, along with several other top cowhands and rodeo contenders, was signed to appear in "Ranch Life in the Great Southwest." After filming was completed, he became a stunt man, stock tender and bit actor for Selig, remaining in movies until late 1911.

When the oil boom swept across Oklahoma, the lawlessness of the oil fields reached such an extent that county sheriffs could not cope with the problem. The oil companies wanted capable enforcement officers to protect their property. Such an atmosphere naturally appealed to Tom Mix.

Tom left Canon City, Colorado, where he was working in pictures, and returned to Oklahoma. He went to work as a laborer on a pipeline being laid by Stubbs and Lowe west of Dewey on the Caney River.

Dewey, Oklahoma, was roaring wide open in true wild west tradition and lawmen were needed there. Mayor Earl Woodard hired Tom to police the city during the night hours. He remained on this job only about five months before being called back to Selig Studios.

Tom was given his own company and sent to Prescott, Arizona. He refused to use a professional stunt man for some

(Continued on Page 68)

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Buried Treasure of the Chiricahuas

(Continued from page 39)

bandits couldn't move the treasure, so it was decided to cache it temporarily at the mouth of the canyon. Two men started digging a hole in the ground beneath three oak trees, while the others rifled the dead mules' aparejos and carried the gold and silver bars and sacks of coins to the hiding place.

Don't ask me where the bandits procured picks and shovels or how two men dug a hole several yards long and seven feet deep in one afternoon. I wasn't even an innocent bystander. Neither will I vouch for the fact that Skeleton Canyon is haunted by Mexican ghosts. But I do know that for many years afterward, gold and silver coins, and the bleaching bones of men and mules, lined the canyon from its entrance to Devil's Kitchen and that cowboys from neighboring ranches picked up human skulls to use for soap dishes and ashtrays.

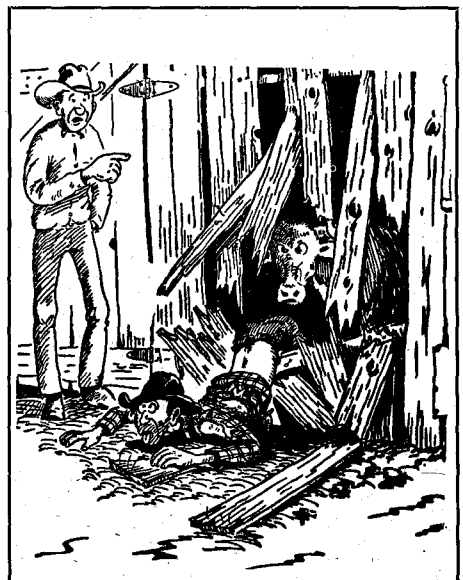
Jim Hughes, having engineered the raid without the knowledge of Curley Bill, was obliged to return to Galeyville and pretend nothing had happened. The task of moving the loot was entrusted to Zwing Hunt and Billy Grounds. They did this several days later, using a Mexican teamster's four-horse wagon. They buried the treasure in a remote spot, killed the Mexican to seal his lips, shot the horses and used the wagon as a funeral pyre.

Hughes trusted his two companions in crime and waited at Galeyville for their report. It never came. A few days later Hunt and Grounds met some other outlaws at the Stockton Ranch and were beaten to the draw. The younger lad's promising career in banditry was snuffed out and Hunt was taken to the Tombstone hospital, badly wounded. There, doublecrossing Jim Hughes was doublecrossed himself, for when he came to call, Hunt escaped by a rear window.

A WEEK or so later, Zwing Hunt's brother reported the wounded bandit had been killed by Apaches and showed a fresh grave to prove it. That should have ended the story, for Zwing Hunt was the only man left who knew the location of the buried treasure. But the rumor of his death was undoubtedly a deliberate subterfuge to throw Jim Hughes off the scent. After some months, Zwing Hunt miraculously reappeared, risen from the dead, in his old home town of San Antonio, Texas.

But his wound was bad and the doctors told him he hadn't long to live. He called his uncle to his bedside and poured out the whole story of the buried treasure. He then drew a map, and died. No one was now alive who had seen the loot. Hunt's description is detailed and clear.

He explained, and showed on his map, that the cache is located at the foot of Davis Mountain. To the east stretch open plains and from the summit of the peak a good-sized slice of New Mexico is visible. A mile and a half west a canyon hemmed in on the far side by wooded hills cuts the terrain. Through this canyon a stream flows over a ledge in a ten-foot cascade. Hunt said that he and Billy Grounds took a bath under the waterfall after they had buried the treasure. He also put on the map the location of two springs about a mile and a quarter apart, calling the northerly one Silver Spring and the other Gum Spring. He carefully described how to find the exact spot where the loot was buried. It was between the two springs, but a little nearer Silver. The place



"Forgot to tell you, one of them ole cows is a shade edgy."

was marked by a square-sided stone one-foot thick and three-feet high. On the east face of the stone Hunt had chiseled two crosses, one above the other. Walk twenty paces east, he said, and you are standing on top of the buried treasure of the Chiricahuas.

SIMPLE, isn't it? Yet of the scores of searchers who have scoured the country in the past seventy years not one has discovered the secret of Zwing Hunt and Billy Grounds.

Why? Because nobody ever heard of Davis Mountain and Hunt neglected to tell where it is! He named the peak after a pal of his whom he and Billy Grounds had buried. There are at least 200 mountains from which you can see into New Mexico. There are dozens of curving canyons. Charred wood, skeletons, square-sided rocks and springs a mile and a quarter apart are everywhere. First to try to find the treasure was Hunt's uncle. Hunt's brother spent thirty years combing the hills in vain.

One of the most persistent searchers was Bill Sanders, who had a ranch on West Turkey Creek. He believed that Zwing Hunt confused the names and that, instead of Davis Mountain, he meant Harris Mountain. The various versions of Hunt's map seem to show that Bill Sanders was right and most recent treasure hunters accept Harris Mountain as a focal point for their quest.

This rather shapeless limestone hump, 6,100 feet in elevation, is an eastern foothill of the Chiricahuas, six miles northwest of Portal, a place almost as hard to find as the treasure. In many respects the surroundings fit Hunt's description. Broad San Simon Valley stretches away to the east and from the mountain's summit it is possible to see into New Mexico. At its foot is a grave. A mile and a half southwest, East Turkey Creek Canyon makes a curve, with wooded hills beyond: after rains a stream flows there. A burned wagon was once found nearby.

But there are baffling and conflicting exceptions. The grave contains the remains of a man named Harris, his wife and child, all killed by Apaches. There is no ledge in the canyon to make a ten-foot waterfall and nobody yet has found Gum and Silver Springs, let alone the correct rock.

However, you cannot discourage miners, prospectors or treasure hunters. Year after year the search goes on and hundreds of tons of Arizona soil are turned up in the everlasting hope that the next spadeful will uncover the fabulous wealth.

As for me, although I live within ten miles of Harris Mountain, I have no interest in the $3,000,000. My attitude is solely that of a historian who is fired with zeal to separate the chaff from the wheat and to set down the true facts. So you will understand why I raced over to Animas Valley the minute I heard of an old Mexican there who is reported to have been one of the nine smugglers who escaped Jim Hughes' hijacking foray in 1881. One hundred and two, they said he was. The rumor hinted that he knew more about the treasure than he had told. Well, he still does, as far as I am concerned.

When I got my breath I accosted the old man on the subject. He looked up into the sky with the eyes of infinite sadness.

"Cananea! Cananea!" he cackled in a rasping voice. *"Naco y nogales siempre el mexicali. Madre de Dios ensenada."*

Or at least it sounded something like that. It was all he would say. So he, too, will die with the secret—if he has one—locked in his heart.—Reprinted by permission of *Desert Magazine.*

King Fisher's Road

(Continued from page 37)

shots striking him in the head. The examination confirmed the story of two impartial witnesses—Alex T. Raymond and John R. Sublett—that neither Thompson nor the King ever drew, but slumped under gunfire from a box slightly to the left and higher than their table.

An Austin ballistics expert, J. C. Petmecky, testified that some of the bullets still in Thompson's body came from a Winchester rifle.

Fisher's guns were neither drawn nor fired; all versions agree to that. He was admittedly an innocent victim, whether or not the killings were premeditated or quick wanton shootings.

Any reasonable analyst must doubt the latter. Thompson had proved himself a dangerous duelist in Kansas. Bat Masterson described Ben as equal, if not superior, to any gunslick he knew, and Fisher was the quicker of the two by Ben's own concession. Could such a pair have been slain in unrehearsed gunplay?

Whatever the conclusion, or the proper details, John King Fisher was dead at the age of thirty-one. Deputy U.S. Marshal Fard Negle escorted the body back to Uvalde for burial. King's widow and young daughters were overcome with grief.

A disparaging reference to the King in the San Antonio *Express* drew an indignant letter from 271 citizens of Uvalde.

"We do not choose to discuss King Fisher's early life," read the protest. "He lived among us two and one-half years. He was kind, courteous, gentle, affable. . . . He accomplished as much for law and order . . . as any man in West Texas."

There was no doubt that this most colorful and capable of all Texas outlaws tried his best to achieve a complete reformation. But the grim gods of the frontier wouldn't let him. King Fisher could not follow his own high-handed warning. He couldn't take the "other road."

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ATTACK on the PIEGANS

To call all armed clashes between whites and Indians "battles" is sheer exaggeration. Some were premeditated massacres . . . and others were accidents.

By JOHN K. STANDISH

Spear Woman

NINETY-TWO years have passed since a detachment of United States infantry, under command of Colonel Eugene Baker, descended upon a camp of innocent Piegan Indians on the Marias River. The command ruthlessly slaughtered 173 of its inhabitants, mostly sickly old men, women and children, who were isolated with the dread smallpox. After an investigation, the only official action against Colonel Baker was his demotion, even though it was charged that he was intoxicated when the outrage was committed.

Thirty years ago a granddaughter of the Piegan chief Heavy Runner gave me an account of the massacre as it had been told by her mother, Spear Woman, who witnessed the killings and narrowly escaped with her life. Spear Woman died in 1920 but left a vivid description of the affair she witnessed through the flap of a tepee.

Recently Hart Merriam Schultz (Lone Wolf), son of the late James Willard Schultz, a well-known writer and husband of Pretty Shield of the Piegans, verified the details of the massacre by comparing them with his mother's account of the raid. An artist and sculptor of distinction, Lone Wolf inherited his artistic talent from his mother. Pretty Shield was a talented embroiderer with beads and colored porcupine quills despite a deformed right hand caused by a bullet received during the raid by Colonel Baker.

"My mother told me of the Baker massacre," Lone Wolf recalls. "She told me how she was wounded. My grandmother and she ran for the timber along the river when the soldiers began shooting. A bullet struck the knuckle of her middle finger on her right hand—the big joint where the finger joins the hand, leaving her hand deformed for life—but in spite of this handicap, she did beautiful beadwork. Mother was a close relative to Spear Woman and Heavy Runner."

THE TRAGEDY of Baker's Massacre has as its background a series of depredations and wrongs on the part of both Indians and whites. They culminated in the cold-blooded murder of a young brother of Mountain Chief, head of the Blackfeet Confederacy, and a young companion on the streets of Fort Benton on one hand and the killing of Major Malcolm Clark, a prominent pioneer in the Prickly Pear Valley, on the other.

Mountain Chief's brother was slain as he entered Fort Benton bearing communications from Major Culbertson. This aroused the Blackfeet chief to vow that he would avenge his brother's death. Shortly afterward, Malcolm Clark was killed by Blackfeet Indians. That Clark's assassins be turned in was demanded by the United States—the demand was refused. Depredations and reprisals began.

While searching for lost horses and mules, James Quail was killed from ambush. His body was found riddled with arrows and mutilated. A few days before, nine Indians had been seen in the neighborhood, driving some livestock. Report of this matter was sent to the military commander.

On January 9, 1870, a column composed of Troops F, G, H and L, Second Cavalry, and a detachment of infantry commanded by Colonel Baker, left Fort Shaw to attack Mountain Chief and his band of approximately 1,500 men, women and children camped on the Marias River. Included in the group were Horace and Nathan Clark, sons of Major Malcolm Clark, who had been married to a Piegan woman.

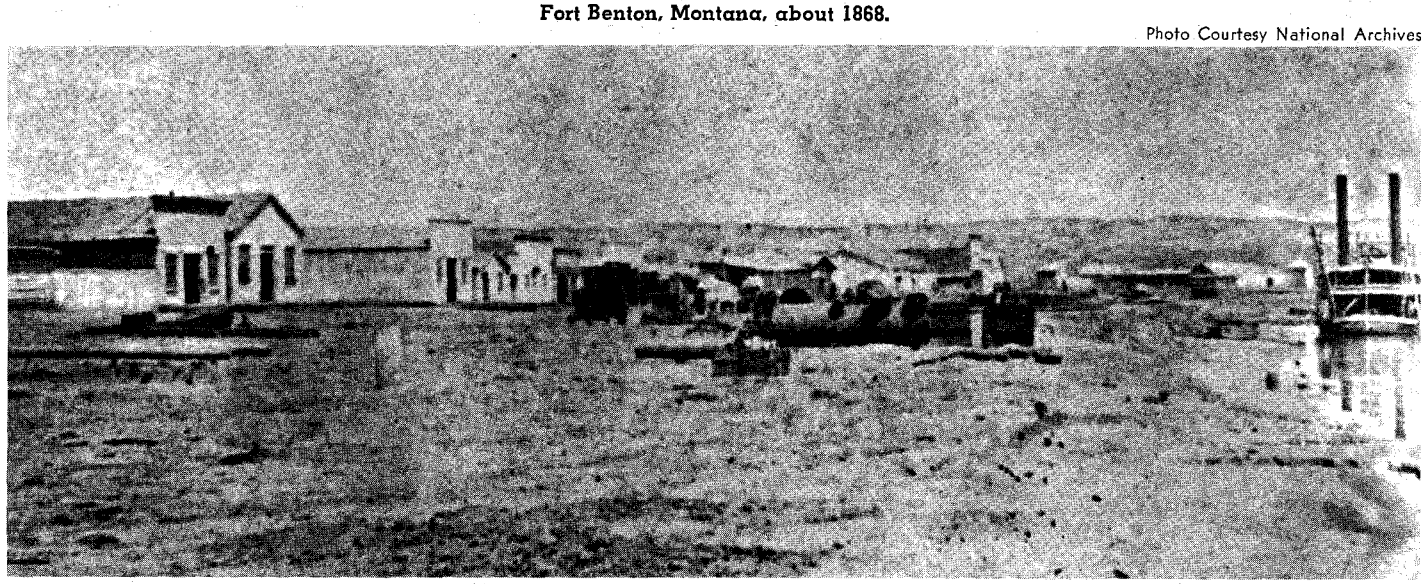
Scouts brought back word that the camp of Mountain Chief had been discovered and the column headed in its direction. Reports of what transpired from that time until the slaughter differ completely in many respects, especially as to the part played by the mixed-blood scouts. Joe Kipp, one of them, informed the soldiers that the route they were taking would not lead them to Mountain Chief's camp. Colonel Baker immediately had him placed between two guards, giving orders to shoot him at any signs of treachery.

Others maintain that Kipp believed the

(Continued on page 64)

Fort Benton, Montana, about 1868.

Photo Courtesy National Archives



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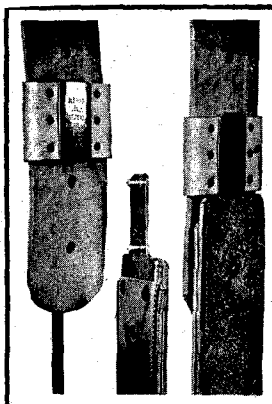

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WHEATLAND, WYOMING

The Last Remaining Light

(Continued from page 34)

rocks and through sagebrush and scrub juniper to the old oven.

It was an interesting beehive structure. Built of rubble stone, it was about twenty-five feet across at its widest point and fifteen feet in height. An opening near its base was fitted with an iron fire door; the heavy iron bars above the firebox had supported the lime rock fed into the oven through a circular opening in its top.

Down in the gully, about forty feet below the kiln, were three wooden barrels still half-filled with lime produced in the crude old oven, lime as fine and white as talcum powder! Lloyd said it would be hard to guess how many years the old barrels had lain there in the brush.

"If you think *that's* remarkable, how about *this*?" He indicated a pile of hard grayish material. "This is salt from the marsh between here and Grass Valley Ranch. Evaporation brought it to the surface of the marsh, where squaws swept it together to be packed up here on muleback for use in fluxing the ore."

As we started back toward the pickup, groping through head-high sagebrush and constantly sidestepping old cellar holes from which the coverings had van-

Wild burros near Cortez.

ished long before, we saw the remains of hand-riveted sheet-iron stoves and heavy plank chairs, rusted coal scuttles, bits of purple glass, battered dinner buckets and powder cans—even the broken head of a tiny Dresden doll, its cheeks still glowing in apple-blossom pink, its painted hair like shining jet.

From the millsite we climbed a steep, rocky grade to No. 1 tunnel. Still standing were a few wooden buildings, including the old machine shop, blacksmith shop, and boarding house. From the end of the rutted road we continued afoot along the canyon-side to a small cluster of crude rock-faced dugouts. Here Wenban's Chinese miners had lived. Searching through the sagebrush, we found pieces of broken dishes and scraps of other materials of unmistakably Asian origin.

"This, of course, was only a small suburb," said Lloyd. "The main part of Chinatown is buried under 75,000 tons of mill tailings."

I studied the great mass of mill residue that sprawled over the desert a half-mile to the southwest. Beyond the tailings I could see the upper end of Grass Valley, long and wide and empty, and beyond the valley, the canyon-laced breast of the high Toiyabes. In all that vast world open to our view, I did not glimpse one plume of curling smoke or one moving vehicle.

"WISH I could have seen this camp back in Wenban's day," Lloyd High was saying. "From what old-timers have told me, it must have been a busy place. Besides big crews employed in mining and milling, they made all their own brick from a clay deposit located about seven miles southwest of here, near Wenban Spring. You saw where they made their lime. The marsh supplied salt and all the hills for miles around were full of woodcutters and charcoal burners. They worked around 200 head of horses and packmules.

"It's almost impossible to imagine the amount of work that has been done here," he continued. "This whole mountain is honeycombed with tunnels, stopes and inclines—thirty-five miles of them, altogether. Running the Polar tunnel alone is said to have cost $350,000."

When I asked him about the total production of the camp, he said that the No. 1 tunnel, the Ferguson Stopes, China Basin and the Fitzgerald and Boss tunnels reputedly produced ore in the amount of $30,000,000.

After we had made our way back down the grade, Lloyd turned the pickup on a sideroad that led to the cemetery. When I remarked that the place seemed unusually clean and well-kept for a ghost town graveyard, my companion admitted that he and Louis Rossi had "sorta fixed it up" the previous spring.

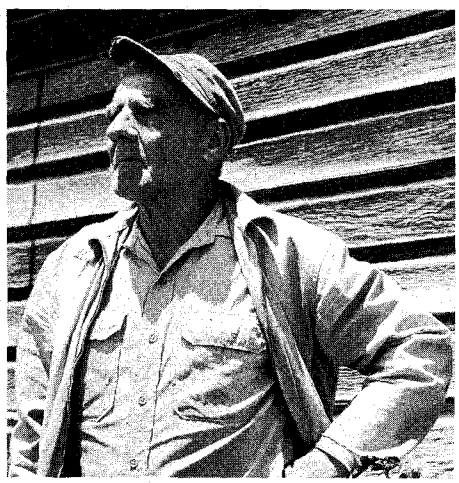
"We grubbed out the sagebrush and bunchgrass, rounded up the mounds, straightened some of the markers and did some cementing. Then, on Memorial Day, quite a few families came from outside points to decorate the graves of their people and the place looked real nice.

"But it ought to be fenced," he declared. "If I could get the county or anyone to buy the wire I'd be glad to donate enough juniper posts for the job—and I'd help put the fence in, too."

Lloyd and I had supper together that evening. Afterward, he got out his old guitar and sang and played a few songs, and we talked awhile. Finally I said I'd have to be leaving.

As I started down the dusty trail I looked back to see my ghost town friend still standing in the open doorway, the yellow lamplight from the kitchen spilling around him to splash warmly across the yard. Except for the groping headlights of my car and the winking stars in the dark sky, that friendly glow from the door of Lloyd's cabin was the only gleam of light I could see in all the old mining camp of Cortez, from the top of Mt. Tenabo to the highest summits of the sleeping Toiyabes.

Lloyd High: "Mayor of Cortez."



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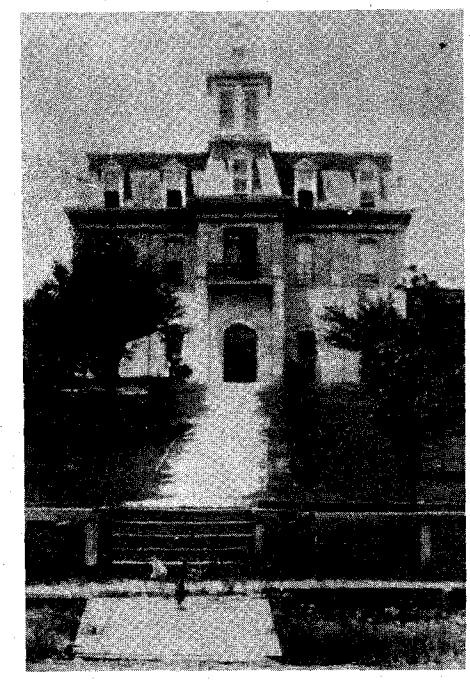
Bedbugs, Bicycles and A Haunted House

By OTHO A. MORRIS

I couldn't get an education for fighting bedbugs and cockroaches. Then I tried a bicycle trip home, and that spilled the soot in the scrambled eggs.



An early picture of Coronal Institute, one of the schools that gave San Marcos its reputation as a school town.

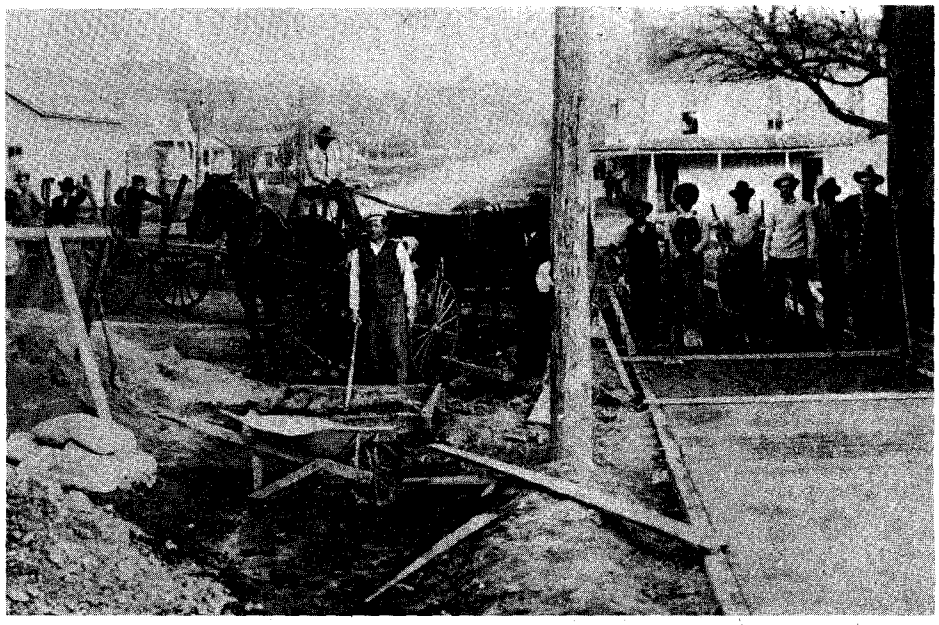
WHEN I was seventeen years old my parents sent me to a Baptist academy at San Marcos, Texas. This was the school's first year, 1908, and I should have had board and lodging there, but some mixup left me out and I had to find a place to live off the campus. A stomach upset laid me low for a week and put me behind in some subjects. Discouraged, I dropped the academy course and enrolled in a local business college, owned and run by a Professor McGee.

Another student going to the academy, Joe Lawrence, from Thrall, Texas, moved with me to a new boarding house where we hoped the cooking would be better. We were given an upstairs room that had just been vacated by a young lady. In the fireplace was a letter that was only partly burned. Over the envelope was scrawled, "Darn, damn, double damn." Joe's curiosity got the better of him and he had to see what the letter was about. It was a gushing love letter to the young lady who had just moved from our room and she evidently did not think very highly of the writer. Neither Joe nor I knew much about girls but now that we knew how they cussed, we felt that our education was coming along all right.

I lived in the boarding house for about a month; then the family sold the place and I got a room in a small hotel. It was suitable except for the cockroaches and when I wrote my folks that they were interfering with my homework, my father came to hunt around town to find a better place for me to stay.

San Marcos started becoming really civilized before 1900. These workers are building the first concrete sidewalks.

Photos courtesy San Marcos Record



Being an Episcopalian, he naturally found me a room in a good old Episcopal boarding house. (My mother was Baptist and that was the reason they sent me to the Baptist academy; this, of course, makes me a hybrid.) This new boarding house seemed like a very nice place until my father and I went to bed that night. Just a few minutes after we blew out the kerosene lamp and crawled into bed, we began scratching our necks. I got up and lit the lamp; my father said those little creatures dashing around on the bed were bedbugs. My father had had such a hard time finding this place for me that he told me I had better keep it in spite of the bugs, suggesting I get some bedbug powder and the varmints probably would not bother me anymore.

Well, I toughed it out for about a month but the powder was not much good. I was beginning to lose weight. I decided I needed a vacation away from the bugs so I told my landlady that I was going home and might not be back.

To build up my health by getting fresh air and exercise, I took the train to Austin and bought a bicycle to ride home, a 100-mile trip. The road between Austin and Fredericksburg was not even a lane. It wound around the big ranches and you had to stop for gates. There were no road signs anywhere.

MY BICYCLE cost $25 and did not have any brakes. At four o'clock I left Austin, intending to ride as far as I could before dark and stop at a ranch home for the night. When I finally found a house where I hoped I could stay, a lot of vicious dogs ran at me and tried to take both me and the bicycle apart. So I kept pedaling along until after midnight.

By this time my energy was all used up and I was tired. I tried to rest by lying down beside the road but it was too cold. I had to get up and ride a while to thaw out and warm up. At four o'clock in the morning I came to a small home beside the road and felt that I had to stop, dogs or no dogs. I was welcomed and put in a big soft bed. I sank down in the feather

(Continued on Page 62)

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MEN PAST 40

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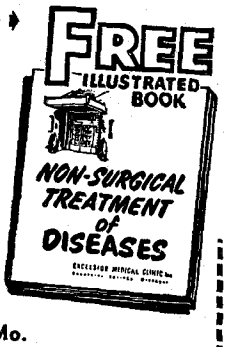

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Me and Elmer

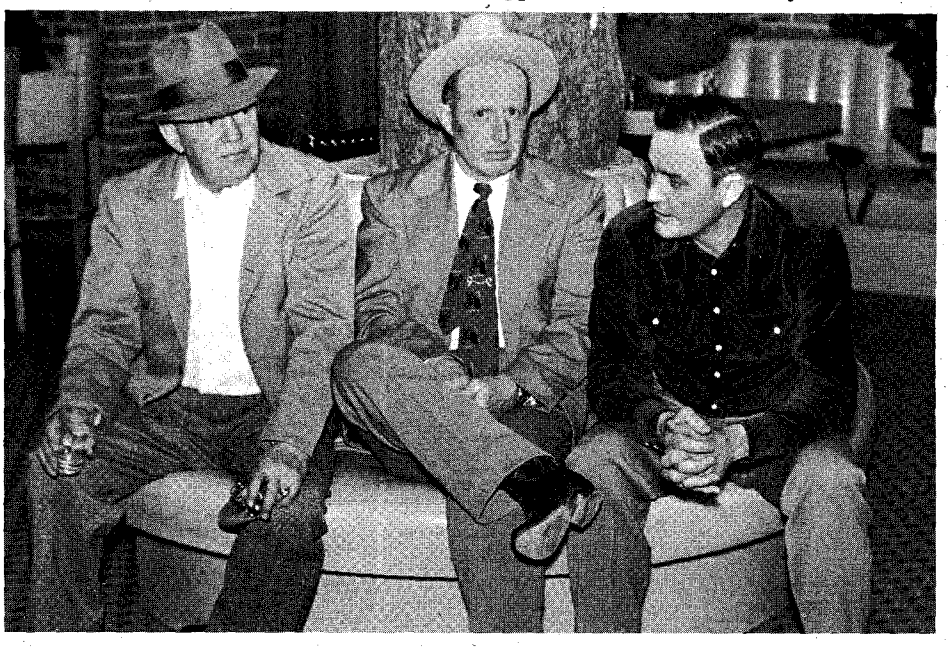
(Continued from page 23)

home in disgust, but I stayed on another month.

When I got back to Carlsbad I learned that he had gone to California to help harvest a walnut crop near Los Angeles. He wrote for me to come—and I went, riding Plaino and leading a pack horse. The work was, of course, seasonal, but it paid well while it lasted.

When we learned that the 101 Wild West Show was on location in Hollywood, we went around the big tent where the bowlegs had their headquarters and asked for the boss. There were about twenty-five cowboys and a hundred Indians in the tent. They said for us to see Scout Nash, chief of the cowboys. He looked me over and said I was a little young—looked at Elmer and shook his head. We said we'd like to try out.

"It's this way," Scout Nash explained, "We've got some real bucking horses and I am afraid you couldn't make it. But I'll tell you what I'll do—give you a seat on Crying Squaw for tonight's performance."



Elmer (center) and Joe (right), with an unidentified friend.

(I'd heard of the Squaw; she'd spilled many a good rider.)

That night he put Elmer on a bull and he made it. And by some lucky break I managed to stay on the Squaw till the pickup man got there. Nash put us both on the payroll and gave each a dukie book good for meals at the cook shack and on the trains. We were rich!

The 101 toured much of California and the large towns to Phoenix and Amarillo. In late winter they disbanded and we returned to the ranches.

In the spring of '26 me and Elmer took out for the Northwest in a Model T, pulling a trailer with Plaino and our camp outfit in it. For the greater part of the way the roads were just trails. We were short of money but reckless enough to stay in a hotel occasionally, especially if it were raining. When we reached Butte we didn't have enough money for supper. We looked around until we found a hotel that served meals and checked in. They let me hobble Plaino in the back yard and I fed him the last grain we had.

We had been winning consistently and consequently were not greatly concerned about being broke, at least not until we learned that there were eighty-six entries for the bronc riding the next morning. That meant no one would ride more than once. I was fairly well pleased with my schedule but worried when I learned that Elmer had drawn the toughest horse in the wild string, an outlaw called Will James. He hadn't been ridden for four years and Elmer wasn't up to snuff. He had a leg injury which still spooked him at times.

After supper Elmer announced that he was going out to see the town. Butte, of all towns!

"Don't you know you can't ride tomorrow if you do? And especially if you're going to tackle Will James! That's the worst horse you ever met up with."

"But this town, it's tough, and I don't aim to miss nothing. Don't know that we'll ever make Butte again."

"But we're flat broke!"

"Don't cost nothing to look. Come on."

I snorted and turned in. I was so mad at Elmer, I couldn't sleep sound. Every time I waked up, I'd think of what might happen to him the next day. One of us just had to make some money! There were taxes coming up—and interest. And Elmer's leg buggered. And Uncle Morg broke. And a hotel bill coming up. And old Plaino had to eat. And the mortgages—both of the ranches mortgaged. I couldn't rest a bit I was so worried.

IT WAS almost daylight when I started out to feed Plaino. I met Elmer coming in and was mad enough I wouldn't speak to him. I was still mad when the roping was announced and I missed my steer. I didn't even do any good at bulldogging, my long suit. It was all up to Elmer.

When he came out of the chute on Will James, I knew he wasn't going to make it. Even with a good seat it would have been doubtful but he was off balance and the horse knew it. But luck was with us—Will James struck a slick place and went to his knees, giving Elmer a chance to regain his seat. When the whistle blew, Elmer'd won first place and $450! That boy'd been lucky all his life and still is. But there's nobody gladder for him than I am.

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That night he spooked me about losing and insisted that I do the town with him. Hadn't I had convincing evidence as to the rewards of virtue? We hit some of the toughest joints and damndest fights I ever saw! Talk about Carlsbad being tough! Them miners are fightin' sons of bucks!

As Elmer predicted, next day we both won. I did well with my roping and took first in bulldogging, earning over $400. I sent half of it to my father.

The rodeo officials had scheduled an exhibition, featuring as a special attraction the bulldogging of a buffalo. I'd heard of a cowboy in Oklahoma, Dick Truett, who bulldogged them but I'd never seen it done.

I sat on old Plaino just outside the chute. The buffalo was snubbed inside and the contestant got him by the horns before he was released. The animal took him clear across the arena and into the fence before the cowboy could stop it. When he got it down, he had to skedaddle for it got up and charged him.

When two or three had narrowly escaped being gored by the buffalo, somebody started bantering me about trying it. I had won first money, hadn't I? And didn't they have buffaloes in New Mexico? Bulldogging from a horse, the man has the advantage of being in rapid motion when he grasps the horns. A buffalo, I decided, wasn't much bigger than some of those old three-year-old steers they unloaded on us. I told them if they'd let me try it cowboy style, from a horse, I'd give it a round.

They turned one loose and I threw him in eleven seconds flat. I had dreaded turning him loose, but he was as anxious to get back to the chute as I was and didn't bother me.

IN 1934 Elmer and I went to London with Tex Austen. From the States, he shipped the bareback and roping horses and also those used for bulldogging and trick riding. The cattle were sent from Canada, thus payment of duty was evaded. He chartered a boat for the stock, and the performers went on a regular steamer of the English Line. We embarked at Montreal and went down the St. Lawrence to land at South Wales.

The show was held in White City Stadium, London. At first we had crowds of 76,000 people, but the Humane Society thought the show cruel, especially for the bucking horses and the steers we bulldogged—even for the calves we roped. They would not permit us to throw the steers; instead, we had to take a ribbon off their backs that had been tied on with a string. The rowels of our spurs had to be covered with leather. Naturally, those requirements killed the show. The newspapers were so influenced by the Society that each morning headlines said, "Yankees, take the next boat home!"

We were not Yankees by any means. Nobody in the Southwest is a Yankee. We were not all Americans. This was an international event. The money was put up by the International Sportsman Club and was held in escrow in New York. So, although the show was a dud, the contestants were sure of being paid. We went right on with the schedule, and sometimes as many as sixteen cowboys would be tied for first in some events. Instead of a watch which registered 1/10th of a second, we had to use one registering 1/100th.

These three veterans of many rodeos are, left to right, Elmer, Richard Merchant, and Joe Welch.

The first time the Humane Society undertook to regulate the show, they went to Tex Austen and demanded that certain changes be made.

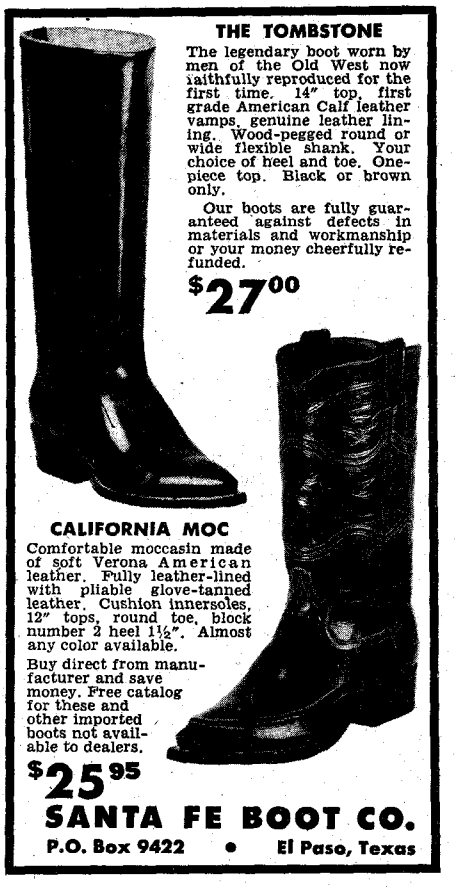
"Ladies, I am glad you came. I am just as opposed to cruelty to dumb animals as you are. Now, just what particular thing do you find objectionable?"

"Using bulldogs on those poor cattle, for one."

"Ladies, I am surprised! How could you ever have the idea we do that? I can assure you, upon my honor, that not a bulldog can be found on the lot. In fact, there are no dogs. All we do is a little wrestling, guaranteed to be far more dangerous to the men than the animals."

But they had no sympathy for the poor dumb cowboys who risked their lives to entertain the crowds.

IN SPITE of the dullness of the whole shebang, the Americans were entertained. The English received us in their homes in formal dress, but we went in our cowboy clothing, boots and all. If they found it unusual, they never batted an



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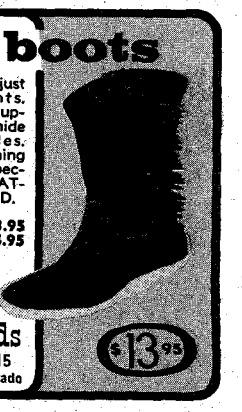

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eye. I never saw such poker faces as those folks have.

We could not afford to return their hospitality in an expensive restaurant, so we killed some critters and made son-of-a-gun stew and baked some sourdough biscuits. There were the usual ranch-style frijoles, potato salad and peach cobbler, all served on tin plates with tin cups for the coffee. We had plenty of liquor but the amount they could dispose of amazed us—we hadn't anticipated that. We sang cowboy songs around a bonfire and some of the boys did some dances.

One lady there had sent to the States for material for a dress; it had many brands on it, most of which were familiar to us. Elmer looked her over and said, "Lady, you must have changed hands a lot of times," but she didn't get it.

Later me and Elmer made Madison Square Garden many times and did well until another knee injury forced him to give up riding in contests. After that he acted as judge at the Garden frequently and so did I.

When the "new look" was introduced in New York, somebody put on a fashion show and asked men supposedly familiar with artistic effects in color and line to judge it. They asked that the Garden send its best dressed cowboy and they picked me. As the models paraded on a runway, the judge was asked to tell whether or not he liked the costume and why. Nobody seemed able to do the latter.

When it came my turn, the lady wore a street costume. It was pretty long. I told them that I liked it.

"And do you have a reason for your choice?"

"Sure do," I said. "My gal's bow-legged!"

Elmer's retired now to his ranch in the Guadalupes. Every spring he gets somebody to fly a plane up the canyons so he can shoot eagles that carry off his registered lambs. He raises race horses and registered cattle as well as sheep, and has some fighting cocks, too.

One old bald eagle was particularly daring, possibly because it is against the law to kill them. He got so bold he flew down at the ranch house and tackled Elmer's good fighting cock. When he lifted it into the air, the old rooster put up a real fight. Farther down the canyon, the eagle lit on a flat rock and they fought it out.

Elmer's bird whipped the eagle and made it take him back home!

Joe and Louise Welch

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

Washburn, Texas

Dear Sirs:

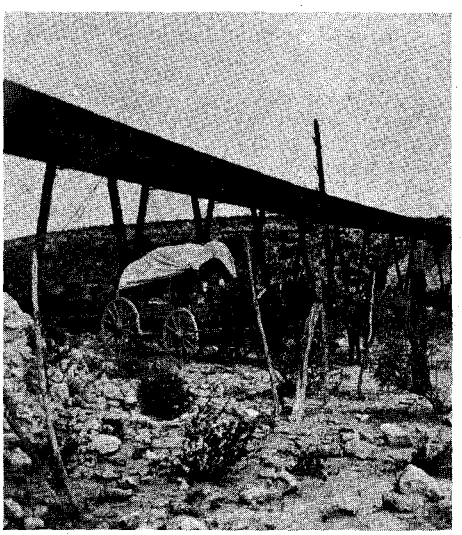
Can any of your readers tell me for whom the town of Washburn, Texas, was named? The *Handbook of Texas* just states it was named for a friend of General Grenville Dodge and that it was part of the old J. A. Ranch.—Avery F. von Blon, Jr., Box 6422 BU Station, Waco, Texas.

Old Pictures

Dear Joe:

I sure have enjoyed your magazines. I'm sending you some photos you and the other readers may not have seen before. Last Spring and Summer you mentioned, in FRONTIER TIMES, the time Kilpatrick held up a train near Sanderson, Texas, and was killed by the express messenger for his pains. These photos show the bridge near Sanderson where the attempt took place and the robbers (they are very much dead!) after Truesdale got through with them.—C. B. ("Jeff") Jefferies, Route 1, Box 500, Angleton, Texas.

Above, the dead robbers. Below, bridge near Sanderson.



"More Honest Than the Whites!"

Sir:

In your June issue you asked for information on Victor Trevitt and the Memaloose Island cemetery.

Trevitt was born in New Hampshire in 1827. In 1846 he saw service in the Mexican War, receiving a saber cut that left a scar over one eye. In 1847 he came to Oregon City, Oregon, and worked as a printer's devil on the *Oregon Statesman*. In 1848 he served with Nathan Olney's company in the Cayuse Indian War. During this period (1846-1848) he was never married to any Indian girls that Oregon history has ever recorded.

In 1853 he came to The Dalles, filing claims and establishing a "gentlemen's saloon" in which no one in a drunken condition was served and in which loud or profane language was not permitted. He fought in the Yakima Indian War, was a legislative representative from The Dalles and in 1868, state senator from Wasco County. With his wife, whom he married in 1865, he lived there until 1882, when he moved to San Francisco, suffering from tuberculosis.

"I have but one desire after I die," he said, "to be laid to rest on Memaloose Island with the Indians. They are more honest than the whites! They live up to the highest light they have. In the resurrection I will take my chance with the Indians! They keep their word with St. Peter and he will let them into heaven, while he will bar a lot of white men."

The burial of Victor Trevitt on Memaloose Island drew white men's attention to the island and white cemetery thieves went there to steal Indian skulls and other trophies. If the island was ever haunted or spooked, the spooks apparently came after the white thieves left.

The five-and-one-half acre island has been set aside by the U. S. Land Office as an official burial place for Warm Springs Indians. The island was not submerged by Bonneville Dam Construction and many small boat "hook-and-line" fisherman, boating and beach parties use the island for recreational purposes.—William H. McNeal, Route 3, The Dalles, Oregon.

"We Taught Him Certain Words in U.S."

Hello, Texas:—

The article about Olaf Seltzer (October TRUE WEST) was very good. My father came west in 1889 and worked on the Great Northern Railway. The next year he got a job at the "Old Silver Smelter" just above Giant Springs east of Great Falls. After a few weeks he sent for my mother, brother, uncle and me. My father had a two-room rented shack for us to live in and had a job in the roaster furnace department of the smelter.

About twenty feet from our shack lived Mr. and Mrs. Louis Jensen, Olaf Seltzer's uncle and aunt. Early in the spring of 1892 Mrs. Jensen told us that her sister and her sister's only son, Olaf, were coming from Denmark and she was so happy about it. We all awaited the arrival of Olaf. He was, I think, thirteen or fourteen; I was eleven; my brother was nine. There were about thirteen or or fourteen other kids living nearby.

Olaf and his mother stayed with the

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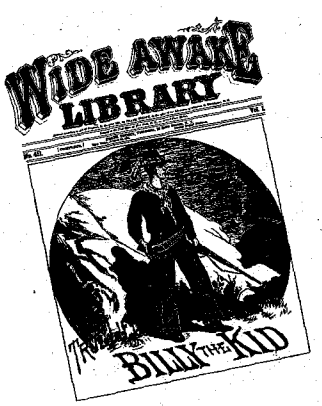

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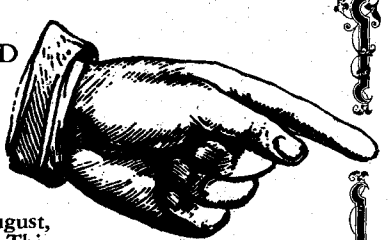

This historic book was first published in August, 1881, just a few days after The Kid's death. This long out-of-print edition comes with a 3-color cover. It was written originally 80 years ago by John Woodruff Lewis under the pen name of "Don Jenardo."

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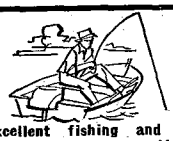

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Jensens about two months then his mother found work, I think as a domestic, in Great Falls, so we didn't see too much of Olaf. But while he was there, I remember we taught him how to say certain words in "United States." One thing I remember well, Olaf asked us how we said "painting."

Olaf was not much interested in what we kids were doing. We went swimming in the river slough, took hikes out on the prairie, and things like that. Olaf used to sit and sketch the mountains and coulees in the distance. He could draw the most perfect horses or cattle I ever saw. He always seemed to be a sober thinking type of boy.

He did bring with him from Denmark a collection of butterflies, beetles, etc. He had them in a box covered with glass. Some of them, he said, had been given to him by sailors from South America who had come to Copenhagen with cargoes of goods. He got us interested and showed us how to make a net to catch butterflies, so we got busy for a while and made up a collection for ourselves.

That fall, 1892, the panic started. The smelter shut down and we moved to East Helena and lived there until March, 1896. My mother got ill and the doctors blamed her illness on the high altitude, so we moved back to Wisconsin and stayed until 1907, when I came back to Great Falls and got a job at the B & M (now Anaconda Company). I was clerk in the shops; one day a fellow came in the office and said, "Hello, Halder." I looked up and said, "Well! Olaf Seltzer! How are you?" Fifteen years had passed since we left the old silver smelter. We visited a few minutes and I found out Olaf was a machinist at the same plant. I kept in contact with Olaf after that.—Halder M. Hansen, P.O. Box 194, Fort Benton, Montana.

Parrott Correction

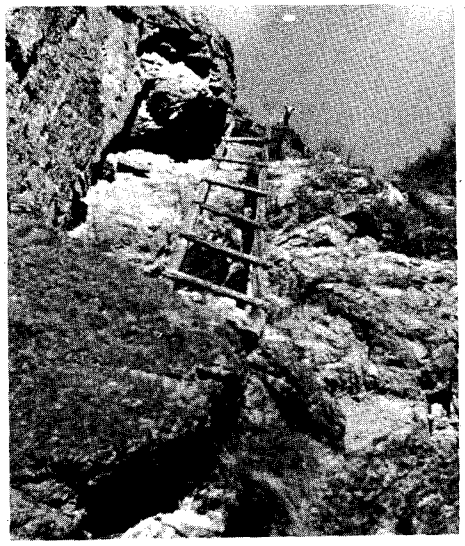
Dear Joe:

The recent account by W. J. Tadlock in the June "Truly Western" column was no doubt read and enjoyed by many readers. I submit the following for reader Tadlock's benefit as well as other persons who enjoy true facts.

Earl K. Parrott was in his late forties when he retreated to the primitive area of Idaho in 1919. He came back out twenty-four years later and lived in Salmon, Idaho, until he died.

He did not live high on a cliff, with a wooden ladder 125 feet long leading straight up to it, as stated. There were seven ladders, none over fifteen feet long, to help over the bad places. His cabin was a mile or more back from the rim of the canyon, in a beautiful spot.

He made his moccasins out of tanned hides, and never used tire casings as Tadlock stated. He seldom if ever came out to civilization; his contact and source of supplies was a fire lookout tower attendant.—Spike Spackman, Route 1, Box 2372, Los Banos, California.



Ladder leading to Parrott's home.

Old Fort Stockton

Dear Sir:

I was introduced to your publications through my niece, Sandra Datshkovsky, who was formerly on your staff, and believe me I've enjoyed every issue. The only trouble is, if I lay a copy down or fail to lock it up in my desk, I have a heck of a time recovering it from my colleagues.

Reader Spackman beside Parrott's home.

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I grew up in Texas and am familiar with many of the events your magazines report on. I remember one night in Fort Stockton the wetbacks working on the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railroad went berserk from too much tequila. When the smoke cleared away, Sheriff Dud Barker and Deputy John Highsmith had twelve or fourteen of them stretched out.

The Rooney brothers controlled the politics in Pecos County. What interesting and colorful men! One was the sheriff, one the local banker, one the county judge, one the tax collector and "Jeemy," the boss, was the head of the Rooney Mercantile Company and the leading merchant in town. They couldn't miss!

I was particularly interested in the Teddy Roosevelt wolf hunting parties described in your August issue. I had never seen a picture of Burk Burnett published before. I worked in the oilfields on two of his ranches, the one in Burkburnett, Texas, and on his 6666 Ranch in the Panhandle. I waded the Canadian River with a Marine Corps locker and all my worldly possessions on my back when I left that last job. I remember standing on the main street corner in the little town of Panhandle and watching the train leave the depot in Amarillo and come into town, a distance of twenty-one miles, and it was never out of sight!—Peyton A. Johnston, 1011 Hillcrest Boulevard, Millbrae, California.

Lawmen Ancestors

Dear Sir,

My grandfather's brothers were early day Oklahoma lawmen. George Garrison, first sheriff of Oklahoma County, was shot and killed in 1907 by a Negro who had escaped from jail. Uncle George and his posse cornered the fugitive in a barn; when George went in to arrest him, the Negro shot him. George Garrison was a big man with dark hair and a black mustache; he always wore a white vest. His picture hangs in the Sheriff's office in the county courthouse in Oklahoma City.

His brother, Thomas Garrison, was sheriff in Montague County at one time. My father told me Thomas was once shot in the neck, but failed to tell me why.

I have heard my father tell that when these boys were growing up in the hills of Arkansas, one of their brothers was killed by one of a bunch of roughnecks. The brothers leaped on their mules, rode out through the hills, hunted the murderer down and killed him.

Their dad (my great-grandfather) was Irish and their mother was one-fourth Cherokee. Probably the combination made them such good tough lawmen.

All the information I could receive on these men would be appreciated.—Jane Garrison Followwill, 2 S.W. 41, Oklahoma City 9, Oklahoma.

Cheyennes Si, Jesse No!

Dear Sir:

I enjoyed my August TRUE WEST except for one article, "Some Notes on Jesse James." I didn't waste the time to read it.

I've been taking TRUE WEST since 1956 and you have had a number of articles on Jesse James, Billy the Kid, and the Dalton Gang. I have read so many articles on these jugheads I have decided never to read another. Why not let sleeping dogs lie?

Now I really enjoyed "Cheyenne Courtship and Marriage." Not that I have any idea of latching onto a pretty Cheyenne

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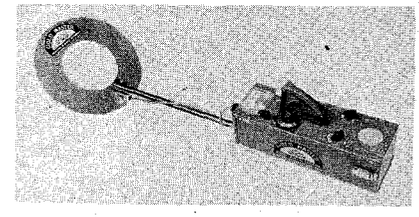

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squaw, but I am very much interested in the old ways and customs of the American Indian, especially the Plains Indians. I would like to see articles on how they made their headdresses, bows and arrows, how they tanned hides, made jerked meat and subjects like that.

Another thing I enjoy about TRUE WEST are the photos you have started putting on the covers. Why not have more pictures of Indians in their old way of dress?—Robert S. Grier, 3529 Trinity Drive, Columbus, Georgia.

Editor's Note: How's this for a cover just like you ordered? (Don't say we don't try to please our readers whenever we can!) You've got an even greater thrill coming when you see the March issue of FRONTIER TIMES and Herman Lehmann's famous and rare autobiography NINE YEARS WITH THE INDIANS. It will appear just as Lehmann wrote it—one of the most exciting and interesting books ever written about the old West—another great feature brought your way by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS.

Early Day Cougar Hunter

Howdy!

I just acquired this old photograph and thought your readers would like to see it. I haven't been able to identify the man in the photograph, however. The cougar was killed in the high timber country near Chelan, Washington. I judge that the photo is slightly less than fifty years old. —Walt Thayer, Wenatchee, Washington.

Editor's Note: Okay, bloodhounds, off on the scent! We'd sure be happy to get some information on this old-time hunter.

That Magazine Has To Be Good!

Dear Joe:

I've been reading TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES since 1957 and have enjoyed every one published so far. To me, your magazines are like an encyclopedia. Last week, I walked into a store

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Seated, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff
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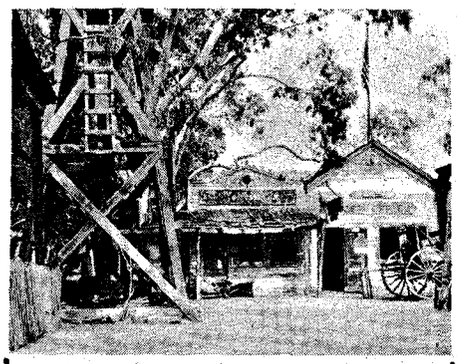

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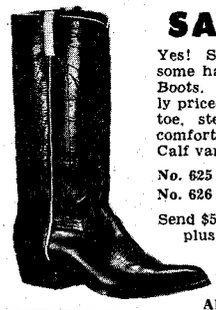

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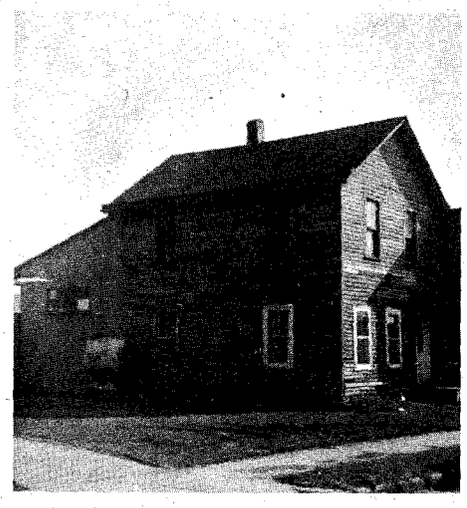
to buy a pack of cigarettes and had only forty-four cents in my pocket. I walked by the bookstand and saw your latest issue of TRUE WEST. I stopped, picked it up, and walked over to the counter and gave the man thirty-five cents and walked out to my car.

When a man sacrifices a pack of cigarettes for a magazine, that magazine has to be good! I believe that all your other readers will agree with me, too.—Harry Runyon, P.O. Box 486, Freedom, California.

John Brown's Treasure?

Sir:

I enjoyed the John Brown story in the June issue. There is an old house here in Davenport, Iowa, which was used from 1857 to 1859 by abolitionists. It was Brown's secret hideaway for escaping Negro slaves. In 1859 Brown left Davenport to attack Harper's Ferry arsenal in Virginia but it was believed locally that he buried a large gold treasure near this house in 1859.—Roy A. Wykoff Jr., 318 East Sixth Street, Davenport, Iowa.



John Brown's house.

The Tornado

(Continued from Page 13)

tain, whose experiences should have taught him better, did not urge us into the cellar.

The noise was like the wail of countless sirens combined into one terrifying din. We shouted to one another yet could not even be heard a few feet away.

We had given up all hope of ever seeing our parents alive again when the twister reared up like a monster and made a gigantic leap, entirely missing our house. Then swooping down, it traveled a few miles before it blew itself out.

As the tornado passed over, the upward draft was so strong that it upended loose boards and sticks of wood, making them dance about as though animated. Straws leaped into the air and performed fantastic antics. Then the rain came—a real "gully washer." In a moment the yard was afloat. The rain pounded against the roof and ran off the eaves in sheets. Over three inches fell in less than ten minutes. The rain that followed the tornado only covered a strip a few miles wide.

As soon as the storm had ceased, we harnessed up a team and drove southwest to inspect the damage and to render such assistance as we could. We came to a place where a two-room frame house had stood. The owner had seen the storm coming and, with his family, had taken refuge in the storm cellar.

The house was completely blown apart and the lumber scattered for miles. The largest piece left intact could have been carried by one man. A new Studebaker wagon, standing in the yard, was also wrecked. The axles and hubs were the only parts left. A hand pump had been pulled a few feet from the well and the pipe bent at right angles as though by a machine. For weeks afterward we found pieces of the wagon, parts of furniture, photographs and clothes strewn over the area for miles around.

It was my first tornado experience—and I hope, my last

Back When

(Continued from page 27)

and gone to Fort Worth so the town was without law enforcement. The city fathers asked me to be their marshal temporarily until they could get a permanent lawman to come in.

For a week I had a bad time. I had to whip several would-be badmen but I had no occasion to shoot at anyone. I made friends—and some enemies, too. One was a big freighter who imbibed a little too much red-eye and started breaking up all the furniture in the Chinaman Cafe. I rushed in and busted a stool over his head. He came to in jail—a little shanty of a place with a common lock on the door.

SOME FRIENDS of the freighter released him and he went back to the saloons. When I saw him, I woke up the hardware store owner and bought two padlocks and two lengths of chain. Then I went to the saloon, but my badman wasn't there. Some shots from the Chinaman Cafe, however, told me where to look.

He was shooting at the Chinaman's feet, making him dance. The poor little guy was nearly fainting with fright.

I landed a punch on the freighter's jaw, knocked the pistol from his hand and dragged him into the street. There I padlocked one chain over his shoulder and under his arms and led him to a lightpole. With the other chain and padlock I "jailed" him right there, telling him he would stay there until he decided to act like a gentleman.

His friends had a big time with him. They threw peanuts at him and laughed and paraded around having a real big time for themselves. I left him there until daylight. When I let him loose, he left town on the run and I never saw him again. I had no trouble after that.

My fight with Brewer never materialized—or did, but unofficially and too soon. We had a run-in and I broke his jaw with my six-gun. I admit he had me whipped until I got in that lick with my gun barrel. I believe he would have killed me. I had to take any advantage I could to save myself.

As it was, I was hurt pretty bad and developed double pulmonary lung trouble and had to be put on the caboose of a cattle train and taken out of that high altitude.

Despite the hard work, cowboying was fun, however. I cannot imagine a better life. To have lived and worked in the West is the greatest heritage a man could have.

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Two Trails

(Continued from page 12)

and knocked the rope off of the horse with his gun.

"Rope another one!" Father yelled.

Every time the friend roped a horse, the Umatilla knocked the rope off. I guess he was afraid to shoot either of them, knowing the other would get him. Or maybe he felt sorry for them and just wanted to protect his property without starting any bad trouble. Pretty soon some other Bannocks got into the corral and the Umatilla had his hands full. Finally father's partner roped a small white horse that had a red rag tied to his tail. (This told everyone who saw it that the horse was a good war horse.) Dad jumped on its back and got out of there as fast as he could. I guess the friend got a horse, too, but I can't say for sure.

WHILE Father was getting the horses, mother was with the women and children who were trying to get to safety in the pine thicket. The horse-takers had started too soon and the Umatillas began chasing the camp-movers right after they

Photo courtesy Idaho Historical Society

Chief Joseph of the Nez Percé.

had started to move. Mother said many women and children were shot off or fell off their horses.

Loose animals were running around and many persons were trampled by them. The Paiutes couldn't handle their horses or stay on them and many of them were killed. Mother was riding a horse and driving another one ahead of her. A large Paiute woman galloping near her was hit; the bullet passed through her body, spewing blood out in a stream in front of her. Mother, with Brave Bird on her back, rode all the harder toward safety.

The Bannocks and their allies disappeared into the thicket where the Umatillas didn't dare follow. When things quieted down, some of the Bannock men moved into an open spot on the other side of the pines, where they could see what the Umatillas were going to do, but keeping the pines between them and the enemy.

Pretty soon, Umapai, the head Umatilla chief, rode near them, walking his horse back and forth, talking all the time. He held his gun muzzle-up, to show them that he wasn't afraid of them. He said that he was sorry that some of the Bannocks and their friends had been killed and that the tribes had had a misunderstanding. He wanted to keep on being friends. If the hostiles would just give back the horses they had taken, the Umatillas would forget the whole thing. Many of our people were crying and were pretty bitter because some of their loved ones had been killed.

A man by the name of *Tu-ma-nu-mon* had had his only horse shot from under him and was plenty angry. He grabbed a gun from someone and was going to shoot Umapai. The Bannocks, feeling sorry for what they had done to the Umatillas, took the gun away from *Tu-ma-nu-mon* before he hurt anyone. Still, they wouldn't give back the horses and the Umatillas finally gave up and went away.

Now, besides having the settlers and the Army after them, the Bannocks had the Umatillas mad at them. They were in trouble and they knew it. They had all heard about Chief Joseph's successful battle with the Army and, thinking the Nez Percè might be willing to help them, began a fast march toward the northeast, hoping to find Joseph near Fort Lapwai. Scouts were put out all around the camp column; with so many enemies, an attack could come from any direction.

Moving toward Lewiston the band had to go through a very high narrow pass. I don't know the name of it, but Mother said it was at least a mile to the bottom, and the trail was narrow. It took them all night to get through the pass. They were afraid to wait until daylight because they feared that someone would catch up with them. Mother had Brave Bird on her back and was leading four pack horses. One of them slipped and fell over the edge. She said that she heard it scream on the way down but she never heard it hit bottom.

A group of fighting men had been left in the rear to protect them from attack. All night long, "announcers" called ever so often to the front and rear guards and to the main column so that everyone would know what was happening. As each household emerged from the pass, it set up a little camp to rest and prepare a meal. Some of the people even put up their tepees because they thought that they were safe.

THE ADVANCE scouts had noticed three low ridges lay to the south of them but they felt that no one could come from that direction without being seen. Just as everyone got relaxed, a troop of soldiers, accompanied by some vengeful Umatillas, came over these ridges, shooting as they rode. (These soldiers had come from Fort Pendleton after they had heard what had happened at the Umatilla camp.)

Caught by surprise, about all our people could do was to fight a delaying action while the women got away with the camp goods. Mother had left Brave Bird propped up against a tree while she and some women went to the edge of the camp to pick berries. In the meantime, the soldiers had attacked and bullets were so thick she couldn't reach the baby. A brave man rode through the stream of lead and brought Brave Bird out to her unharmed.

The warriors held out as long as they could. When a man ran out of bullets, he would leave the fight and join the fleeing camp, which was moving east. I guess the soldiers couldn't keep up with them so our people got away again. Each fight left them with fewer tepees, food, weapons, horses and other things they needed,

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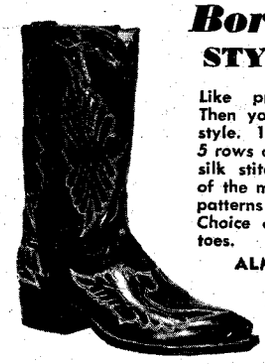

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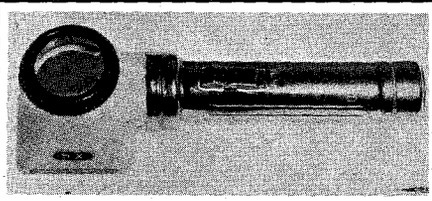

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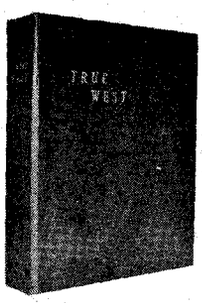

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not to mention the loss of the persons killed. The Bannocks had to keep moving and raiding farms and ranches to replace what they lost.

Near Fort Lapwai, a detachment of soldiers chased them, but the Indians escaped by leaving a rear guard to fight while the rest ran away. They didn't stay long at the Nez Percè camp. Joseph's people were just getting over their long fight with the soldiers and told them that nothing good would come of what they were doing. But the Bannocks were too stubborn to quit; there was always Sitting Bull up in Canada who might help them and turn the tide.

The Bannock war camp, heading southeast, moved over the rough mountain trails of the Bitterroots and through Lolo Pass, another high, narrow trail that frightened my mother. They wanted to go down into Jackson Hole to hunt and rest for a while before going up into Canada to see if Sitting Bull's Sioux would help.

Mother said they had gone through some bad times before, but the trip down through Montana was the worst yet. Many of their people were sick; wounds received in earlier battles began to fester and turn black because they didn't have time to take proper care of them. The sick and wounded had to be carried and were slowing the progress of the camp. They asked to be left behind.

Their friends and relatives placed them among rocks or willows and gave them a little food and water. If they got well before their food ran out, they could try to rejoin the camp. Most of them died; the old people said they supposed enemy Indians found some and killed them. Mother, when telling about this, would shake her head sadly and say, "We had to leave so many!"

IN MONTANA somewhere they had more bad trouble. They had been on the move for days, trying to avoid soldiers, civilian armies and enemy Indians. When they came to a thick wood, the scouts reported no signs of an enemy anywhere. The warriors thought they would be safe for a while so they made a concealed camp and settled down to rest.

Just as things got quiet, a party of soldiers (I don't know where they came from) charged the camp. Our people didn't have a chance. Many of them were killed. The others fled with whatever possessions they could carry.

They ran day and night until they got to the Jackson Hole country, the winter camping ground for many of them in years gone by. One night soon after they arrived, they held what we call a Fear Dance. Maybe ten or twelve fires were built in a large circle around the camp, and the men all dressed and painted for war, traveled from fire to fire dancing and singing war songs. Our people used to do this when things looked pretty bad for them. It helped to give them courage and by doing this, they let each other know they were prepared for a last-ditch stand against whatever might come.

It was while the Fear Dance was going on that two Indians from Fort Hall rode in with a message from the officer in charge there. The dancing stopped and the people listened anxiously to the two scouts. The scouts said the Bannock war camp was to stop fighting and return to the reservation at Fort Hall. The Army wouldn't promise anything. The choice was up to our people: they could either come back and take their punishment or stay out and be hunted by everyone until they were all dead. When the scouts finished speaking they sat quietly on their horses waiting for the Bannocks to make up their minds.

After thinking it over, my father made his first speech to his people. I remember most of it. Here is how it went:

"You all know me. I haven't done anything for you; I have just gone along. I am tired and worn out. I like what has been said. I am tired of running. Tomorrow morning, I am going back. Here's my gun. I give it to whoever wants it. I'm going back!"

"You are like a woman! You want to give up!" someone called out to him.

"I'm no woman," Father replied, "but we're all like women, sitting around, afraid to fight!"

The next day, he and mother began to pack what they had left. Many people gathered around to watch them. As Father would come to something that might be useful to one who was staying, he would hand it to him, saying, "Take this blanket," or, "Take this horse," until he and mother had only a small pack and two horses left.

The folks thought that they would be going back alone, but to their surprise nearly half of the people in the camp packed and were ready to go back with them! Even Grandfather Breaks-Belts, who had stayed through it all, was going back. No one said anything then, but I think that at that time my father began to be looked upon as a leader of his people. As I told you, the people followed the man whose judgment they thought was best.

Of course, some hard-headed Bannocks stayed at Jackson Hole, still thinking that there was a way out. Our people heard very little about them after returning to Fort Hall. Some of the Bannocks made it to the Sioux camp but there were so few of them—and the Sieux were so poor—that we think the Sioux either killed them or drove them away. We gathered, from stories told by other tribes, that many Bannocks were killed before they got to Canada.

THE JOURNEY back to Fort Hall was very slow. Some of the people had to walk and a few were wounded or crippled. The column crossed the Blackfoot River about where the highway crosses it on the south side of the city of Blackfoot. They still had their guns and thought they might need them again, so they wrapped them in blankets and hid them in the willows along the river. When they went back a year later to get them, they were all there.

As the column got close to the Fort, which was on Ross Fork Creek, many of the reservation Indians swarmed out to meet them. The fighters were a pretty sorry looking sight, with their bandages, ragged clothing and skinny horses, but they held their heads high. Once in a while someone among the onlookers would let out a glad cry and rush to throw his arms about a relative. They were all glad to be together once again.

Just as the former hostiles were beginning to feel a little bit at ease, along came a bunch of soldiers with several large wagons. Many of those who had just come from Jackson Hole broke and ran, trying to hide among the reservation Indians. About 200 of the hostiles stood their ground, too proud to run. My parents and grandparents were among these.

Without any ceremony, the soldiers herded them into the wagons. They were packed so tightly that they all had to stand up with no room to move at all. It hurt their pride to have the reservation

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Indians standing around watching them being treated like horses or cattle. Father felt like letting them know how he felt about it.

"You are all looking at us," he said. "We don't care what they do to us! Let them hang us, if they want to!"

All of them, men, women and children, were sentenced to a year in "jail." The jail was a large, open stockade and they were given tents to live in. The folks never had much to say about that year, but I guess it wasn't too bad because they could live as families and they didn't have to work too hard. It was just being penned up and not being able to go about as they pleased that hurt them worst. They let the men out during the day to work and in that way my father's people learned how to use the white man's tools and machinery.

When the folks got out of jail, they looked up the rest of the Boise Indians. These Indians had been smart and had their allotments in the choice farming area along Ross Fork Creek. Father could see that was the only way he could take care of himself and his wife and children, so he took an allotment near his relatives from Captain Jim's band.

He used to say that he had learned to get his living with a bow and arrow, but now he was going to get it with a shovel! I think that this shows pretty well the change that had taken place in his thinking. He often told how they hated to go get their government food allotment of flour, sugar and slab bacon. At first the old-timers wouldn't eat bacon. They said it looked like "elephant meat." Don't ask me how they know what elephant meat looked like!

At certain times of the year, they were bothered by not being able to hunt buffalo or harvest roots. The habits of years were hard to break. For a while, you know, the government wouldn't allow them to put on any of their old dances, but they used to sneak away from the agency and put on good, old-fashioned war dances just for fun. At least on the surface they had to do what the agent told them to do, and to take the various orders handed down from Washington, but inside they kept their pride and got a kick out of getting away with doing something they weren't supposed to do.

These plain undecorated combination leggings and moccasins were used by the Shoshone Indians. A mink belt is also shown.

Photo courtesy Smithsonian Institution

Both of my parents worked hard to make a success out of their new life. They built a nice two-room log cabin on their allotment and planted trees around it. (Those trees are still standing, although the cabin is gone.) Dad raised grain and built a large granary to store it in.

Father didn't like to sell his farm products; he wanted to keep them for himself and his people, but if the agent asked him to sell some, he would. Those old-timers from off of the prairies worked harder at being good farmers than a lot of us second and third generation Indians on the reservation today.

ABOUT A YEAR after the folks got out of jail, the agent called in the chiefs of all the bands and told them that the Commissioner of Indian Affairs wanted representatives of each to meet with him in Washington, D.C., to talk over future plans for the development of the reservation. It was suggested that each chief pick some of his most promising young men to go to Washington. A meeting of the Boise band was held at the Johnny Ballard ranch on Ross Fork Creek and Captain Jim picked his nephew, my father, as one of the delegates.

When father returned from the meeting with the Commissioner, he was more sure than ever that the way of the Indian was going to have to be much like that of the white man if he hoped to survive as an individual and his people as a distinct group. He told about the large and prosperous farms he had seen along the way. He told of the busy cities and the buildings as high as the mountains.

The delegates called a meeting of all the people on the reservation to tell them what the plans for the future were. They said the Indians were going to have to learn to farm and to raise cattle. They were all going to have to build houses on their farms and live in them, rather than in camps. Canals would be built at various places to provide irrigation water.

Many of the people didn't like the sound of Father's words and accused him of telling them things that he wanted for himself, not what the tribe as a whole wanted. The Bannocks still didn't want to settle down. They thought the reservation should just be a place for them to come and stay for a while to draw government rations. They still wanted to roam about. Some said that the white men had no right to dig canals in the earth—to cut into the earth hurt them just as if the white men were cutting furrows in their feet!

Father was now a leading man among his people and the agency officials talked to him a lot and told him what they were planning and what they wanted the Indians to do. When he learned that the government was going to build a canal along the foothills to take water from the Blackfoot River, he gave his farm and all that he had done on it to someone else and took up a new, undeveloped allotment in what is now the Gibson district of the reservation, just south of the city of Blackfoot.

By this time many of his people were watching him to see what he would do because they respected his judgment. When he took his new allotment, many of his band (the Amazon-ige) asked for

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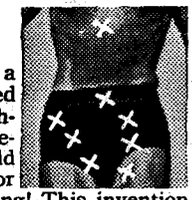

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Picture of Breechcloth and Weetowatsi at the time of their baptism into the Presbyterian Church about 1882.

allotments there too. Today most of the people living in that district are descendants of these Indians.

The government gave the Indians a few cattle so they could make use of land too hilly to farm. Father believed that the cattle owners should run their cattle together, giving control to a few men and permitting them to sell for all when the price was best. The Fort Hall Cattlemen's Association still functions and many of the descendants of the early members have become the wealthiest Indians on the reservation due, partly, to the foresight of their fathers.

I was born after the folks moved to Gibson. I was the fifth child born to them after their release from prison. About that time, an important change came into the lives of my parents. All Indians are very religious. They don't have church meetings every Sunday, in their own religion, but they are always thinking of God and the spirits. Every time they do something, they pray, usually silently, that the Father or some of his spirit creatures will help them succeed. We believe that God is in everything, not just in a church on Sunday.

Miss Amelia J. Frost, a missionary for the Presbyterian Church, came to the reservation and began telling the people about Christ. Father and Mother heard her words and believed that Christianity was good. They entered with all their hearts into church affairs and influenced many of their band to join with them. Father and Miss Frost were close friends and he helped her a lot. He picked out sites for the Presbyterian Church and the Presbyterian Indian cemetery.

My folks put away their old thoughts of war and seldom spoke of the old days. I learned about their experiences in the Bannock War when Indians from other tribes came to visit and my parents talked over old times with them because that was what the visitors wanted to do. Mother did most of the talking. Dad didn't say very much. One thing, though, he always tried to impress on us children was, "Never interfere in other people's affairs. That is one thing I learned from what happened to us in the Bannock War!"

Old Captain Jim, who had been chief of the Boise band for so many years, finally got so feeble that he wasn't much good as a leader. At his suggestion, his band had a meeting and selected my father to be their chief. He later served as a judge in the Tribal Court, a legal system adopted from the white men after reservation days. In this way, Indians could judge and punish their own people for minor infractions of the white man's law.

After I became a young man, I got a job as an actor in cowboy and Indian movies in the early days of the movie industry. My family would often come and camp when we were on location and I think they got a big kick out of the white man's idea of what an Indian war was like.

In later years, Father became deaf and blind. He just lost interest in everything. He didn't enjoy church anymore, so he quit going. When he dropped out, most of the other people did too and the church ceased to exist. He had never given up his Indian religious beliefs because he believed that both the old beliefs and Christianity were good. As he grew older, though, we could tell that his thoughts were turning back to the old days and I think he got more comfort from the ancient Shoshone religion.

MY MOTHER and father led full and useful lives. They had known the roaming life of our people before the settlers came and they knew what it was like to have to learn an entirely different way of life. It wasn't easy, but they were proud, sensible people and did the best they could. They fought, as any men and women would, to keep their home as they wanted it but they fought just as hard to make a new life for their children and their children's children.

Dad died January 6, 1945. We dressed him in his best buckskin suit, which he loved so well, and buried him in the cemetery he himself had chosen when he was a young and vigorous man. Many people, both Indian and white, came to say goodby. His war bonnet was left to me, and I am wearing it in the picture I have given you to put with the story.

Mother died two years before my father. I am very proud to have had such a woman for a mother. She was gentle and kind but she also possessed the strength and courage to fight alongside

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her husband for a cause in which they both believed.

Yes, the old days are gone and we will never see them again. Gone, too, are the strong men and women who helped make our nation what it is today. I think that America can be proud to call them her children.

Bedbugs, Bicycles and a Haunted House

(Continued from page 47)

mattress and immediately fell asleep for three hours, awakening with the family cat on my face. I got up, thanked the good people and took off without waiting to be invited to breakfast.

Toward noon I found I was very tired, hungry and *lost!* To get on the right road I had to go out of my way to a ranch house to ask for proper directions. I had missed my breakfast and dinner but I felt I would throw up any food except honey. I had a craving for it and asked for some but they did not have any. So I had to keep going.

I took advantage of every downhill slope to coast, even though it was unknown country and the bicycle had no brakes. One hill I will never forget. I started sailing down the grade, enjoying the rest. By the time I got to the bottom I was going so fast I could not stop. But what I thought was the bottom was only a curve to the right and the real hill was only just starting.

All I could do was hold on and pray. No one knew where I was. If I got hurt going down that hill I would probably lie for days before anybody found me or my body. Probably the buzzards would have my bones stripped. I thought of this as I flew down the hill. Several times I bounced a foot or two off the seat but managed to keep upright and finally made it.

I coasted halfway up the hill on the other side, then got off and pushed the bike up to the top. Here I sat down to rest but a couple hundred wild cattle began collecting around me. They were coming from every direction, all headed my way. A boy on a bicycle was something they had never seen before. Two immense bulls led the attack, bellowing and pawing up the dirt.

Something told me to ring the jingling bell on the handle bars. I did this vigorously, and *presto!*—as if by magic those wild animals threw their tails in the air, whirled around and disappeared into the brush! That bell had scared the daylights out of them. I did not wait to see how far they would run; in just a very few minutes I was a long way from there!

During the afternoon I stopped at two or three more ranch houses and asked for honey but nobody had any. Just as the sun was going down I made it into a small town called Johnson City. I was so tired I was sick. I was hungry but could not eat anything. I found a hotel and collapsed. The landlady was very kind and said she knew just what to do for me. She said one of her sons had overworked himself branding calves just a few days before and was in the same shape I was. She put me to bed and gave me an eggnog and said to take a sip every few minutes until it was all gone and then go to sleep. I did this and next morning was able to get up, eat a good breakfast and take off for home.

I had to spend one more night in a farm house beside the road before I got to Fredericksburg. Traveling was slow because there was deep sand and I had to walk through it pushing the bike. When I got to Fredericksburg I bought a stick of graphite and greased the chain. It was dry and the bike was pulling hard. It pedaled much easier and I made the remaining eleven miles in good shape. I really surprised my folks.

AFTER three days at home I started back to San Marcos, taking the direct route this time. My mother and grandmother Anderson accompanied me for the first twelve miles in our buggy. I had learned to stick the toe of my shoe in the front fork and press down on the tire; it made a good brake. At one river crossing, I exerted too much pressure and locked the front wheel. The bike and I turned a complete somersault in the air, right in front of my folks. I came out with a few minor bruises and the bicycle had to have a few bent parts straightened out.

After a lunch with my mother and grandmother I made it to Blanco City all right. I stayed the night at a hotel and next morning dismantled my bike and loaded it on a mail hack, a two-seated, two-horse affair, and rode the rest of the way to San Marcos in style. I was told there were some very bad hills between the two towns and it would be very dangerous to try it on a bicycle without brakes.

When I got to San Marcos, I sublet a room from a couple who were renting a house. About three weeks after I came back, I returned to my room one afternoon and found the house empty. My few belongings were still in my room but the man and wife I was renting from were gone. This was funny business so I inquired around to see what the trouble was. I was told that the house was supposed to be haunted; as soon as these two people found it out, they took off like a shot.

Well, there I was, having to sleep all by myself in a haunted house. This I did for the next three nights. The third night, it was close to twelve o'clock when I got back to the house. Oh, boy! The third night and midnight, too! That's the worst possible combination for a haunted house. I tried to assure myself that no such thing as a ghost existed, but I did not go in the front door. I made a flanking attack and came up to the house from the rear. I picked up four or five rocks about the size of my fist and crawled up some lattice work onto the back porch. From there I tiptoed into the kitchen and then, very quietly, into the dining room. My heart was pounding but otherwise I was not making a sound. In the hall I stood still for a few minutes. BANG! One of the loudest noises I have ever heard rang out. For a second my hair actually stood on end! Then I realized I had dropped one of my rocks I had been carrying. I waited a few minutes trying to calm myself, deciding that if the good Lord would let me live until morning I would move.

I made it to the top of the stairs, opened the door to my room, locked it, looked under the bed, crawled in, pulled the cover up around my head and went to sleep. The next morning I moved—all the way back home. I had had all of San Marcos I could take. Just trying to live there was too hazardous.

I had not finished the business college course, but I had the rudiments of what they taught—double-entry bookkeeping, etc., and my association while there with Professor McGee, who was a very fine man, had made my stay more than worthwhile.

I should add that San Marcos has grown and improved a great deal during the past fifty years and is now one of the finest cities in Texas.

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

RANGE LIFE

Trans-Missouri Stock Raising by Dr. H. Latham is a cattle item tough to lay your hands on. Old Bookaroo Jeff C. Dykes has the only privately owned copy known and only a few more are in the libraries. If we hurry, we can now buy a reprint of this rare and interesting book for $10. Only 999 were printed.

A triumvirate of top western bookmen cooperated in making available this extraordinary first book on the early western cattle trade. Dyke's rare copy provided the source material. He also wrote the introduction. Fred A. Rosenstock of The Old West Publishing Company published the book, and our amigo typographer, Carl Hertzog, printed it. Also there are two superior western illustrations by E. M. Schiwetz.

Re-issue of this scarce book is a singular publishing accomplishment and will help cattle book collectors with a badly needed item.

John Clay was one of the honorable patriarchs of the early range cattle trade and his book, *My Life on the Range*, printed in 1924, is one of the classics of range life. The book, long out of print, was recently published in limited edition. This current reprint by the Oklahoma University Press, priced at $5.95, has an excellent introduction by our good friend Don Orndurff, editor of the Hereford Journal.

A well-educated, farm-reared Scottish lad, Clay helped pioneer British cattle interests in Canada, California, Wyoming, and Montana. His book contains the best resume ever developed about British cattle ranching in America. This pleasantly written solid foundation history is delightful to read.

GREAT COWBOY ARTIST

Lola Shelton's "fictionized" biography *Charles Marion Russell, Cowboy, Artist, Friend* (Dodd, Mead & Co., $4) has a ring of authenticity matched by few authors who have written about Montana's famous artist. The daughter of a Montana homesteader and a school teacher in the Judith Basin country, Mrs.

"And just who bet the mule that he could fill an inside straight?"

Shelton knows Russell's old stamping ground and her interviews wth some of the old-timers who were his friends have brought to light numerous bits of hitherto unpublished incidents of his life. The few errors in the book deal mainly with publications the artist is mistakenly credited with illustrating but these are not important. The book is embellished with forty Russell illustrations, four of them in full color, from the files of the Historical Society of Montana. Even without these, it would be a must for all collectors of Russellana. Recommended.

COWBOY HUMORIST

Will Rogers has become our modern folk-hero, a poor boy who became a famous rich man and proved that Horatio Alger was the symbol of American opportunity, not just an emblem of hope in fiction. The latest book about the Oklahoma wit and philosopher is *Will Rogers, A Biography* (David McKay, $5.95) by Donald Day.

This is another one of the good Western books of 1962.

REBEL RIVER

Harry Sinclair Drago has counted coup handsomely with his new book *Red River Valley* (Clarkson N. Potter, $5.50). For generations a lot of historians and fiction writers have pecked away at the Red River story but it took Drago to give us a key job on the old rebel river. He has also united the history of the upper and lower Red River, two areas long divided because of major geographical, social and economic differences.

In the upper river basin, horseback Indians built their economy around the buffalo and later Longhorn trail herds from Texas moved over the Red into Indian Territory and northward. Then came the ranching era followed by dry farming and oil.

The author is at his best when he describes the Longhorn herds that forded the Red northbound to grass and markets. The river was a dreaded barrier that trail drivers wanted behind them. Herds often were backed up for forty miles waiting for the flooding river to lower and provide a safer fording. Stampeding herds often ran together during these waits and made extra days of hard sweaty work while the different owners' cattle were being separated and tallied. This is one of the top Western books of the year.

WESTERN RAILROADS

American railway building was a fabulous achievement and the story of the Union Pacific, the first transcontinental railroad, continues to fascinate readers.

The Great Iron Trail (Putnam, $6.50) by Robert West Howard is the latest book about the U. P.'s great Iron Horse. Aside from telling the dramatic details of U. P. Railroad building, the book is good foundation history of the area from Omaha

TRUE WESTERN BOOKS

(Some of the fact books published by Frontier and in print)

1951—"The Houston Story" by Bartholomew, 240 pp, cloth. ..... $ 3.00
1951—"Life & Adv. of Sam Bass" by Hogg, 92 pp, photos. 1.50
1952—"N. H. Rose Photo Collection CATALOG" (Compiler, Bartholomew). 1.00
1952—"Steer Branded Murder" by Scobee, 64 pp, very limited, cloth. 3.50
1953—"Wild Bill Longley, Texas Hard-Case" by Bartholomew, photos. 2.00
1954—"Life of Billy The Kid" by Pat Garrett, photos, cloth. 3.00
1953—"Kill or Be Killed" by Bartholomew, photos cloth. 3.00
1954—"Cherokee Bill, Oklahoma Outlaw" by Harman, photos. 1.50
1954—"Belle Starr, Female Desperado" by Harman, photos. 1.50
1954—"Clay Allison of The Washita" by Clark, photos. 1.25
1954—"Cullen Baker, Premier Texas Gunfighter" by Bartholomew, cloth. 3.00
1954—"Life and Adv. of Ben Thompson, Famous Texan" by Walton, cloth. 4.00
1955—"Story of Cole Younger" by Himself, photos, cloth. 3.00
1955—"Robert McKimie, Little Reddy From Texas" by Bridwell, photos. 1.50
1955—"Jesse Evans, A Texas Hide-Burner" by Bartholomew, photos, cloth. 2.50
1955—"A Bibliography of Texas" by C. W. Raines, gilt cloth, slipcase. 10.00
1956—"The Texas Vendetta, or, The Sutton-Taylor Feud" by Rose, cloth. 2.50
1958—"Biographical Album of Western Gunfighters" by Bartholomew. 17.50
1958—"Buffalo Bill's Life" Anon. 32 pp, photos. ..... .75
1958—"Killing of Billy The Kid" by John W. Poe, 32 pp, photos. 1.00
1958—"Lost Gold Mines" by Michelson, 32 pp, photos. 1.00
1958—"Man Killers At Close Range" by Michelson, 32 pp. 1.00
1958—"Gentleman George Ives, Montana Outlaw" Anon. 32 pp. 1.00
1959—"Famous Gunfighters of the Western Frontier" by Bat Masterson, cloth, many photos, reduced to close out. 3.00
1960—"A Texas Ranger" by Jennings (himself), 321 pp, cloth. 4.00
1960—"Western Hard-Cases, or Gunfighters Named Smith" by Bartholomew, cloth. .. 3.50
1960—"Billy The Kid, And The Old Regime in Southwest" by Hyde, 32 pp. 1.50
1960—"Henry Plummer, Montana Outlaw Boss" comp. by Bartholomew, 48 pp. 1.50
1961—"Western Treasures, Lost & Found" by Rascoe, 128 pp. 2.00
1962—"4000 Civil War Battles" by Carnahan, 128 pp. 2.00
1962—"1000 Old Arizona Mines" by Hinton, 128 pp. 2.00
1962—"California Golden Treasures" by Peters, 160 pp. 3.00
1962—"The Golden Crescent, Southwest Treasure Belt" by Rascoe, 160 pp. 3.00
1962—"Treasure Album of Pancho Villa" by Rascoe, 96 photos, 128 pp. 2.00
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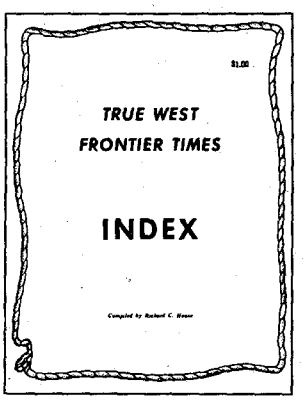
TRUE WEST FRONTIER TIMES INDEX



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to Sacramento. Part of the time the U. P. followed the trails of mountain men, the Mormons, the homeseekers to Oregon and gold seekers to California. U. P. rails wound through the land of the wild Sioux, Cheyenne, Shoshones, Piutes and tribes in California's great valley. Indians troubled the railroaders during construction—they often robbed, killed and scalped the workers.

Engineers found the easiest grades across the Great Plains, but the road bed was more costly and difficult to construct over Sherman Pass, across the Red Desert, down Echo and Weber Canyons and finally to great Salt Lake and on to Promontory Point where rails joined those of the Central Pacific to Sacramento, California.

Intermountain Railroads—Standards and Narrow Gauge (Caxton, $5) by Merrill D. Beale deals primarily with the history of the Utah and Northern railroad. Although the story of this narrow gauge railroad is well established as a tri-state tradition, this is the first recorded telling in book form. Ample source material has existed in Salt Lake City, Ogden, Boise, Butte and Deer Lodge, but no one had delved into the accounts until Dr. Beal became interested in the subject. We recommend this as a reference text for railroad buffs.

It is said to have been about two o'clock on the afternoon of November 15, 1806, that Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike first brought the mountain that bears his name into focus with his telescope. Pike could never have guessed that one day a cog railroad would transport thousands yearly from Manitou to the summit house on top of the 14,000 foot high mountain.

The story of the cog road is given excellent treatment by Frank R. Hollenback and William Russell, Jr. in their well illustrated brochure—*Pikes Peak by Rail,* (Sage Books, $5).

BRANCH AND DOBIE

Among the latest from the University of Nebraska Press is *The Hunting of the Buffalo* ($1.40) by E. Douglas Branch. Written first as his doctor's thesis, Branch developed a dramatic account of the use and near extermination of the American bison. He combed the popular literature for data, but knowing nothing about buffaloes was unable to make constructive interpretations of the material he read, hence his major errors are primarily those made by the ones from whom he obtained his information. There was a great mass of reliable scientific facts available from notable Great Plains biologists which would have been a great improvement over many of the borrowed hand-me-down traditions he used.

The shiny spot in the Nebraska reprint is the brilliant introduction by J. Frank Dobie entitled *E. Douglas Branch, Singularismo.* Branch was one of J. Frank's students. His seesaw career is vividly described in the introduction. Branch, a bitter nonconformist, probably had the same burning genius within him that made Jack London great.

WESTERN LIT

Black Hills Booktrails (Dakota Books and Pictures, 420 West McCabe, Mitchell, South Dakota, $5) is by J. Leonard Jennewein, scholar and bookman. This is more than a bibliography—it is virtually a history of the Black Hills since the 322 items described and annotated are arranged chronologically under appropriate headings. Jennewein borrowed one such heading, BC (Before Custer), from Leland Case for the books dealing with the history of the Hills prior to the Custer expedition of 1874. Case, former South Dakota newspaper man, organizer of many corrals of THE WESTERNERS, and now editor of *Together,* wrote the brief foreword. This book is excellent either for reading or reference. There are some good illustrations and a complete index of authors and titles. The edition is limited to 500 copies—it will soon be a collector's "want."

Legends and Tales of the Old West (Doubleday & Co., $4.50) is a big book containing sixty tall tales, legends and historical short stories by the members of the Western Writers of America. It was edited by S. Omar Barker, a past president of WWA. The contents have been divided into eight sections by editor Barker and this permits the sorting of the tales by more or less related subject matter. "Outlaws, Gunmen and Gamblers" for example, includes two tales about Joaquin Murieta, one on Black Bart, one on Jesse James, plus yarns about Tom Horn, King Fisher, Luke Short and Bat Masterson. Noel Loomis, Mari Sandoz, Homer Croy, Agnes Wright Spring, Frank Robertson, Bill Cox, and editor Barker are among the better known members of the WWA represented in this entertaining collection.

Attack on the Piegans

(Continued from page 45)

camp was Mountain Chief's and that he protested when he realized his mistake. At any rate, after a secret night's march, the troops came upon an Indian village on January 23, and advanced to surround it.

In 1932 when I interviewed the late Mrs. George Croft, Sr., a grand-daughter of Heavy Runner, she related the following account of the massacre. Mrs. Croft's mother, Mrs. Hiram Upham (Spear Woman) was a child at the time but her memory was keen as to the wanton killings and she narrowly escaped the fate meted out to others.

"Heavy Runner, a wealthy and influential Piegan chief, approached the command. He had been friendly with the white settlers and traders and calmly walked toward them holding in his upraised hand of friendship his credentials attesting to his loyalty to the government. He was unarmed.

"As he neared them, a private, said to have been Joe Cobelle, raised his rifle and sent a bullet into the heart of Heavy Runner. The chief pressed his arms together over his breast and sank to the ground, dead. Then followed the charge and massacre of 173 helpless old men, women and children, and the wounding of 20 others."

It was charged that Colonel Baker was under the influence of liquor and unable to direct his command. Mountain Chief and his band were camped farther down the Marias. Colonel Baker was unable to decide whether to proceed to that camp or not, and no subordinate cared to take the responsibility of a second attack. The troops bivouacked for the night and when they finally reached the site of Mountain Chief's camp, he and his followers had disappeared.

Spear Woman said:

"Early one morning before dawn, while the braves and hunters were on an expedition, the camp was aroused by barking dogs and word was brought to Heavy Runner that soldiers were approaching.

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"The camp burst in excitement and those who gathered in her father's lodge were almost overcome with fright. Heavy Runner told them to be quiet. There should be no fear. Was he not friendly with the whites? He would go and meet them. There would be no trouble. Heavy Runner walked toward the soldiers with his 'name paper' and a greeting. Then he was shot.

"Within a few minutes soldiers were everywhere killing right and left, while the panic-stricken, defenseless creatures went helter-skelter in desperation. Little Spear Woman rushed into a tepee in which there were about a dozen others sick and dying. She hid under a Blackfeet backrest on one of the beds. When she had been there but a few minutes she saw the side of the tepee slit with a knife and a soldier stick his head and shoulders through the opening. He saw the prostrate Indians and when one would move he would fire into the body."

THE FRIGHTENED little Indian girl lay still, watching the soldier. Finally he departed. Spear Woman was too thoroughly frightened to move and for hour on hour she lay behind the backrest while screams, shots and curses filled the air. Gradually the noise died down. How long she lay there she could not remember.

Finally she emerged from the lodge. To her surprise she was met by an elderly uncle. Then her mother was located with three of the children, which she had been able to protect from the attackers. The soldiers had departed. The mother knew she could not remain in the camp with her children. She decided she would take her brood, the youngest an infant, to Fort Benton.

With scant provisions, Spear Woman, her mother and the three other children took the trail on foot. The column of soldiers had left a well-beaten trail in the snow and the little group lived on bacon and hardtack the soldiers had thrown away at their various camps.

After several days of painful travel, the party neared the site of Fort Benton. On one occasion sounds were heard and the mother left the infant son with one of the daughters and proceeded to investigate. When she was assured there was no danger ahead, she returned to the children, but the baby was dead.

After what seemed many lifetimes the brave Indian mother and her three remaining children reached the brow of the hill overlooking Fort Benton. At times the mother would proceed only a few feet at a time, both because she was practically unable to continue and because she feared to go closer to the white man's camp. Eventually Indian eyes discovered them and the refugees were taken to the Piegan encampment.

It is significant that Joe Kipp, who was often blamed for the tragedy, later married an older sister of Spear Woman, Double Strike. Spear Woman married a white man, Hiram Upham, who became the first clerk and recorder in Cascade County.

At the time of the interview with Mrs. Croft in 1932, a man known as Dick Kipp lived at Browning, Montana. His real name was Heavy Runner, the same as his father's. He was called Dick Kipp by the whites because he lived with his sister and brother-in-law, Joe Kipp. For many years he endeavored to obtain from the government some restitution for the unwarranted killing of his father, the loss of his father's wealth, and the restoration of what he believed to be his rightful inheritance. I do not believe he was ever successful.

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Two Men for Twenty Horses

(Continued from page 31)

whiskey and trinkets that would please Indian squaws. As long as their liquor lasted, they reveled in drunken debauchery.

When the spring thaw came the unlucky Adams tried again. With the men who had stayed with him and a few free trappers who had also wintered at Tullock's Fort, he started for the headwaters of Powder River. After a few day's travel, their jaded horses, weak from a winter's diet of willow twigs and cottonwood bark, gave out and they were forced to call a halt. They stopped by an open meadow where the grass was beginning to show green and turned their animals loose to graze.

It had been several days since their scouts had seen tracks, smoke or Indian sign of any kind so they took few precautions in setting up camp. Their fire was hardly lit when, to their surprise, two tall Arickara warriors walked boldly into camp. They were frank, friendly fellows but Adams did not trust them. He had them seized and bound securely, then hurried off to drive in their horses. Here, much to their sorrow, the trappers found their suspicions justified. Their horses were gone. A hurried check showed that the animals had been driven off by a large band of Indians who had evidently been following the trappers for several days.

"Get back to camp," Adams yelled, "before they steal everything we've got!"

WHEN THEY reached camp the trappers, furious over their losses, beat their captives until their howls of pain brought the rest of the Arickara band back, riding on the stolen horses. The Indian braves stopped a short distance away.

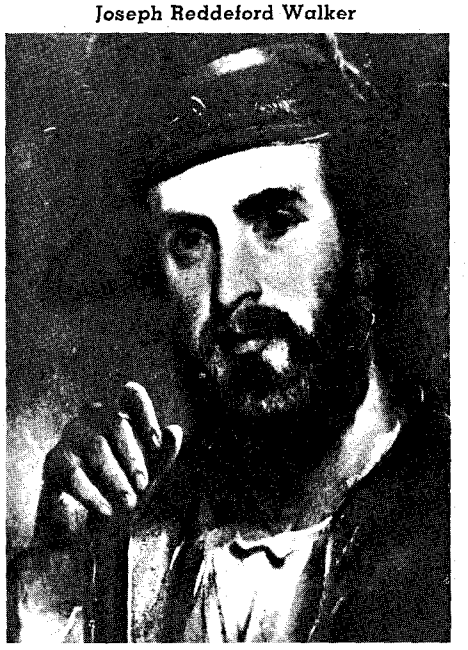
"Tie the Indians to a tree," Adams ordered, "maybe we can trade two men for twenty horses."

With a trapper who acted as interpreter, Adams walked out to meet the chief and two of his warriors. After a long parley, the Indians offered to trade one horse for each captive. Adams refused.

"The horses are mine," he said sternly. "They must all be returned."

"We will give two horses for each man," the chief grunted after a long silence.

Joseph Reddeford Walker



Nathaniel J. Wyeth

"You will return all the horses," Adams said furiously, "or your brothers will be tied to a tree and burned to death!"

The redmen jabbered among themselves for a few minutes. Then, without a word, they turned and walked back to the rest of their band.

"They don't think our captives are worth more'n four horses," the trapper told Adams as they returned to their camp.

Fear quivered in the Indian prisoners' eyes as logs and brush were piled around them. When Adams brought a burning stick from the fire, they frantically redoubled their efforts to free themselves. One did manage to break his bonds, but was immediately clubbed to the ground by a trapper's rifle butt. Before he recovered his senses, he was dragged back and again tied to the tree.

As another faggot was brought from the fire the unhappy warriors howled in horror, pleading with their erstwhile friends to save them from death. Their cries were of no avail. The Indians outside the camp wailed loudly and promised the great sacrifice would be remembered forever around the campfires of their tribes, but they would not give up the horses.

"We are sad, our hearts are full, but we have done all we can. We have offered four horses for your lives, but our offer was refused. What more can we do?" the chief lamented as they rode away and left them to their fate.

When the captives realized they had been abandoned, a change came over their faces. They drew themselves up, raised their eyes to the skies and, as the flames grew higher, began their death chant.

When the fire had burned itself out, Adams gazed in horror at the charred bodies. "And we call them savages," he said shaking his head.

With the horses gone, Adams' men could not go on trapping. They took what they could carry and made their way to a stream, built rough log boats and floated down to a trading post. Some of the men made their way back to the settlements; others hired out to traders who outfitted them and sent them back to the mountains. Adams joined a party of Jim Bridger's trappers and, with them, made

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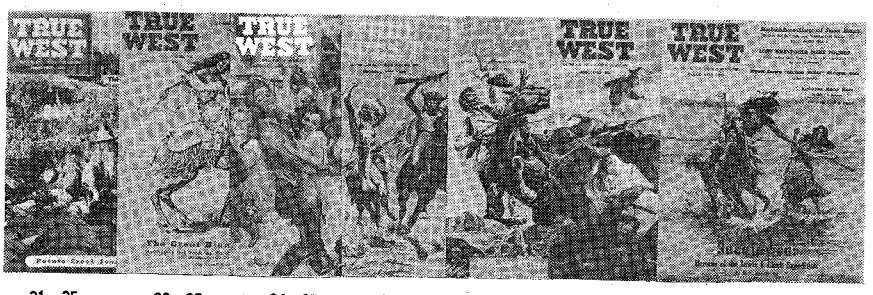

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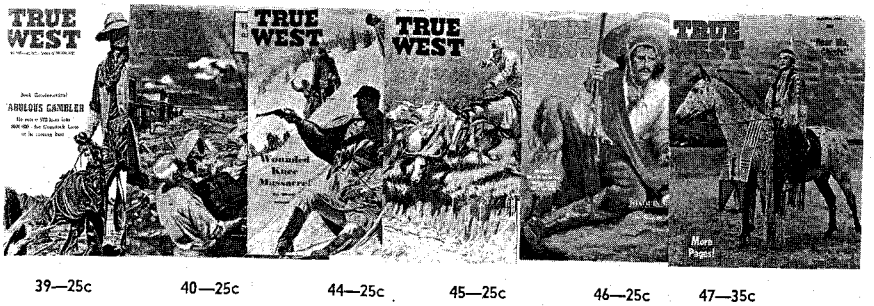

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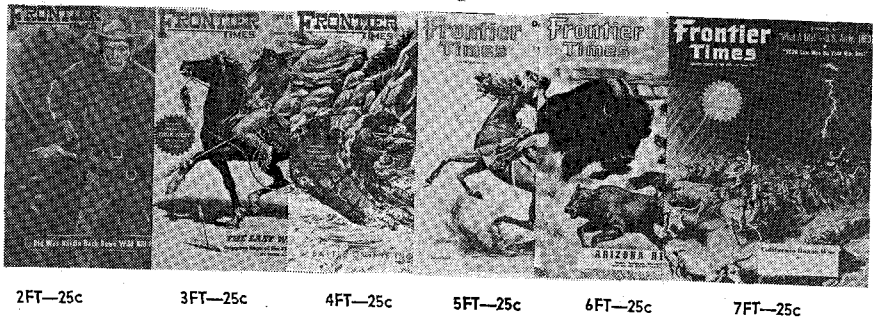

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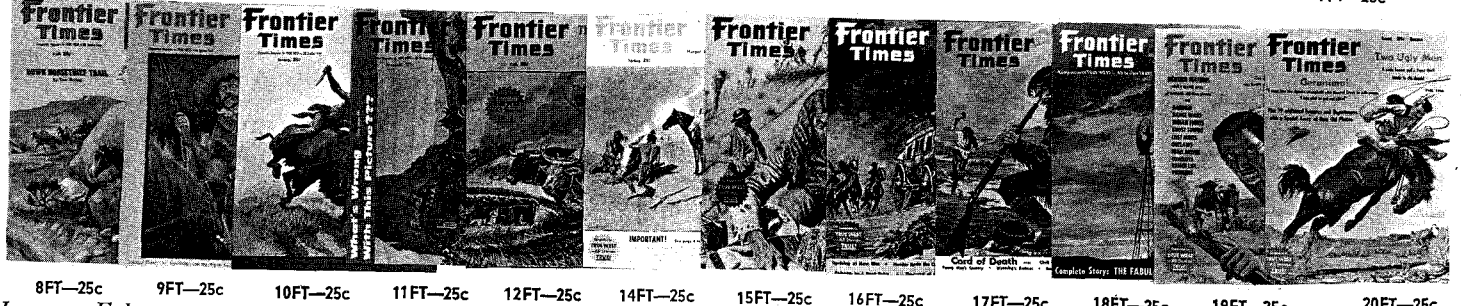

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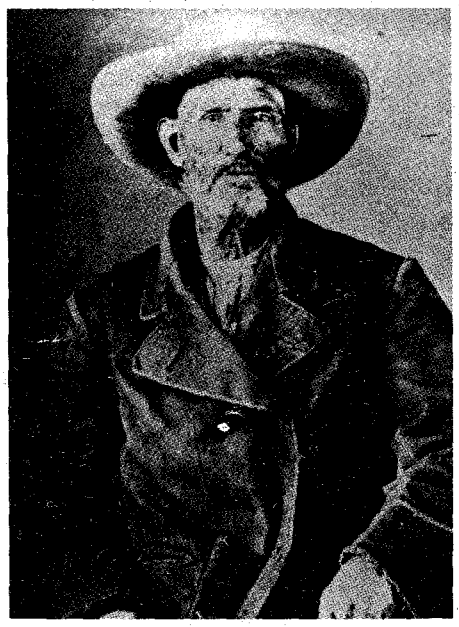


Jim Bridger, trapper and mountain man.

his way back to the Green River Valley and the great rendezvous of 1833.

To the hardy trappers, the rendezvous was the big event of the year. It was their vacation, and they made the most of it. They visited on friendly terms with men they had, for a year, been trying to out-trap, out-wit, and out-trade. They good-naturedly tried to out-fight, out-run, and out-lie each other. They drank, sang and laughed together.

Everyone had a hilarious time—everyone except David Adams. He had the unpleasant task of telling Bonneville that horses, men and equipment had been lost and there was nothing to show for a year's work.

After the rendezvous Adams stayed on for awhile in the mountains but hard luck was his constant companion. Finally he went back to the settlements and the monotony of a quiet existence. But for the rest of his life the high-pitched death chant rang in his ears and he had only to close his eyes to see the charred bodies of the men he had murdered lying at the base of a tree.

Tom Mix: Frontier Lawman

(Continued from Page 43)

hazardous scenes, which attracted immediate attention among screen critics. Press agents learned that Tom had led a life of adventure equal to Buffalo Bill's and the ballyhoo that is typical of show business spread across the nation.

Tom Mix and his wonder horse, Tony, rode to world-wide fame. Tom became the top actor of his day and later made a fortune touring the country with the Sells Floto Circus.

During the 1930s, he journeyed the sawdust trail with his own circus and Wild West show. But the venture was ill-fated, finally "busting" in 1938. Ever restless, Tom made a tour of Europe in 1940. After returning, he hired on with Cole Brothers Circus as advance agent. Then, on October 12, 1940, Tom made his last ride. He was fatally injured in an auto accident just outside Florence, Arizona.

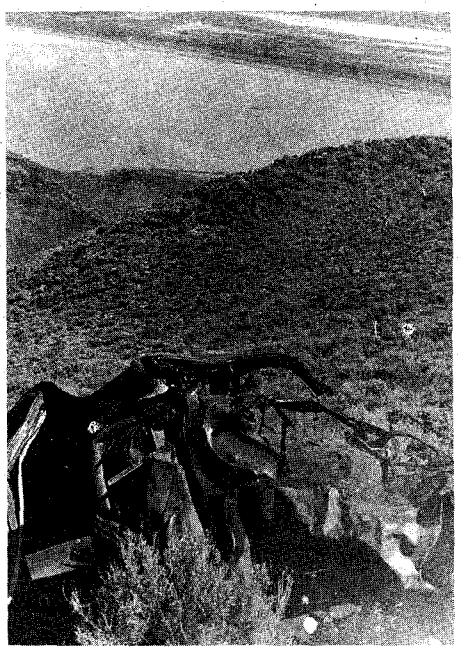
Tom Mix was a great actor and showman. He was also a good lawman who knew how to handle himself in tough situations. The West can be proud to claim him.

Desert Mountain

(Continued from Page 21)

horns and the last of the rimrock herds died on Hart Mountain about the turn of the century. In the deathly silent canyons of the great rim only the crude petroglyphs remained to tell the story of these animals to the lonely hunters, trappers, buckaroos and biscuit riders who happened along. Finally the right person heard.

In 1936, this rimrock area was included in Hart Mountain National Wildlife Refuge. Twenty-three bighorns were brought in from Montana and released in a canyon. Unfortunately, these were Rocky Mountain bighorns, not the desert bighorn which belonged here. The flock soon disappeared. In 1954, the Oregon Game Commission and the Fish and Wildlife Service imported twenty bighorns from Canada, a gift of the British Columbia Game Commission. These were rimrock bighorns, the exact sub-species which had inhabited Hart Mountain when the petroglyphs were chipped out.



Some cars don't make it across the rough terrain.

The old ram, his twelve ewes and seven lambs were sheltered in Juniper Canyon until the herd built up to sixty sheep. Then a third of them were driven out to survive on their own, on the great rim. They are doing well. They clatter along the narrow ledges, or sweep out of sight under overhanging bluffs, and the clash of fighting horns often echoes through the canyons. But the red hunters will never return to the stone blinds over the game trails.

IN 1866, General Crook established an outpost high in the only patch of pine on Hart Mountain. At the upper end of Post Meadows, a neat row of crumbling fireplaces indicates the place where barracks stories were told. Carved in the soft volcanic ash, deep in hostile Indian territory, is a fading signature:

CORPORAL KEOUGH
1866

It's not a very fancy bulletin board, but it tells the story. The history of Hart Mountain isn't written any other way (even the mountain's name is a misspell-

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ing, meant to describe the heart-shaped branding iron of an early rancher). The overwhelming solitude of this desert mountain compels men to leave some kind of record, some assurance against nonentity.

Rock cairns built by sheepherders are monuments to loneliness. One aspen tree was inscribed with shamrocks, angels and harps by a homesick herder. Another shepherd, a long time ago, expressed his sentiments with this poem carved on an aspen tree:

Iv summered in the Tropics
With the yellow fever chill
Wintered in the Arctic
Had every ake an ill
Shanghyd on a whaler
Stranded in the deep
But I never knew what
Misery was
Till I started Herding Sheep

An old aspen that shades an abandoned cabin still bears this message:

2/18/21
Me & Lucy gone to
De Garmo Creek
Bill

The Epitaph Tree refers to a mystery involving precious gems and death.

1915
GEO RAYE
THE MISSING
NIGGER

More than forty-five years ago, a Negro sheepherder found fire opals on Hart Mountain. He didn't file a mining claim but depended on the remoteness of the mountain to guard his secret. Legend tells how he lavished gems on his lady friend in Reno each year when he brought the sheep down to be sheared. No one knows what happened, but one winter the sheep were found scattered and drifting. The herder was never seen again. What happened to him? What happened to the beautiful fire opals which brought him bad luck? Who knows? They still talk about it at the Tin Shack, a small cabin at the edge of the pines near Post Meadows.

There's no lock on the door; a scrawled sign offers the hospitality of the shack, its bed, grub and the warmth of its stove. But it states rather bluntly that the dishes had better be "did." Ranchers stock this cabin with groceries for their herders and buckaroos. It's a good place to match wits with an Irish sheepherder or to share a pot of coffee with a stranger.

One stranger casually inquired about the ruins of old Fort Warner. After being directed to a spot a few hundred yards behind Tin Shack, he said he'd like to dig around a bit. He wasn't joking about the digging business. For several hours he was seen uprooting soil from under the hearth of each fireplace. Finally he left, hurriedly, without so much as an adios.

His behavior aroused the curiosity of a trapper who was camped there. He walked across the old, sage-grown parade grounds to the ruins. Beside the last hearth the stranger had dug out was the rusted shell of an iron kettle.

No one will ever know exactly what was in it but the trapper swears the inside was rusted in a curious, dappled pattern of coin-sized rings.

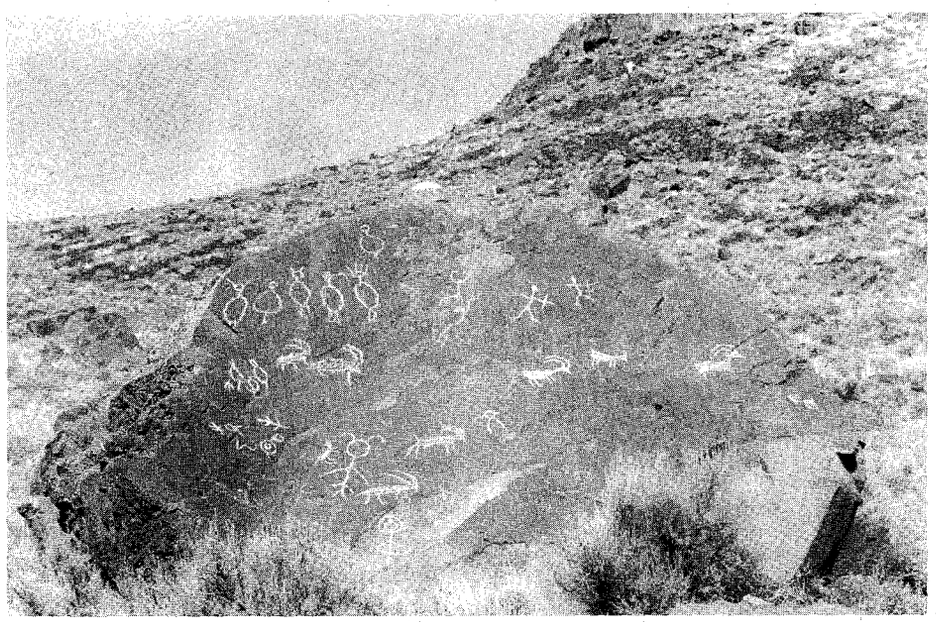
HE'LL TELL you about an army payroll robbery that happened during the Indian wars. It's far-fetched. The incident occurred a dozen years before Camp Warner was established. An army escort of twelve troopers left Fort Hall in Idaho for Fort Bidwell in the northeast corner of California. Somewhere between these points the detachment and $50,000 they were guarding disappeared completely. No trace of the troopers or gold coin has ever been found. Was it an Indian massacre? Or did the troopers desert? It remains a mystery to this day.

The old trapper believes the stranger was a treasure hunter and that somehow the hearths, the rusted kettle's contents and the fate of the troopers and their gold are connected.

From this patch of timber a visitor can look eastward to sprawling Steens Mountain. Between is a rugged, seldom-visited wasteland of brush, scattered juniper on broken ridges, raw canyons and powdery white, dry lake beds. It's so hot there in the summertime one uranium prospector said he saw lizards crawl into the exhaust pipe of his jeep to cool off.

Across Spanish Lake an occasional dust devil whirls over the great, bone-dry expanse. The prospector must have been lying. Not even lizards could live there. Then, on the far side of the lake, I saw a tiny white flash, then a whole row of white flashes. Sighting my binoculars through the rippling heat waves, I saw a herd of pronghorn antelope. They'd al-

Crude petroglyphs on Hart Mountain.



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Wild sheep in the Hart Mountain area.

ready seen me; the white flashes were bristled rump patches, a danger signal passed through the herd. I heard a bark resembling a man sneezing in a barrel. The white patches faded behind a screen of dust as the antelope raced away.

A bush pilot who buzzed a herd of antelope that were bedded on a low hill said, "It looked like the whole country was pickin' up and leavin'."

Near a rimrock on the south side of the lake I found the carcass of a young antelope. Loose brush had been pawed over the kill in a half-hearted attempt to hide it. But the story was written in the sand.

Behind a clump of giant wild rye the bobcat had waited, kneading his huge paws into the soft sand until the little doe was close enough. Then he'd sprung.

Her tiny hoofs plowed an area the size of a baseball diamond as she tried to buck the cat off her back. But the bobcat had his powerful jaws locked into her neck. Finally, with a powerful wrench, he broke it.

However, the bobcat should not be maligned. He's a comical little creature with sideburns, tufted ears, a gaunt belly, a ridiculous stump of a tail and preposterously huge paws. Mostly he hunts mice, rabbits and rodents. The unwary doe had made a mistake, that's all.

It's a thrill to camp in the aspen near the hot spring two miles south of the refuge headquarters. Slip into the steaming, mineral water or hike up the nearby draws and find woodgrain opal, dendrite agates, carnelian, picture rock and arrowheads.

In the springtime, wildflowers spread color as far as one can see—camas, phlox, violets, sego lilies, paintbrush, iris, shasta daisies and gaudy fields of evening primrose and jackass clover.

By July, the plants have all turned a sere, drab gray. The grass curls up as though baked. The tiny loco weed sheds its woolly pods on the ground. Dead camas rattles in the wind. Even the small animals become inactive deep in their burrows.

With the first frost, the aspen under the rimrocks turn brilliant yellow and the buck brush deepens into red. Here the big, lazy mule deer hide. You can hear the drumhead-beat of their hoofs on the frosty ground and the knock of antlers against a limb.

Remember this is desert country and hard on tires and tempers. Carry extra gasoline, motor oil and water. Warm bedding is essential. The nights are as cold as the days are hot. Cots are desirable since most of the animal life, including deer mice and rattlesnakes, forage at night. The evening breezes bring clouds of insects up from the warm waters of lower Warner Valley making nets, mosquito lotion and even smudge fires popular. Watch for ticks. They can carry tuleremia and spotted fever. Carry a snakebite kit.

An old-timer once told me, "There ain't a thing on Hart Mountan that don't bite, kick, scratch or sting." It's a place where a sense of humor must be substituted for civilized comforts. But if you do go there and happen to find a 6.50x16 jeep wheel, just leave it. I'll be back looking for it someday.

The Penitentiary That Wasn't a Prison

(Continued from page 19)

before the arrival of the prisoners and placed in the cars, together with a lot of wooden benches upon which the men were placed when they were put into the car.

"Guards armed with rifles accompanied the prisoners and stood about the car while the men were being transferred, keeping an eye on all sides. It is expected that another load of the prisoners will be taken today and each day following until they are all moved."

By July 10, 1902, some of the prisoners were getting return trip tickets to Laramie because of overcrowding at Rawlins. According to the Laramie editor, twenty-seven prisoners were behind bars at the old federal prison, including two women sentenced for shoplifting at Rawlins who were "pleasant-faced and decent-looking women who elicit much sympathy from visitors."

The federal prison was turned over to the University of Wyoming for stock farm use in 1907. Five thousand dollars was appropriated for remodeling and the steel cells were sold. Aside from some modifications, the original structure still stands, one of the oldest buildings still in active use in the state.

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Wild Old Days!

(Continued from page 29)

fast run, Ike following the trail of blood it was leaving. Now and then he caught a glimpse of the animal but as soon as it sighted him it took off again.

He followed the buck for the better part of the day hoping it would collapse along the trail, but no such luck. Finally tired, he sat down on a ledge of rock to rest, noticing as he did some specks of color the size of tenpenny nail heads. Giving up on the deer, he broke off a loose piece of rock and put it in his pocket.

On his next trip into town for groceries, Ike showed the proprietor of Grimmett's Free Silver Saloon the specimen and asked if the metal were gold.

"No, that's brass," Grimmett laughed. "Where did you get such a worthless piece of rock?"

Ike, who knew nothing about mineralogy, disappointedly told Grimmett how he'd made his find. Then, after buying his groceries, the sheepherder went back to camp.

Grimmett called A. M. Bunce and told the sheep owner what his hired hand had found. Bunce came to the saloon and saw the specimen. Almost immediately he, Grimmett and a man named Jim Couch headed out to try to follow old Ike's trail. After two or three days of fruitless wandering, they decided to let Ike in on the secret and have him lead them to the ledge.

Ike found the place he'd shot the deer and pointed out a grove of quaking aspens and a grove of pines that he remembered passing. "I wasn't paying no attention to the landscape," he explained to his companions, "I was following that damned deer, hoping to find him dead on the trail."

Everything looked familiar, then nothing looked familiar. The four men searched for quite some time but Ike couldn't find the ledge. It hasn't been found since.

The specimen Ike showed Grimmett was kept in the cigar case at the saloon for many years. The old-timers who talk about this lost ledge agree that it must lie between the heads of Baldwin and Squaw Creeks and is within twenty-five miles of Lander.

Old Ike died poorer than a churchmouse. If only he had noticed some landmarks he might have become a member of Lander's aristocracy and had a saloon, or even a church, named after him.

FAMOUS RIFLE SHOTS OF THE OLD INDIAN TERRITORY

By B. L. PHIPPS

I BEGAN hunting in Indian Territory in the fall of 1890; the buffalo was gone but other game was still abundant—deer, black bear, turkey, prairie chickens, squirrels, mountain lions. Hunting parties from Denison, Bonham and Paris, Texas, often camped in that section. Fish were then as abundant as game and fowls.

The two most famous rifle shots in the Territory were "Uncle" Phil Holmes of Whitefield and John Lloyd of Bennington. Lloyd, shooting a light, repeating .32-20 Marlin rifle, killed more turkeys and prairie chickens on the wing than I did shooting a twelve-gauge double-barreled shotgun. The distinction between Uncle Phil and John was that John's fine shooting was at short or moderate range while Phil was a long range expert.

I was out with Phil one day when we saw a hawk on the dead limb of a tree 200 yards away. Phil, shooting off-hand, sent a bullet through the center of that hawk from his old black-powder .44-40 rifle. That was not an uncommon shot for him.

On another occasion, while deer hunting, we saw a young buck come into view angling up a hill slope about 300 yards away. Phil watched me miss it four times with my .38-40 Winchester. Then, as it gave its last jump to go over the crest of the ridge, his .44-40 crashed and the buck somersaulted and lay dead. We stepped the distance and found it to be almost exactly 400 yards.

Once John Lloyd and I, camping with a hunting party from Bonham, saw a wild turkey on the branch of a tree about 130 yards away. John said, "If one of you will circle around behind that turkey and scare it out, I'll shoot its head off as it crosses that open space."

It was shooed out as directed. As it came into the open 100 yards away, John raised his .45-70 Winchester and fired. The turkey reversed ends and fell to the ground. John walked out and brought it in, saying, "What rotten shooting! I meant to cut its head off. I have just cut its bill off in front of its eyes!"

News of that wonderful shooting carried throughout the Territory and beyond. Privately, John admitted he would be lucky to make that hit one time out of a thousand.

Another time, we were out camping with a different party of hunters and a young buck stuck its head over a boulder 400 yards away. It could not be seen except when it moved. John's eyes were rather short range, and he couldn't see the head, but he fired his .45-70 at the spot where he had detected the movement. When we brought the buck in, we found the bullet hole squarely in the center of its forehead! Lucky or not, shots like that make great reputations.

Return of Jim McKinney

(Continued from page 18)

his pursuers and entered Bakersfield. He rode the thirty-five miles from Linn's Valley on a mount supplied by the same friend who had furnished his transportation out of the state. Jim seemed to have had a predilection for graveyards. He had dropped Mosier off at one when leaving Porterville; now, on his return, he stopped at one on the eastern rim of Bakersfield and hid his guns under some leaves among the stones. Then he slapped the horse on its flank and headed for home as he had promised to do.

Jim found his old friend, Al Hulse, living with Jennie Fox in a room in a Chiness joss house on L Street. It was a two-story, narrow building only one room wide. The two lived on the first floor above an opium den in the basement. Outside, a wooden walkway ran the entire length of the building. The back walls were windowless. Jim decided the location was perfect for making a last stand.

While Hulse went to the cemetery to retrieve the guns, Jennie washed Jim's chest wound and applied the old standby, arnica. Then she tore a bedsheet into strips and bound him tightly.

When Hulse returned, Jim checked the guns and loaded them. There was a twelve-gauge Greener shotgun, a .25-35 Winchester and a .38-40 Colt revolver.

"Al, get over to the saloon and spread the word that I'm here waiting. And don't come back."

Hulse argued but Jim explained, "They won't come tonight—they're afraid of the dark. But tomorrow morning they'll be here, a hundred of them. I'll get all I

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can. I'm boss of my own funeral. I'll run Jennie out of here before they come."

"No, you won't!" exclaimed Jennie Fox, "You're a man, Jim McKinney. I'm not much with guns, but I can load them. I'll stay here."

Al Hulse did his work well. Within an hour crowds of Saturday-nighters were buzzing in the street outside, looking at the joss house. The Chinese in the basement doused the lights and huddled in corners. While horsemen raced for Linn's Valley and the Greenhorn Mountains carrying the news, Jennie went out to the restaurant nearby and ordered a meal for Jim.

Trays were piled high with the best in the house and two waiters were dispatched with them. "If this is Jim McKinney's last meal, let it be the best," exclaimed Sam Brady, the owner. The waiters later told a wide-eyed crowd that when Jennie opened the door for them to enter, McKinney was seated behind a table in the center of the room, the muzzles of his guns facing them.

JIM McKINNEY knew his officers. It was 10:30 Sunday morning when the posses met at the jail and prepared to descend upon him. Jeff Packard, Jim's old friend who had put up bail for him in the killing of Long Tom Sears, was now the marshal. He was a small man who wore thick-lensed glasses and always had the end of an unlighted cigar in his mouth. He was now after Jim's blood, as he felt it would make his reputation.

His deputies were Will and Bert Tibbett, Tom Baker, Frank Tower and Ernest Etter. Will Tibbett was the father of Lawrence Tibbett, a seven-year-old who would one day become a Metropolitan Opera singer.

The three sheriffs, Lovin, Collins and Kelly, rode to the scene in a small rig, their armies of deputies following in a horse-drawn bus belonging to the sheriff's office. Each took a separate route to avoid arousing suspicion even though everyone in Kern County knew McKinney was holed up in a joss house. Trees and rooftops were covered with small boys. Jim locked the door of the room and carefully removed the key. It was an ordinary skeleton key; almost everyone who walked the street owned one. He knew that all the rooms with this exception were unlocked, so he stood in the center of the room, shotgun in hand, ready to blast anyone who tried to enter.

The two most zealous officers, Packard and Tibbett, went along the walkway, trying the doors. Jim heard the rattle of a key in the lock and said to Jennie, "Stand away at the end of the room," and she complied. An oversized six-shooter in his hand, Will Tibbett suddenly flung the door open.

McKinney greeted him with a double blast from the Greener. As the deputy toppled, Jim seized his rifle and sent two more bullets into the officer's chest before Tibbett crumpled. Packard, thinking this was a good time to enter the fray, fired twice at McKinney with a rifle but as he pulled the trigger the third time the rifle exploded, hurling the marshal to the floor of the porch. A double blast from the Greener finished him.

In the excitement of having killed his arch enemies, Jim McKinney leaped outside to find other targets. Bert Tibbett, stationed across the alley, gave him both barrels of a shotgun in the neck; at the same time, Deputy Tower placed a .38 Winchester slug in his chest. McKinney struggled to get up, but another shotgun blast put him down for good.

Had McKinney stuck to his original plan and stayed in his room, he could have withstood everything except the firing of the house. He might even have escaped, or at least have worked out some sort of compromise. But that was not Jim's intention—he had returned expressly to shoot it out.

HIS REMAINS were taken to Porterville for burial. His deceased parents had set aside a plot for him between their gravestones and he was buried there—minus a stone as they had requested.

Al Hulse, who had not even been present during the battle, was tried for first degree murder in the fall, but the jury deadlocked at seven-to-five for acquittal. No one had seen him in the joss house but he was an undesirable character and was tried again, the prosecution concentrating on the fact that he had given aid and comfort to the outlaw.

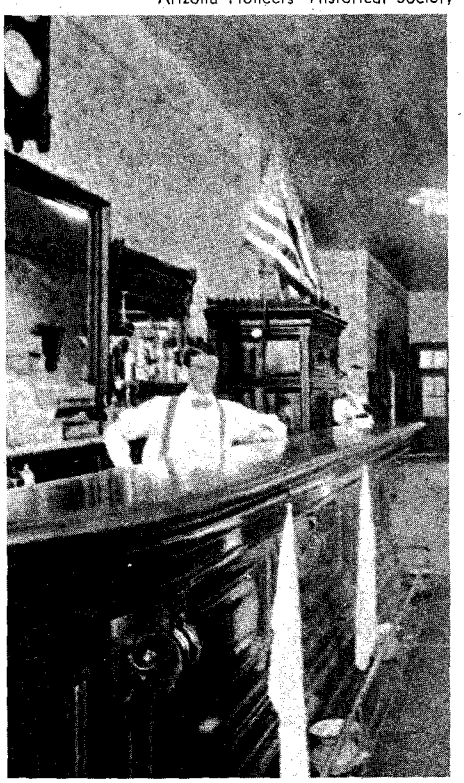
On a conviction of second degree murder, he was sentenced to life imprisonment, but his attorneys obtained a stay. In October of 1906, while shaving, he turned away from his guard and cut his throat.

Only ten months earlier, Jennie Fox had made her own exit. Still as full of fire and as plump as a San Joaquin mare, she emigrated to the wild town of Goldroad, Arizona, where she operated a saloon in which she was the chief "entertainer." Clem C. Lee, an admirer from Visalia whom she had jilted, placed a .45 caliber bullet in her breast. Jennie was already dead when her murderer ground in her face with his boot heels.

Jim McKinney must have chuckled in his grave when the killer was hanged at Kingman by Ace Harris, under-sheriff to Lovin, the man who had sworn to kill him.

The Palace Saloon in Tombstone, Arizona. During his exile away from California, Jim McKinney stopped in this desert hideaway.

Photo Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society



Spotted Horse of the West

(Continued from page 25)

difference to the Appaloosa's ability to travel fast. When they did tire, only a short rest was required and they were ready to move out again. Horses and their Indian owners had faith in each other.

Chief Joseph surrendered because the Nez Percé were tired of death and killing, and were heartsick over the condition of their beloved horses. The bright spots on the Appaloosas were barely perceptible through matted mud, briars and blood. The horses were pitifully thin but still moved with the quick, proud step typical of the strain today.

Confiscation of the Appaloosas by the Army was a bitter pill to the Indians but they were powerless to prevent it. Colonel Miles took the horse herds to Fort Keogh on the Yellowstone River where the best of the animals were kept for cavalry use. The remainder were advertised for sale at public auction. Horses that escaped the roundup and sale ran wild on the prairies.

The new owners let the Nez Percé horses decline by improper breeding. More interest was shown in seeing what color pattern could be developed than maintaining high standards of performance. Soon horses of all sizes and shapes—even mules—were sporting spots. It didn't take the white man long to undo all the fine qualities the Nez Percé had so carefully built up.

The proud Appaloosa became a forgotten breed, its history, reason for being and talents made nearly extinct. Only its color was remembered, for it was hard to subdue and became synonymous with "that funny little spotted horse the Nez Percé used to have."

But Nature has a way of preserving that which is truly good and after 2,400 years, she had no intention of letting the Appaloosas die out completely. On her side, working quietly and intelligently with an eye on the Appaloosas of old, honest breeders were bringing the spotted horse back to its rightful heritage.

In 1938 the Appaloosa Horse Club, a national organization dedicated to promoting the Appaloosas, was formed. Again the animal is being recognized for its true worth as a "using and doing" horse. Its speed, intelligence, disposition, everyday courage and stamina—qualities the Nez Percé painstakingly cultivated—are once more "showing" through the Appaloosa's famous spots.

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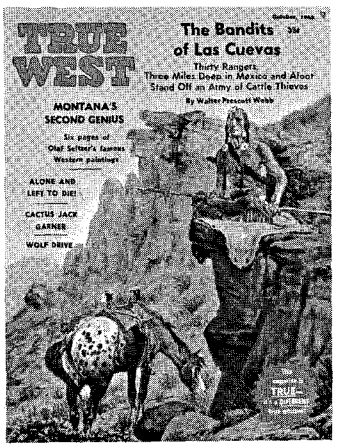

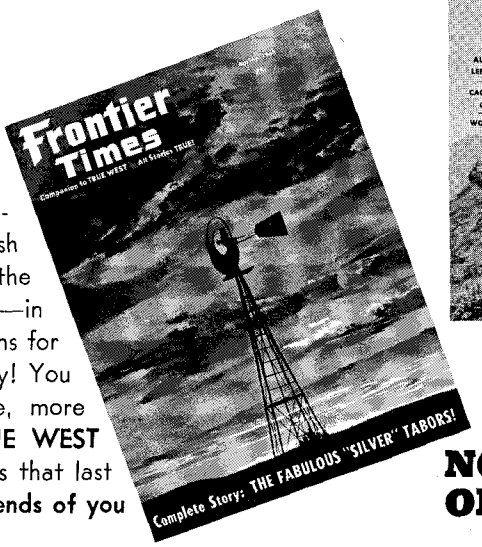

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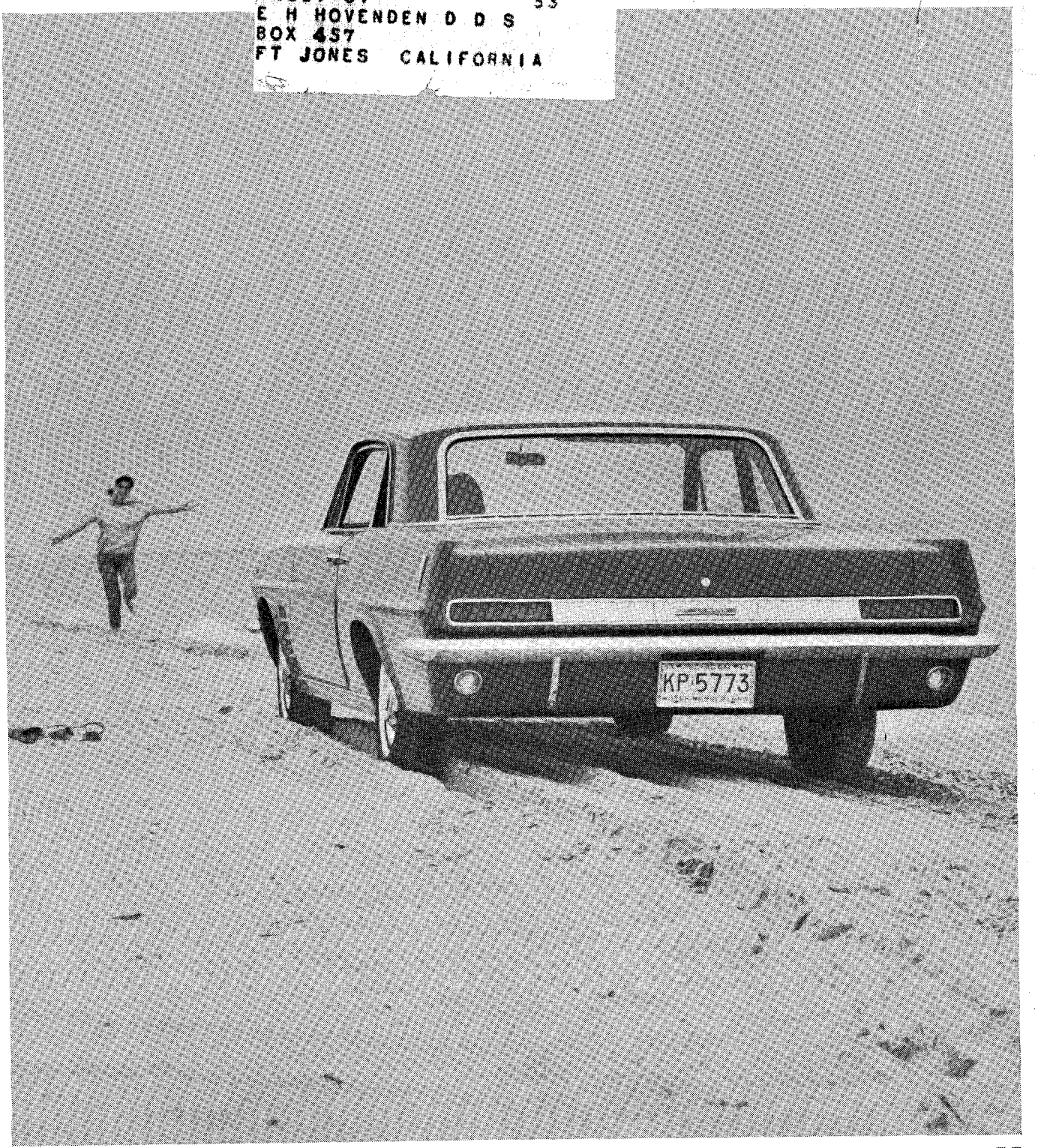

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